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**THE
TEMPLE
CLASSICS**



**Edited by
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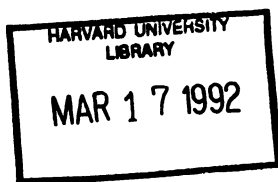
HOMER'S ODYSSEES.
Translated according to y^e Greeke.
By Geo: Chapman
*At mihi q̄ Vitis detraxerit Invida Turba
Post obitum duplici sanore reddet Honor.*



THE **ODD**
ODYSSEYS
OF HOMER
TRANSLATED
ACCORDING
TO THE GREEK
BY GEORGE
CHAPMAN
VOLUME I

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B

TO THE MOST WORTHILY HONORED, MY
SINGULAR GOOD LORD, ROBERT

EARL OF SOMERSET

LORD CHAMBERLAIN, ETC.

I HAVE adventured, right noble Earl, out of my Homer's
utmost and ever-vowed service to your virtues, worth
to entitle their merits to the patronage of Homer's
English life : whose wisht natural life the great
Macedon would have protected, as the spirit of
his empire,

That he to his unmeasur'd mighty acts
Might add a fame as vast ; and their extracts,
In fires as bright and endless as the stars,
His breast might breathe, and thunder out his wars.
But that great monarch's love of fame and praise
Receives an envious cloud in our foul days ;
For since our great ones cease themselves to do
Deeds worth their praise, they hold it folly too
To feed their praise in others. But what can
(Of all the gifts that are) be given to man
More precious than Eternity and Glory,
Singing their praises in unlicens'd story ?

Homer Which no black day, no nation, nor no age,
 like to No change of time or fortune, force, nor rage,
 the sun Shall ever race? All which the Monarch knew
 Where Homer liv'd entitl'd, would ensue :

Cuius de gurgite vivo

*Combibit arcanos vatam omnis turba furoris, etc.*¹

From whose deep fount of life the thirsty rout
 Of Thespian Prophets have lien sucking out
 Their sacred rages. And as th' influent stone
 Of Father Jove's great and laborious Son
 Lifts high the heavy iron ; and far implies
 The wide orbs that the needle rectifies,
 In vertuous guide of every sea-driven course
 To all aspiring his one boundless force ;
 So from one Homer, all the holy fire
 That ever did the hidden heat inspire
 In each true Muse, came clearly sparkling down,
 And must for him compose one flaming crown.

He, at Jove's table set, fills out to us
 Cups that repair age sad and ruinous ;
 And gives it built of an eternal stand
 With his all-sinewy Odyssean hand ;
 Shifts time, and fate ; puts death in life's free
 state ;

And life doth into ages propagate.
 He doth in men the Gods' affects inflame ;
 His fuel vertue, blown by Praise and Fame :
 And with the high soul's first impulsions driven

¹ Ex Angeli Politiani Ambra.

Breaks through rude chaos, earth, the seas, and Iliad and
Odyssey
compared
heaven.

The nerves of all things hid in Nature, lie
Naked before him ; all their harmony
Tun'd to his accents, that in beasts breathe minds.
What fowls, what floods, what earth, what air,
what winds,

What fires ethereal, what the Gods conclude
In all their counsels, his Muse makes indued
With varied voices that even rocks have moved.
And yet for all this (naked Virtue loved)
Honours without her, he as abject prizes ;
And foolish fame derived from thence despises.
When from the vulgar taking glorious bound,
Up to the mountain where the Muse is crown'd ;
He sits and laughs to see the jaded rabble
Toil to his hard heights to all access unable, etc.

And that your Lordship may in his face take
view of his mind, the first word of his Iliads is
μῆνιν, wrath ; the first word of his Odysseys,
ἄνδρα, man ; contracting in either word his
each work's proposition. In one, predominant
perturbation ; in the other, overruling wisdom :
in one, the body's fervour and fashion of out-
ward fortitude to all possible height of heroical
action ; in the other, the mind's inward, constant
and unconquered empire ; unbroken, unaltered,
with any most insolent and tyrannous infliction.
To many most sovereign praises is this poem (

Poetic intitled ; but to this grace in chief, which sets inspiration on the crown, both of poets and orators ; τὸ τὰ of the Odyssey μικρὰ μεγάλως, καὶ τὰ κοινὰ καινῶς : that is, *Parva magne dicere ; pervulgata nove, jejuna plene* : To speak things little, greatly ; things common, rarely ; things barren and empty, fruitfully and fully. The return of a man into his country is his whole scope and object ; which in itself, your Lordship may well say, is jejune and fruitless enough, affording nothing fearful, nothing magnificent. And yet even this doth the divine inspiration render vast, illustrious and of miraculous composure. And for this, my Lord, is this poem preferr'd to his Iliads ; for therein much magnificence both of person and action gives great aid to his industry ; but in this are these helps exceeding sparing, or nothing, and yet is the structure so elaborate and pompous, that the poor plain groundwork, considered together, may seem the naturally rich womb to it, and produce it needfully. Much wondered at therefore is the censure of Dionysius Longinus (a man otherwise affirmed grave and of elegant judgment) comparing Homer in his Iliads to the sun rising, in his Odysseys to his descent or setting. Or to the ocean robbed of his æsture ; many tributary floods and rivers of excellent ornament withheld from their observance. When this

his work so far exceeds the ocean, with all his court and concourse, that all his sea is only a serviceable stream to it. Nor can it be compared to any one power to be named in Nature; being an entirely well-sorted and digested confluence of all: where the most solid and grave is made as nimble and fluent as the most airy and fiery; the nimble and fluent, as firm and well bounded as the most grave and solid. And (taking all together) of so tender impression, and of such command to the voice of the Muse, that they knock heaven with her breath, and discover their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprising poesy phantastique, or mere fictive; but the most material and doctrinal illations of Truth: both for all manly information of manners in the young, all prescription of justice, and even Christian piety, in the most grave and high-governed. To illustrate both which, in both kinds with all height of expression, the poet creates both a body and soul in them. Wherein, if the body (being the letter, or history) seems fictive, and beyond possibility to bring into act, the sense then, and allegory (which is the soul) is to be sought: which intends a more eminent expression of vertue, for her loveliness, and of vice, for her ugliness, in their several effects, going beyond the life,

An illus-
tration of
Truth

Why the than any art within life can possibly delineate.
 proser Why then is Fiction, to this end, so hatefull
 depreciate to our true ignorants? Or why should a poor
 Homer chronicler of a Lord Mayor's naked Truth
 (that peradventure will last his year) include
 more worth with our modern wizards than
 Homer for his naked Ulysses, clad in eternal
 fiction? But this proser Dionysius, and the
 rest of these grave and reputatively learned
 (that dare undertake for their gravities the
 headstrong censure of all things; and challenge
 the understanding of these toys in their child-
 hoods: when even these childish vanities retain
 deep and most necessary learning enough in
 them to make them children in their ages,
 and teach them while they live) are not in
 these absolutely divine infusions, allow'd either
 voice or relish; for, *Qui poeticas ad fores accedit*,
 etc. (says the divine philosopher) he that
 knocks at the gates of the Muses, *sine Musarum*
furore, is neither to be admitted entry, nor
 a touch at their thresholds; his opinion of
 entry ridiculous, and his presumption impious.
 Nor must Poets themselves (might I a little
 insist on these contempts, not tempting too far
 your Lordship's Ulyssean patience) presume
 to these doors, without the truly genuine and
 peculiar induction: there being in Poesy a
 twofold rapture (or alienation of soul, as the

above-said teacher terms it) one *Insania*, a ^{who is} disease of the mind, and a mere madness, by ^{chief} which the infected is thrust beneath all the ^{instance} degrees of humanity, *et ex homine brutum* ^{of divine} *quodammodo redditur*; (for which poor Poesy in this diseased and impostorous age is so barbarously vilified) the other is *Divinus furor*, by which the sound and divinely healthful *supra hominis naturam erigitur, et in deum transit*: one a perfection directly infused from God, the other an infection obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the divine fury my Lord, your Homer hath ever been both first and last instance; being pronounced absolutely τὸν σοφώτατον, καὶ τὸν θειώτατον ποιητήν, 'the most wise and most divine poet.' Against whom whosoever shall open his profane mouth may worthily receive answer with this of his divine defender (Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epicharmus, etc. being of Homer's part) τίς οὖν, etc. Who against such an army, and the general Homer, dares attempt the assault, but he must be reputed ridiculous? And yet against this host, and this invincible Commander, shall we have every besogne and fool a leader. The common herd (I assure my self) ready to receive it on their horns: their infected leaders,

Such men, as sidling ride the ambling Muse,

An accept- Whose saddle is as frequent as the stews ;
able New Whose raptures are in every pageant seen,
Year's gift In every wassail rime and dancing green :
 When he that writes by any beam of truth
 Must dive as deep as he past shallow youth.
 Truth lies in gulfs, whose deeps hide shades so rich
 That Night sits muff'd there in clouds of pitch,
 More dark than nature made her, and requires
 (To clear her tough mists) Heaven's great fire
 of fires,

To whom the sun it self is but a beam.
 For sick souls then (but wrapt in foolish dream)
 To wrestle with these heaven-strong mysteries
 What madness is it ? when their light serves eyes
 That are not worldly in their least aspect,
 But truly pure, and aim at heaven direct.
 Yet these none like but what the brazen head
 Blatters abroad, no sooner born but dead.

Holding, then, in eternal contempt, my Lord,
 those short-lived bubbles, eternize your virtue
 and judgement with the Grecian monarch ;
 esteeming not as the least of your new-year's
 presents,

Homer, three thousand years dead, now
 reviv'd,
 Even from that dull death that in life he liv'd ;
 When none conceited him, none understood,
 That so much life in so much death as blood
 Conveys about it, could mix. But when death

Drunk up the bloody mist, that human breath
 Pour'd round about him (poverty and spite
 Thickning the hapless vapour) then Truth's
 light

The
 Hercules
 of song

Glimmer'd about his poem; the pinch'd soul
 Amidst the mysteries it did enrol
 Brake powerfully abroad. And as we see
 The sun all hid in clouds at length got free,
 Through some forc'd covert, over all the ways,
 Near and beneath him, shoots his vented rays
 Far off, and sticks them in some little glade,
 All woods, fields, rivers, left besides in shade:
 So your Apollo, from that world of light,
 Clos'd in his poem's body, shot to sight
 Some few forc'd beams; which near him were
 not seen

As in his life and country, Fate and Spleen
 Clouding their radiance; which when death
 had clear'd

To far-off regions his free beams appear'd;
 In which all stood and wonder'd, striving which
 His birth and rapture should in right enrich.

Twelve labours of your Thespian Hercules
 I now present your Lordship: do but please
 To lend life means, till th' other twelve receive
 Equal atchievement, and let death then reave
 My life now lost in our patrician loves
 That knock heads with the herd; in whom
 there moves

The folly of the common herd One blood, one soul, both drowned in one set height
 Of stupid envy, and mere popular spite.
 Whose loves with no good did my least vein fill ;
 And from their hates I fear as little ill.
 Their bounties nourish not, when most they feed,
 But where there is no merit, or no need :
 Rain into rivers still ; and are such showers
 As bubbles spring, and overflow the flowers.
 Their worse parts and worst men their best suborns,
 Like winter cows, whose milk runs to their horns.
 And as litigious clients' books of law,
 Cost infinitely ; taste of all the awe
 Brought in our kingdom's policy, piety, state ;
 Earn all their deep explorings ; satiate
 All sorts there thrust together by the heart,
 With thirst of wisdom, spent on either part ;
 Horrid examples made of life and death
 From their fine stuff woven : yet when once
 the breath
 Of sentence leaves them, all their worth is drawn
 As dry as dust, and wears like cobweb lawn :
 So these men set a price upon their worth
 That no man gives, but those that trot it forth
 Through Need's foul ways ; feed humours with
 all cost,
 Though judgement starves in them : rout : state
 engross
 (At all tobacco benches, solemn tables,

Where all that cross their envies are their fables) Epigrams
 In their rank faction : shame, and death approv'd on Homer
 Fit penance for their opposites : none lov'd
 But those that rub them : not a reason heard
 That doth not soothe and glorify their preferr'd
 Bitter opinions. When, would Truth resume
 The cause to his hands, all would fly in fume
 Before his sentence ; since the innocent mind
 Just God makes good, to whom their worst is
 wind.

For that I freely all my thoughts express
 My conscience is my thousand witnesses :
 And to this stay my constant comforts vow ;
You for the world I have, or God for you.

CERTAIN ANCIENT GREEK EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED

ALL stars are drunk up by the fiery sun,
 And in so much a flame lies shrunk the moon ;
 Homer's all-liv'd name all names leaves in death ;
 Whose splendour only Muses' bosoms breathe.

ANOTHER

Heaven's fires shall first fall darken'd from his
 sphere ;
 Grave Night the light weed of the Day shall
 wear ;

Homer's Fresh streams shall chace the sea ; tough plows
 birth- shall tear
 place Her fishy bottoms ; men in long date dead
 Shall rise, and live : before oblivion shed
 Those still-green leaves that crown great Homer's
 head.

ANOTHER

The great Mæonides doth only write,
 And to him dictates the great God of light.

ANOTHER

Seven kingdoms strove in which should swell
 the womb
 That bore great Homer, whom Fame freed from
 tomb :
 Argos, Chios, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophon,
 The learn'd Athenian, and Ulyssean throne.

ANOTHER

Art thou of Chios ? No. Of Salamine ?
 As little. Was the Smyranean country thine ?
 Nor so. Which then ? Was Cúmas ? Colophon ?
 Nor one, nor other. Art thou then of none
 That Fame proclaims thee ? None. Thy reason
 call :
 If I confess of one, I anger all.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

THE Gods in council sit, to call
Ulysses from Calypso's thrall,
And order their high pleasures thus :
Grey Pallas to Telemachus
(In Ithaca) her way address ;
And did her heavenly limbs invest
In Mentas' likeness, that did reign
King of the Taphians (in the main
Whose rough waves near Leucadia run),
Advising wise Ulysses' son
To seek his father, and address
His course to young Tantalides,
That govern'd Sparta. Thus much said,
She shew'd she was Heaven's martial Maid,
And vanish'd from him. Next to this,
The Banquet of the Wooers is.

ANOTHER

Αλφα. The Deities sit ;
The Man retired ;
Th' Ulyssean wit
By Pallas fired.

THE man, O Muse, inform, that many a way
Wound with his wisdom to his wish'd stay ;
That wander'd wondrous far, when he the town
Of sacred Troy had sackt and shiver'd down ;
The cities of a world of nations,
With all their manners, minds, and fashions,

Ulysses He saw and knew ; at sea felt many woes,
 thirsts Much care sustain'd, to save from overthrows
 for Himself and friends in their retreat for home ;
 home But so their fates he could not overcome, 10
 Though much he thirsted it. O men unwise,
 They perish by their own impieties !
 That in their hunger's rapine would not shun
 The oxen of the lofty-going Sun,
 Who therefore from their eyes the day bereft
 Of safe return. These acts, in some part left,
 Tell us, as others, deified Seed of Jove.

Now all the rest that austere death outstrove
 At Troy's long siege at home safe anchor'd are,
 Free from the malice both of sea and war ; 20
 Only Ulysses is denied access
 To wife and home. The grace of Goddesses,
 The reverend nymph Calypso, did detain
 Him in her caves, past all the race of men
 Enflam'd to make him her lov'd lord and spouse.
 And when the Gods had destin'd that his house,
 Which Ithaca on her rough bosom bears,
 (The point of time wrought out by ambient years)
 Should be his haven, Contention still extends
 Her envy to him, even amongst his friends. 30
 All Gods took pity on him ; only he,
 That girds earth in the cincture of the sea,
 Divine Ulysses ever did envy,
 And made the fixt port of his birth to fly.

But he himself solemniz'd a retreat
 To th' Æthiops, far dissunder'd in their seat,
 (In two parts parted, at the sun's descent,
 And underneath his golden orient,
 The first and last of men) t'enjoy their feast
 Of bulls and lambs, in hecatombs address ; 40

At which he sat, given over to delight. The Gods
 The other Gods in heaven's supremest height in council
 Were all in council met; to whom began sit
 The mighty Father both of God and man
 Discourse, inducing matter that inclin'd
 To wise Ulysses, calling to his mind
 Faultful Ægisthus, who to death was done
 By young Orestes, Agamemnon's son.
 His memory to the Immortals then
 Mov'd Jove thus deeply: 'O how falsely men 50
 Accuse us Gods as authors of their ill!
 When, by the bane their own bad lives instill,
 They suffer all the miseries of their states,
 Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.
 As now Ægisthus, past his fate, did wed
 The wife of Agamemnon, and (in dread
 To suffer death himself) to shun his ill,
 Incurr'd it by the loose bent of his will,
 In slaughtering Atrides in retreat.
 Which, we foretold him, would so hardly set 60
 To his murderous purpose, sending Mercury
 That slaughtered Argus, our considerate spy,
 To give him this charge: "Do not wed his wife,
 Nor murder him; for thou shalt buy his life
 With ransom of thine own, impos'd on thee
 By his Orestes, when in him shall be
 Atrides' self renew'd, and but the prime
 Of youth's spring put abroad, in thirst to climb
 His haughty father's throne by his high acts."
 These words of Hermes wrought not into facts 70
 Ægisthus' powers; good counsel he despis'd,
 And to that good his ill is sacrific'd.
 Pallas, whose eyes did sparkle like the skies,
 Answer'd: 'O Sire! Supreme of Deities,

Pallas Ægisthus past his fate, and had desert
pleads To warrant our infliction ; and convert
for May all the pains such impious men inflict
Ulysses On innocent sufferers to revenge as strict,
Their own hearts eating. But, that Ithacus,
Thus never meriting, should suffer thus, 80
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind
Divides him from these fortunes. Though unkind
Is piety to him, giving him a fate
More suffering than the most unfortunate,
So long kept friendless in a sea-girt soil,
Where the sea's navel is a sylvan isle,
In which the Goddess dwells that doth derive
Her birth from Atlas, who of all alive
The motion and the fashion doth command
With his wise mind, whose forces understand 90
The inmost deeps and gulfs of all the seas,
Who (for his skill of things superior) stays
The two steep columns that prop earth and heaven.
His daughter tis, who holds this homeless-driven
Still mourning with her ; evermore profuse
Of soft and winning speeches, that abuse
And make so languishingly, and possess
With so remiss a mind her lov'd guest,
Manage the action of his way for home.
Where he, though in affection overcome, 100
In judgement yet more longs to show his hopes,
His country's smoke leap from her chimney tops,
And death asks in her arms. Yet never shall
Thy lov'd heart be converted on his thrall,
Austere Olympius. Did not ever he,
In ample Troy, thy altars gratify,
And Grecians' fleet make in thy offerings swim ?
O Jove, why still then burns thy wrath to him ?'

The Cloud-assembler answer'd : ' What words Jove
fly, replies

Bold daughter, from thy pale of ivory ? 110
As if I ever could cast from my care
Divine Ulysses, who exceeds so far
All men in wisdom, and so oft hath given
To all th' Immortals thron'd in ample heaven
So great and sacred gifts ? But his decrees,
That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,
Stand to Ulysses' longings so extreme,
For taking from the God-foe Polypheme
His only eye ; a Cyclop, that excell'd
All other Cyclops, with whose burden swell'd 120
The nymph Thoösa, the divine increase
Of Phorcys' seed, a great God of the seas.
She mixt with Neptune in his hollow caves,
And bore this Cyclop to that God of waves.
For whose lost eye, th' Earth-shaker did not kill
Erring Ulysses, but reserves him still
In life for more death. But use we our powers,
And round about us cast these cares of ours,
All to discover how we may prefer
His wisht retreat, and Neptune make forbear 130
His stern eye to him, since no one God can,
In spite of all, prevail, but gainst a man.'

To this, this answer made the grey-eyed Maid :
' Supreme of rulers, since so well apaid
The blesséd Gods are all then, now, in thee,
To limit wise Ulysses' misery,
And that you speak as you referr'd to me
Prescription for the means, in this sort be
Their sacred order : Let us now address
With utmost speed our swift Argicides, 140
To tell the nymph that bears the golden tress

Pallas In th' isle Ogygia, that tis our will
takes the She should not stay our lov'd Ulysses still,
form of But suffer his return; and then will I
Mentas To Ithaca, to make his son apply
 His sire's inquest the more; infusing force
 Into his soul, to summon the concourse
 Of curl'd-head Greeks to council, and deter
 Each wooer, that hath been the slaughterer
 Of his fat sheep and crooked-headed beeves, 150
 From more wrong to his mother, and their leaves
 Take in such terms as fit deserts so great.
 To Sparta then, and Pylos, where doth beat
 Bright Amathus, the flood, and epithet
 To all that kingdom, my advice shall send
 The spirit-advanc'd Prince, to the pious end
 Of seeking his lost father, if he may
 Receive report from Fame where rests his stay;
 And make, besides, his own successive worth
 Known to the world, and set in action forth.' 160
 'Tis said, her wing'd shoes to her feet she tied,
 Form'd all of gold, and all eternified,
 That on the round earth or the sea sustain'd
 Her ravisht substance swift as gusts of wind.
 Then took she her strong lance with steel made
 keen,
 Great, massy, active, that whole hosts of men,
 Though all heroës, conquers, if her ire
 Their wrongs inflame, backt by so great a Sire.
 Down from Olympus' tops she headlong div'd,
 And swift as thought in Ithaca arriv'd, 170
 Close at Ulysses' gates; in whose first court
 She made her stand, and, for her breast's support,
 Lean'd on her iron lance; her form imprest
 With Mentas' likeness, come as being a guest.

There found she those proud wooers, that were ^{and} then ^{flies to}

Set on those ox-hides that themselves had slain, ^{Ithaca}
 Before the gates, and all at dice were playing.
 To them the heralds, and the rest obaying,
 Fill'd wine and water ; some, still as they play'd,
 And some, for solemn supper's state, purvay'd, 180
 With porous sponges cleansing tables, serv'd
 With much rich feast ; of which to all they kerv'd.

God-like Telemachus amongst them sat,
 Griev'd much in mind ; and in his heart begat
 All representation of his absent sire,
 How, come from far-off parts, his spirits would fire
 With those proud wooers' sight, with slaughter
 parting

Their bold concourse, and to himself converting
 The honours they usurpt, his own commanding.

In this discourse, he first saw Pallas standing,
 Unbidden entry ; up rose, and address 191
 His pace right to her, angry that a guest
 Should stand so long at gate ; and, coming near,
 Her right hand took, took in his own her spear,
 And thus saluted : ' Grace to your repair,
 Fair guest, your welcome shall be likewise fair.
 Enter, and, cheer'd with feast, disclose th' intent
 That caus'd your coming.' This said, first he went,
 And Pallas follow'd. To a room they came,
 Steep, and of state ; the javelin of the Dame 200
 He set against a pillar vast and high,
 Amidst a large and bright-kept armory,
 Which was, besides, with woods of lances grac'd
 Of his grave father's. In a throne he plac'd
 The man-turn'd Goddess, under which was spread
 A carpet, rich and of deviceful thread ;

Tele- A footstool staying her feet ; and by her chair
 machus Another seat (all garnisht wondrous fair,
 welcomes To rest or sleep on in the day) he set,
 Pallas Far from the prease of wooers, lest at meat 210
 hos- The noise they still made might offend his guest,
 pitably Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,
 Even to his combat with that pride of theirs,
 That kept no noble form in their affairs.
 And these he set far from them, much the rather
 To question freely of his absent father.

A table fairly-polisht then was spread,
 On which a reverend officer set bread,
 And other servitors all sorts of meat
 (Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get) 220
 Serv'd with observance in. And then the sewer
 Pour'd water from a great and golden ewer,
 That from their hands t' a silver caldron ran.
 Both washt, and seated close, the voiceful man
 Fetcht cups of gold, and set by them, and round
 Those cups with wine with all endeavour crown'd.

Then rusht in the rude wooers, themselves
 plac'd ;

The heralds water gave ; the maids in haste
 Serv'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd
 And set before them, the bold wooers shar'd, 230
 Their pages plying their cups past the rest.
 But lusty wooers must do more than feast ;
 For now, their hungers and their thirsts allay'd,
 They call'd for songs and dances ; those, they
 said,

Were th' ornaments of feast. The herald straight
 A harp, carv'd full of artificial sleight,
 Thrust into Phemius', a learned singer's, hand,
 Who, till he much was urg'd, on terms did stand,

But, after, played and sung with all his art, and asks
 Telemachus to Pallas then (apart, 240 her errand
 His ear inclining close, that none might hear)
 In this sort said: 'My guest, exceeding dear,
 Will you not sit incens'd with what I say?
 These are the cares these men take; feast and
 play.

Which easily they may use, because they eat;
 Free and unpunisht, of another's meat;
 And of a man's, whose white bones wasting lie
 In some far region, with th' incessancy
 Of showers pour'd down upon them, lying ashore,
 Or in the seas washt nak'd. Who, if he wore
 Those bones with flesh and life and industry,
 And these might here in Ithaca set eye
 On him return'd, they all would wish to be
 Either past other in celerity
 Of feet and knees, and not contend t' exceed
 In golden garments. But his virtues feed
 The fate of ill death; nor is left to me
 The least hope of his life's recovery,
 No, not if any of the mortal race
 Should tell me his return; the cheerful face
 Of his return'd day never will appear.
 But tell me, and let Truth your witness bear,
 Who, and from whence you are? What city's
 birth?

What parents? In what vessel set you forth?
 And with what mariners arriv'd you here?
 I cannot think you a foot passenger.
 Recount then to me all, to teach me well
 Fit usage for your worth. And if it fell
 In chance now first that you thus see us here,
 Or that in former passages you were 270

Pallas My father's guest? For many men have been
replies Guests to my father. Studious of men
in the His sociable nature ever was.
character On him again the grey-eyed Maid did pass
of Mentas This kind reply: 'I'll answer passing true
 All thou hast askt: My birth his honour drew
 From wise Anchialus. The name I bear
 Is Mentas, the commanding islander
 Of all the Taphians studious in the art
 Of navigation; having touched this part 280
 With ship and men, of purpose to maintain
 Course through the dark seas t' other-languag'd
 men;
 And Temesis sustains the city's name
 For which my ship is bound, made known by fame
 For rich in brass; which my occasions need,
 And therefore bring I shining steel in stead,
 Which their use wants, yet makes my vessel's
 freight,
 That near a plough'd field rides at anchor's weight,
 Apart this city, in the harbour call'd
 Rhethrus, whose waves with Neius' woods are
 wall'd. 290
 Thy sire and I were ever mutual guests,
 At either's house still interchanging feasts.
 I glory in it. Ask, when thou shalt see
 Laertes, th' old heroë, these of me,
 From the beginning. He, men say, no more
 Visits the city, but will needs deplore
 His son's believ'd loss in a private field;
 One old maid only at his hands to yield
 Food to his life, as oft as labour makes
 His old limbs faint; which, though he creeps,
 he takes. 300

Along a fruitful plain, set all with vines, declaring
 Which husbandman-like, though a king, he proins. that
 But now I come to be thy father's guest ; Ulysses
 I hear he wanders, while these wooers feast. yet lives
 And (as th' Immortals prompt me at this hour)
 I'll tell thee, out of a prophetic power,
 (Not as profest a prophet, nor clear seen
 At all times what shall after chance to men)
 What I conceive, for this time, will be true :
 The Gods' inflictions keep your sire from you. 320
 Divine Ulysses, yet, abides not dead
 Above earth, nor beneath, nor buried
 In any seas, as you did late conceive,
 But, with the broad sea sieg'd, is kept alive
 Within an isle by rude and upland men,
 That in his spite his passage home detain.
 Yet long it shall not be before he tread
 His country's dear earth, though solicited,
 And held from his return, with iron chains ;
 For he hath wit to forge a world of trains, 330
 And will, of all, be sure to make good one
 For his return, so much relied upon.
 But tell me, and be true : Art thou indeed
 So much a son, as to be said the seed
 Of Ithacus himself ? Exceeding much
 Thy forehead and fair eyes at his form touch ;
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I
 Meet at this hour, before he did apply
 His powers for Troy, when other Grecian states
 In hollow ships were his associates. 330
 But, since that time, mine eyes could never see
 Renown'd Ulysses, nor met his with me.
 The wise Telemachus again replied :
 ' You shall with all I know be satisfied.

and My mother certain says I am his son ;
 inquires I know not ; nor was ever simply known
 of the By any child the sure truth of his sire.
 feasting But would my veins had took in living fire
 From some man happy, rather than one wise,
 Whom age might see seiz'd of what youth made
 prise. 340

But he whoever of the mortal race
 Is most unblest, he holds my father's place.
 This, since you ask, I answer.' She, again :
 'The Gods sure did not make the future
 strain

Both of thy race and days obscure to thee,
 Since thou wert born so of Penelope.
 The style may by thy after acts be won,
 Of so great sire the high undoubted son.
 Say truth in this then : What's this feasting
 here ?

What all this rout ? Is all this nuptial cheer ? 350
 Or else some friendly banquet made by thee ?
 For here no shots are, where all sharers be.
 Past measure contumeliously this crew
 Fare through thy house ; which should th' in-
 genuous view

Of any good or wise man come and find,
 (Impiety seeing play'd in every kind)
 He could not but through every vein be mov'd.
 Again Telemachus : 'My guest much lov'd,
 Since you demand and sift these sights so far,
 I grant twere fit a house so regular, 360
 Rich, and so faultless once in government,
 Should still at all parts the same form present
 That gave it glory while her lord was here.
 But now the Gods, that us displeasure bear,

Have otherwise appointed, and disgrace
 My father most of all the mortal race.
 For whom I could not mourn so were he dead,
 Amongst his fellow-captains slaughter'd
 By common enemies, or in the hands
 Of his kind friends had ended his commands, 370
 After he had egregiously bestow'd
 His power and order in a war so vow'd,
 And to his tomb all Greeks their grace had
 done,

Tele-
 machus
 tells of the
 Wooers'
 greed

That to all ages he might leave his son
 Immortal honour; but now Harpies have
 Digg'd in their gorges his abhorr'd grave.
 Obscure, inglorious, death hath made his end,
 And me, for glories, to all griefs contend.
 Nor shall I any more mourn him alone,
 'The Gods have given me other cause of moan. 380
 For look how many optimates remain
 In Samos, or the shores Dulichian,
 Shady Zacynthus, or how many bear
 Rule in the rough brows of this island here;
 So many now my mother and this house
 At all parts make defam'd and ruinous;
 And she her hateful nuptials nor denies,
 Nor will despatch their importunities,
 Though she beholds them spoil still as they feast
 All my free house yields, and the little rest 390
 Of my dead sire in me perhaps intend
 To bring ere long to some untimely end.'

This Pallas sigh'd and answer'd: 'O,' said she,
 'Absent Ulysses is much miss'd by thee,
 That on these shameless suitors he might lay
 His wreakful hands. Should he now come, and
 stay

Pallas In thy court's first gates, arm'd with helm and
bids him shield,
go seek And two such darts as I have seen him
his father wield,

When first I saw him in our Taphian court,
 Feasting, and doing his desert's disport ; 400
 When from Ephyrus he return'd by us
 From Ilus, son to Centaur Mermerus,
 To whom he travell'd through the watry dreads,
 For bane to poison his sharp arrows' heads,
 That death, but toucht, caus'd ; which he would
 not give,

Because he fear'd the Gods that ever live
 Would plague such death with death ; and yet
 their fear

Was to my father's bosom not so dear
 As was thy father's love ; (for what he sought
 My loving father found him, to a thought.) 410
 If such as then Ulysses might but meet
 With these proud wooers, all were at his feet
 But instant dead men, and their nuptials
 Would prove as bitter as their dying galls.
 But these things in the Gods' knees are repos'd,
 If his return shall see with wreak inclos'd,
 These in his house, or he return no more ;
 And therefore I advise thee to explore
 All ways thyself, to set these wooers gone ;
 To which end give me fit attention : 420
 To-morrow into solemn council call
 The Greek heroës, and declare to all
 (The Gods being witness) what thy pleasure is.
 Command to towns of their nativity
 These frontless wooers. If thy mother's mind
 Stands to her second nuptials so inclin'd,

Return she to her royal father's towers, and then
Where th' one of these may wed her, and her get rid
dowers of the

**Make rich, and such as may consort with grace
So dear a daughter of so great a race.** 430

And thee I warn as well (if thou as well
Wilt hear and follow) take thy best-built sail,
With twenty owers mann'd, and haste t' inquire
Where the abode is of thy absent sire,
If any can inform thee, or thine ear
From Jove the fame of his retreat may hear,
For chiefly Jove gives all that honours men.

To Pylos first be thy addression then,
To god-like Nestor ; thence to Sparta haste,
To gold-lockt Menelaus, who was last 440
Of all the brass-arm'd Greeks that sail'd from
Troy :

And try from both these, if thou canst enjoy
News of thy sire's return'd life anywhere,
Though sad thou sufferst in his search a year.
If of his death thou hearst, return thou home,
And to his memory erect a tomb,
Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,
Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame ;
And then thy mother a fit husband give.
These past, consider how thou mayst deprive 450
Of worthless life these wooers in thy house,
By open force, or projects ingenious.

Things childish fit not thee ; th' art so no more.
Hast thou not heard, how all men did adore
Divine Orestes, after he had slain
Ægisthus murdering by a treacherous train
His famous father? Be then, my most lov'd,
Valiant and manly, every way approv'd

Pallas As great as he. I see thy person fit,
departs Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit, 460
 All given thee so to use and manage here
 That even past death they may their memories
 bear.

In meantime I'll descend to ship and men,
 That much expect me. Be observant then
 Of my advice, and careful to maintain
 In equal acts thy royal father's reign.'

Telemachus replied: 'You ope, fair guest
 A friend's heart in your speech, as well exprest
 As might a father serve t' inform his son;
 All which sure place have in my memory won. 470
 Abide yet, though your voyage calls away,
 That, having bath'd, and dignified your stay
 With some more honour, you may yet beside
 Delight your mind by being gratified
 With some rich present taken in your way,
 That, as a jewel, your respect may lay
 Up in your treasury, bestow'd by me,
 As free friends use to guests of such degree.'

'Detain me not,' said she, 'so much inclin'd
 To haste my voyage. What thy lovéd mind 480
 Commands to give, at my return this way,
 Bestow on me, that I directly may
 Convey it home; which more of price to me
 The more it asks my recompence to thee.'

This said, away grey-eyed Minerva flew,
 Like to a mounting lark; and did endue
 His mind with strength and boldness, and much
 more

Made him his father long for than before;
 And weighing better who his guest might be,
 He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deity 490

Was there descended ; to whose will he fram'd **Penelope**
 His powers at all parts, and went so inflam'd **enters**
 Amongst the wooers, who were silent set,
 To hear a poet sing the sad retreat
 The Greeks perform'd fram Troy ; which was
 from thence

Proclaim'd by Pallas, pain of her offence.

When which divine song was perceiv'd to bear
 That mournful subject by the listning ear
 Of wise Penelope, Icarius' seed,
 Who from an upper room had given it heed, 500
 Down she descended by a winding stair,
 Not solely, but the state in her repair
 Two maids of honour made. And when this queen
 Of women stoopt so low, she might be seen
 By all her wooers. In the door, aloof,
 Entering the hall grac'd with a goodly roof,
 She stood, in shade of graceful veils, implied
 About her beauties ; on her either side,
 Her honour'd women. When, to tears mov'd,
 thus

She chid the sacred singer : ' Phemius, 510
 You know a number more of these great deeds
 Of Gods and men, that are the sacred seeds,
 And proper subjects, of a poet's song,
 And those due pleasures that to men belong,
 Besides these facts that furnish Troy's retreat,
 Sing one of those to these, that round your seat
 They may with silence sit, and taste their wine ;
 But cease this song, that through these ears of mine
 Conveys deserv'd occasion to my heart
 Of endless sorrows, of which the desert 520
 In me unmeasur'd is past all these men,
 So endless is the memory I retain,

Tele- And so desertful is that memory,
 machus Of such a man, as hath a dignity
 bids her So broad, it spreads itself through all the pride
 retire Of Greece and Argos.' To the queen replied
 Inspir'd Telemachus: 'Why thus envies
 My mother him that fits societies
 With so much harmony, to let him please
 His own mind in his will to honour these? 530
 For these ingenious and first sort of men,
 That do immediately from Jove retain
 Their singing raptures, are by Jove as well
 Inspir'd with choice of what their songs impell,
 Jove's will is free in it, and therefore theirs.
 Nor is this man to blame, that the repairs
 The Greeks make homeward sings; for his fresh
 muse

Men still most celebrate that sings most news.

And therefore in his note your ears employ :
 For not Ulysses only lost in Troy 540
 The day of his return, but numbers more
 The deadly ruins of his fortunes bore.

• Go you then in, and take your work in hand,
 Your web, and distaff; and your maids command
 To ply their fit work. Words to men are due,
 And those reproving counsels you pursue,
 And most to me of all men, since I bear
 The rule of all things that are manag'd here.'
 She went amaz'd away, and in her heart
 Laid up the wisdom Pallas did impart 550
 To her lov'd son so lately, turn'd again
 Up to her chamber, and no more would reign
 In manly counsels. To her women she
 Applied her sway; and to the wooers he
 Began new orders, other spirits bewray'd

Than those in spite of which the wooers sway'd. and
 And (whiles his mother's tears still washt her **warns the**
 eyes, **Wooers**
to depart

Till grey Minerva did those tears surprise
 With timely sleep, and that her wooers did rouse
 Rude tumult up through all the shady house, 560
 Dispos'd to sleep because their widow was)
 Telemachus this new-given spirit did pass
 On their old insolence: 'Ho! you that are
 My mother's wooers! much too high ye bear
 Your petulant spirits; sit; and, while ye may
 Enjoy me in your banquets, see ye lay
 These loud notes down, nor do this man the wrong,
 Because my mother hath disliked his song,
 To grace her interruption. 'Tis a thing
 Honest, and honour'd too, to hear one sing 570
 Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,
 As this man flows in. By the morn's first light,
 I'll call ye all before me in a Court,
 That I may clearly banish your resort,
 With all your rudeness, from these roofs of mine.
 Away; and elsewhere in your feasts combine.
 Consume your own goods, and make mutual feast
 At either's house. Or if ye still hold best,
 And for your humours' more suffic'd fill,
 To feed, to spoil, because unpunish'd still, 580
 On other findings, spoil; but here I call
 Th' Eternal Gods to witness, if it fall
 In my wish'd reach once to be dealing wrecks,
 By Jove's high bounty, these your present checks
 To what I give in charge, shall add more reins
 To my revenge hereafter; and the pains
 Ye then must suffer shall pass all your pride
 Ever to see redress'd, or qualified.'

The Wooers dispute with him At this all bit their lips, and did admire
 His words sent from him with such phrase and
 fire ; 590

Which so much mov'd them that Antinous,
 Eupitheus' son, cried out ; 'Telemachus !
 The Gods, I think, have rapt thee to this height
 Of elocution, and this great conceit
 Of self-ability. We all may pray,
 That Jove invest not in this kingdom's sway
 Thy forward forces, which I see put forth
 A hot ambition in thee for thy birth.'

'Be not offended,' he replied, 'if I
 Shall say, I would assume this empery, 600
 If Jove gave leave. You are not he that sings :
The rule of kingdoms is the worst of things.
 Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne ;
 A man may quickly gain possession
 Of mighty riches, make a wondrous prize
 Set of his virtues ; but the dignities
 That deck a king, there are enough beside
 In this circumfluous isle that want no pride
 To think them worthy of, as young as I,
 And old as you are. An ascent so high 610
 My thoughts affect not. Dead is he that held
 Desert of virtue to have so excell'd.
 But of these turrets I will take on me
 To be the absolute king, and reign as free,
 As did my father, over all his hand
 Left here in this house slaves to my command.

Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,
 To this made this reply : 'Telemachus !
 The girlond of this kingdom let the knees
 Of Deity run for ; but the faculties 620
 This house is seis'd of, and the turrets here,

Thou shalt be lord of, nor shall any bear
 The least part off of all thou dost possess,
 As long as this land is no wilderness,
 Nor rul'd by out-laws. But give these their pass,
 And tell me, best of princes, who he was
 That guested here so late? From whence? And
 what

They
 speak
 of the
 departed
 guest

In any region boasted he his state?
 His race? His country? Brought he any news
 Of thy returning father? Or for dues 630
 Of moneys to him made he fit repair?
 How suddenly he rusht into the air,
 Nor would sustain to stay and make him known!
 His port show'd no debauched companion.'

He answer'd: 'The return of my lov'd sire
 Is past all hope; and should rude Fame inspire
 From any place a flattering messenger
 With news of his survival, he should bear
 No least belief off from my desperate love.
 Which if a sacred prophet should approve, 640
 Call'd by my mother for her care's unrest,
 It should not move me. For my late fair guest,
 He was of old my father's, touching here
 From sea-girt Taphos; and for name doth bear
 Mentas, the son of wise Anchialus;
 And governs all the Taphians studious
 Of navigation.' This he said, but knew
 It was a Goddess. These again withdrew
 To dances and attraction of the song;
 And while their pleasures did the time prolong, 650
 The sable Even descended, and did steep
 The lids of all men in desire of sleep.

Telemachus, into a room built high
 Of his illustrious court, and to the eye

Tele- Of circular prospect, to his bed ascended,
 machus And in his mind much weighty thought contended.
 retires to Before him Euryclea (that well knew
 rest All the observance of a handmaid's due,
 Daughter to Opis Pisenorides)
 Bore two bright torches; who did so much please
 Laërtes in her prime, that, for the price 661
 Of twenty oxen, he made merchandize
 Of her rare beauties; and love's equal flame,
 To her he felt, as to his nuptial dame,
 Yet never durst he mix with her in bed,
 So much the anger of his wife he fled.
 She, now grown old, to young Telemachus
 Two torches bore, and was obsequious
 Past all his other maids, and did apply
 Her service to him from his infancy. 670
 His well-built chamber reach'd, she op'd the door;
 He on his bed sat, the soft weeds he wore
 Put off, and to the diligent old maid
 Gave all; who fitly all in thick folds laid,
 And hung them on a beam-pin near the bed,
 That round about was rich embroider'd.
 Then made she haste forth from him, and did bring
 The door together with a silver ring,
 And by a string a bar to it did pull.
 He, laid, and cover'd well with curled wool 680
 Woven in silk quilts, all night employ'd his mind
 About the task that Pallas had design'd.

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Herman 444
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THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

TELEMACHUS to court doth call
The Wooers, and commands them all
To leave his house ; and taking then
From wise Minerva ship and men,
And all things fit for him beside,
That Euryclea could provide
For sea-rites, till he found his sire,
He hoists sail ; when Heaven stoops his fire.

ANOTHER

Bêra. The old Maid's store
The voyage cheers.
The ship leaves shore,
Minerva steers.

Now when with rosy fingers, th' early born
And thrown through all the air, appear'd the heralds
Morn, summon
Ulysses' lov'd son from his bed appear'd,
His weeds put on, and did about him gird
His sword that thwart his shoulders hung, and tied
To his fair feet fair shoes, and all parts plied
For speedy readiness : who, when he trod
The open earth, to men show'd like a God.
The heralds then he straight charg'd to consort
The curl'd-head Greeks, with loud calls, to a
Court. 10
They summon'd ; th' other came in utmost haste.
Who all assembled, and in one heap plac'd,

Antiphus He likewise came to council, and did bear
asks why In his fair hand his iron-headed spear.
they are Nor came alone, nor with men-troops prepar'd,
met to- But two fleet dogs made both his train and guard.
gether Pallas supplied with her high wisdom's grace,
 That all men's wants supplies, State's painted face.
 His entring presence all men did admire ;
 Who took seat in the high throne of his sire, so
 To which the grave peers gave him reverend way.
 Amongst whom, an Egyptian heroë
 (Crookéd with age, and full of skill) begun
 The speech to all ; who had a lovéd son
 That with divine Ulysses did ascend
 His hollow fleet to Troy ; to serve which end,
 He kept fair horse, and was a man-at-arms,
 And in the cruel Cyclop's stern alarms
 His life lost by him in his hollow cave,
 Whose entrails open'd his abhorréed grave, 30
 And made of him, of all Ulysses' train,
 His latest supper, being latest slain ;
 His name was Antiphus. And this old man,
 This crookéd-grown, this wise Egyptian,
 Had three sons more ; of which one riotous
 A wooer was, and call'd Eurynomus ;
 The other two took both his own wish'd course.
 Yet both the best fates weigh'd not down the worse,
 But left the old man mindful still of moan ;
 Who, weeping, thus bespake the Session : 40
 'Hear, Ithacensians, all I fitly say :
 Since our divine Ulysses' parting day
 Never was council call'd, nor session,
 And now by whom is this thus undergone ?
 Whom did necessity so much compell,
 Of young or old ? Hath any one heard tell

Of any coming army, that he thus now
 May openly take boldness to avow,
 First having heard it? Or will any here
 Some motion for the public good prefer?
 Some worth of note there is in this command;
 And, methinks, it must be some good man's hand
 That's put to it, that either hath direct
 Means to assist, or, for his good affect,
 Hopes to be happy in the proof he makes;
 And that Jove grant, whate'er he undertakes.'

Tele-
 machus
 declares
 his
 wrongs

Telemachus (rejoicing much to hear
 The good hope and opinion men did bear
 Of his young actions) no longer sat,
 But long'd t' approve what this man pointed at, 60
 And make his first proof in a cause so good;
 And in the council's chief place up he stood;
 When straight Pisenor (herald to his sire,
 And learn'd in counsels) felt his heart on fire
 To hear him speak, and put into his hand
 The sceptre that his father did command;
 Then, to the old Egyptian turn'd, he spoke:

'Father, not far he is that undertook
 To call this Council; whom you soon shall know.
 Myself, whose wrongs my griefs will make me
 show, 70

Am he that author'd this assembly here.
 Nor have I heard of any army near,
 Of which, being first told, I might iterate,
 Nor for the public good can aught relate,
 Only mine own affairs all this procure,
 That in my house a double ill endure;
 One, having lost a father so renown'd,
 Whose kind rule once with your command was
 crown'd;

How the Wooers devour his substance The other is, what much more doth augment
His weighty loss, the ruin imminent 80
Of all my house by it, my goods all spent.

And of all this the wooers, that are sons
To our chief peers, are the confusions,
Importuning my mother's marriage
Against her will; nor dares their blood's bold rage
Go to Icarus her father's court,
That, his will ask'd in kind and comely sort,
He may endow his daughter with a dower,
And, she consenting, at his pleasure's power
Dispose her to a man, that, thus behav'd, 90
May have fit grace, and see her honour sav'd.
But these, in none but my house, all their lives
Resolve to spend; slaughtring my sheep and
beeves,

And with my fattest goats lay feast on feast,
My generous wine consuming as they list.
A world of things they spoil, here wanting one,
That, like Ulysses, quickly could set gone
Those peace-plagues from his house, that spoil
like war;

Whom my powers are unfit to urge so far,
Myself immortal. But, had I the power, 100
My will should serve me to exempt this hour
From out my life-time. For, past patience,
Base deeds are done here, that exceed defence
Of any honour. Falling is my house,
Which you should shame to see so ruinous.
Reverence the censures that all good men give,
That dwell about you; and for fear to live
Expos'd to heaven's wrath (that doth ever pay
Pains for joys forfeit) even by Jove I pray,
Or Themis, both which powers have to restrain, 110

Or gather, councils, that ye will abstain
 From further spoil, and let me only waste
 In that most wretched grief I have embrac'd
 For my lost father. And though I am free
 From meriting your outrage, yet, if he,
 Good man, hath ever with a hostile heart
 Done ill to any Greek, on me convert
 Your like hostility, and vengeance take
 Of his ill on my life, and all these make
 Join in that justice; but, to see abus'd ¹²⁰
 Those goods that do none ill but being ill us'd,
 Exceeds all right. Yet better 'tis for me,
 My whole possessions and my rents to see
 Consum'd by you, than lose my life and all;
 For on your rapine a revenge may fall,
 While I live; and so long I may complain
 About the city, till my goods again,
 Oft ask'd, may be with all amends repaid.
 But in the mean space your misrule hath laid
 Grievs on my bosom, that can only speak, ¹³⁰
 And are denied the instant power of wreak.'

The
 Court
 struck
 silent

This said, his sceptre against the ground he
 threw,
 And tears still'd from him; which mov'd all the
 crew,
 The court strook silent, not a man did dare
 To give a word that might offend his ear.
 Antinous only in this sort replied:
 'High spoken, and of spirit unpacified,
 How have you sham'd us in this speech of yours!
 Will you brand us for an offence not ours?
 Your mother, first in craft, is first in cause. ¹⁴⁰
 Three years are past, and near the fourth now
 draws,

Antinous Since first she mockt the peers Achaian.
lays the All she made hope, and promis'd every man,
blame on Sent for us ever, left love's show in nought,
Penelope But in her heart conceal'd another thought.
 Besides, as curious in her craft, her loom
 She with a web charg'd, hard to overcome,
 And thus bespake us; "Youths, that seek my bed.
 Since my divine spouse rests amongst the dead,
 Hold on your suits but till I end, at most, 150
 This funeral weed, lest what is done be lost.
 Besides, I purpose, that when th' austere fate
 Of bitter death shall take into his state
 Laertes the heroë, it shall deck
 His royal corse, since I should suffer check
 In ill report of every common dame,
 If one so rich should show in death his shame."
 This speech she us'd; and this did soon persuade
 Our gentle minds. But this a work she made
 So hugely long, undoing still in night, 160
 By torches, all she did by day's broad light,
 That three years her deceit div'd past our view,
 And made us think that all she feign'd was true.
 But when the fourth year came, and those sly hours
 That still surprise at length dames' craftiest powers,
 One of her women, that knew all, disclos'd
 The secret to us, that she still unloos'd
 Her whole day's fair affair in depth of night.
 And then no further she could force her sleight,
 But, of necessity, her work gave end. 170
 And thus, by me, doth every other friend,
 Professing love to her, reply to thee;
 That even thyself, and all Greeks else, may see,
 That we offend not in our stay, but she.
 To free thy house then, send her to her sire,

Commanding that her choice be left entire and bids
 To his election, and one settled will. Tele-
 Nor let her vex with her illusions still machus
 Her friends that woo her, standing on her wit, send her
 Because wise Pallas hath given wiles to it 180 back
 So full of art, and made her understand to her
 All works in fair skill of a lady's hand. father
 But (for her working mind) we read of none
 Of all the old world, in which Greece hath shown
 Her rarest pieces, that could equal her :
 Tyro, Alcmena, and Mycena were
 To hold comparison in no degree,
 For solid brain, with wise Penelope.
 And yet, in her delays of us, she shows
 No prophet's skill with all the wit she owes ; 190
 For all this time thy goods and victuals go
 To utter ruin ; and shall ever so,
 While thus the Gods her glorious mind dispose.
 Glory herself may gain, but thou shalt lose
 Thy longings even for necessary food,
 For we will never go where lies our good,
 Nor any other where, till this delay,
 She puts on all, she quits with th' endless stay
 Of some one of us, that to all the rest
 May give free farewell with his nuptial feast.' 200
 The wise young prince replied : ' Antinous !
 I may by no means turn out of my house
 Her that hath brought me forth and nourisht me.
 Besides, if quick or dead my father be
 In any region, yet abides in doubt ;
 And 'twill go hard, my means being so run out,
 To tender to Icarius again,
 If he again my mother must maintain
 In her retreat, the dower she brought with her.

Tele- And then, a double ill it will confer, 210
 machus Both from my father and from God on me,
 refuses When, thrust out of her house, on her bent knee,
 My mother shall the horrid Furies raise
 With imprecations, and all men dispraise
 My part in her exposure. Never then
 Will I perform this counsel. If your spleen
 Swell at my courses, once more I command
 Your absence from my house ; some other's hand
 Charge with your banquets ; on your own goods
 eat,

And either other mutually intreat, 220
 At either of your houses, with your feast.
 But if ye still esteem more sweet and best
 Another's spoil, so you still wreakless live,
 Gnaw, vermin-like, things sacred, no laws give
 To your devouring ; it remains that I
 Invoke each Ever-living Deity,
 And vow, if Jove shall deign in any date
 Power of like pains for pleasure so past rate,
 From thenceforth look, where ye have revell'd so
 Unwreakt, your ruins all shall undergo.' 230

Thus spake Telemachus ; t' assure whose threat,
 Far-seeing Jove upon their pinions set
 Two eagles from the high brows of a hill,
 That, mounted on the winds, together still
 Their strokes extended ; but arriving now
 Amidst the Council, over every brow
 Shook their thick wings and, threat'ning death's
 cold fears,
 Their necks and cheeks tore with their eager
 seres ;

Then, on the court's right-hand away they flew,
 Above both court and city. With whose view, 240

And study what events they might foretell,
 The Council into admiration fell.
 The old heroë, Halitherses, then,
 The son of Nestor, that of all old men,
 His peers in that court, only could foresee
 By flight of fowls man's fixéd destiny,
 Twixt them and their amaze, this interpos'd :

A good
 omen of
 eagles

‘Hear, Ithacensians, all your doubts disclos’d.
 The Wooers most are touch’d in this ostant,
 To whom are dangers great and imminent; 250
 For now not long more shall Ulysses bear
 Lack of his most lov’d, but fills some place near,
 Addressing to these Wooers fate and death.
 And many more this mischief menaceth
 Of us inhabiting this famous isle.

Let us consult yet, in this long forewhile,
 How to ourselves we may prevent this ill.
 Let these men rest secure, and revel still;
 Though they might find it safer, if with us
 They would in time prevent what threatens them
 thus; 260

Since not without sure trial I foretell
 These coming storms, but know their issue well.
 For to Ulysses all things have event,
 As I foretold him, when for Ilion went
 The whole Greek fleet together, and with them
 Th’ abundant-in-all-counsels took the stream.
 I told him, that, when much ill he had past,
 And all his men were lost, he should at last,
 The twentieth year, turn home, to all unknown;
 All which effects are to perfection grown.’ 270

Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,
 Oppos’d this man’s presage, and answer’d thus :
 ‘Hence, great in years, go, prophesy at home,

Eury- Thy children teach to shun their ills to come.
machus In these superior far to thee am I.
mocks A world of fowls beneath the sun-beams fly
the seer That are not fit t' enform a prophecy.
Besides, Ulysses perish'd long ago ;
And would thy fates to thee had destin'd so,
Since so thy so much prophecy had spar'd 280
Thy wronging of our rights, which, for reward
Expected home with thee, hath summon'd us
Within the anger of Telemachus.
But this I will presage, which shall be true :
If any spark of anger chance t' ensue
Thy much old art in these deep auguries,
In this young man incens'd by thy lies,
Ev'n to himself his anger shall confer
The greater anguish, and thine own ends err
From all their objects; and, besides, thine age 290
Shall feel a pain, to make thee curse presage
With worthy cause, for it shall touch thee near.
But I will soon give end to all our fear,
Preventing whatsoever chance can fall,
In my suit to the young prince for us all,
To send his mother to her father's house,
That he may sort her out a worthy spouse,
And such a dower bestow, as may besit
One lov'd, to leave her friends and follow it
Before which course be, I believe that none 300
Of all the Greeks will cease th' ambition
Of such a match. For, chance what can to us,
We no man fear, no not Telemachus,
Though ne'er so greatly spoken. Nor care we
For any threats of austere prophecy,
Which thou, old dotard, vaunt'st of so in vain.
And thus shalt thou in much more hate remain ;

For still the Gods shall bear their ill expense, Tele-
 Nor ever be dispos'd by competence, machus
 'Till with her nuptials she dismiss our suits : 310 craves
 Our whole lives' days shall sow hopes for such ship and
 fruits. men to
 seek his
 father

Her virtues we contend to, nor will go
 To any other, be she never so
 Worthy of us, and all the worth we owe.'

He answer'd him : ' Eurymachus, and all
 Ye generous Wooers, now, in general,
 I see your brave resolves, and will no more
 Make speech of these points, and, much less,
 implore.

It is enough, that all the Grecians here,
 And all the Gods besides, just witness bear, 320
 What friendly premonitions have been spent
 On your forbearance, and their vain event.
 Yet, with my other friends, let love prevail
 To fit me with a vessel free of sail,
 And twenty men, that may divide to me
 My ready passage through the yielding sea.
 For Sparta, and Amathoan Pylos' shore,
 I now am bound, in purpose to explore
 My long-lackt father, and to try if fame
 Or Jove, most author of man's honour'd name, 330
 With his return and life may glad mine ear,
 Though toil'd in that proof I sustain a year.
 If dead I hear him, nor of more state, here
 Retir'd to my lov'd country, I will rear
 A sepulchre to him, and celebrate
 Such royal parent-rites, as fits his state ;
 And then my mother to a spouse dispose.'

This said, he sat ; and to the rest arose
 Mentor, that was Ulysses' chosen friend,

Mentor To whom, when he set forth, he did commend 340
reproaches His cōplete family, and whom he will'd
the as- To see the mind of his old sire fulfill'd,
sembly All things conserving safe, till his retreat.
 Who, tender of his charge, and seeing so set
 In slight care of their king his subjects there,
 Suffering his son so much contempt to bear,
 Thus gravely, and with zeal, to him began :
 ' No more let any sceptre-bearing man,
 Benevolent, or mild, or human be,
 Nor in his mind form acts of piety, 350
 But ever feed on blood, and facts unjust
 Commit, even to the full swing of his lust ;
 Since of divine Ulysses no man now,
 Of all his subjects, any thought doth show.
 All whom he govern'd, and became to them,
 Rather than one that wore a diadem,
 A most indulgent father. But, for all
 That can touch me, within no envy fall
 These insolent Wooers, that in violent kind
 Commit things foul by th' ill wit of the mind, 360
 And with the hazard of their heads devour
 Ulysses' house, since his returning hour
 They hold past hope. But it affects me much,
 Ye dull plebeians, that all this doth touch
 Your free states nothing ; who, struck dumb,
 afford
 These Wooers not so much wreak as a word,
 Though few, and you with only number might
 Extinguish to them the profanéd light.'
 Evenor's son, Leocritus, replied :
 ' Mentor ! the railer, made a fool with pride, 370
 What language giv'st thou that would quiet us
 With putting us in storm ? exciting thus

The rout against us? Who, though more than we, **The**
 Should find it is no easy victory **Council**
 To drive men, habited in feast, from feasts, **disperse**
 No not if Ithacus himself such guests
 Should come and find so furnishing his Court,
 And hope to force them from so sweet a fort.
 His wife should little joy in his arrive,
 Though much she wants him; for, where she
 alive 380
 Would hers enjoy, there death should claim his
 rights.

He must be conquer'd that with many fights.
 Thou speak'st unfit things. To their labours
 then

Disperse these people; and let these two men,
 Mentor and Halitherses, that so boast
 From the beginning to have govern'd most
 In friendship of the father, to the son
 Confirm the course he now affects to run.
 But my mind says, that if he would but use
 A little patience, he should here hear news 390
 Of all things that his wish would understand,
 But no good hope for, of the course in hand.'

This said, the Council rose; when every peer
 And all the people in dispersion were
 To houses of their own; the Wooers yet
 Made to Ulysses' house their old retreat.

Telemachus, apart from all the prease,
 Prepar'd to shore, and, in the aged seas
 His fair hands wash'd, did thus to Pallas pray:
 'Hear me, O Goddess, that but yesterday 400
 Didst deign access to me at home, and lay
 Grave charge on me to take ship, and inquire
 Along the dark seas for mine absent sire!

Pallas en- Which all the Greeks oppose ; amongst whom
courage's most

Tele- Those that are proud still at another's cost,
machus Past measure, and the civil rights of men,
My mother's Wooers, my repulse maintain.'

Thus spake he praying ; when close to him
came

Pallas, resembling Mentor both in frame
Of voice and person, and advis'd him thus : 410

'Those Wooers well might know, Telemachus,
Thou wilt not ever weak and childish be,
If to thee be instill'd the faculty
Of mind and body that thy father grac'd ;
And if, like him, there be in thee enchain'd
Virtue to give words works, and works their end.
This voyage, that to them thou didst commend,
Shall not so quickly, as they idly ween,
Be vain, or given up, for their opposite spleen.
But, if Ulysses nor Penelope 420

Were thy true parents, I then hope in thee
Of no more urging thy attempt in hand ;
For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,
Are like their parents ; many that are worse ;
And most few, better. Those then that the nurse
Or mother call true-born, yet are not so,
Like worthy sires much less are like to grow.
But thou show'st now that in thee fades not quite
Thy father's wisdom ; and that future light
Shall therefore show thee far from being unwise,
Or toucht with stain of bastard cowardice. 431
Hope therefore says, that thou wilt to the end
Pursue the brave act thou didst erst intend.
But for the foolish Wooers, they bewray
They neither counsel have nor soul, since they

Are neither wise nor just ; and so must needs **who**
Rest ignorant, how black above their heads **returns**
Fate hovers holding Death, that one sole day **home**
Will make enough to make them all away.
For thee, the way thou wishest shall no more 440
Fly thee a step ; I, that have been before
Thy father's friend, thine likewise now will be,
Provide thy ship myself, and follow thee.
Go thou then home, and sooth each Wooer's vein,
But under hand fit all things for the main ;
Wine in as strong and sweet casks as you can,
And meal, the very marrow of a man,
Which put in good sure leather sacks, and see
That with sweet food sweet vessels still agree.
I from the people straight will press for you 450
Free voluntaries ; and, for ships, enow
Sea-circled Ithaca contains, both new
And old-built ; all which I'll exactly view,
And choose what one soever most doth please ;
Which rigg'd, we'll straight launch, and assay
the seas.'

This spake Jove's daughter, Pallas ; whose
voice heard,
No more Telemachus her charge deferr'd,
But hasted home, and, sad at heart, did see
Amidst his hall th' insulting Wooers flea
Goats, and roast swine. Mongst whom, An-
tinous 460
Careless, discovering in Telemachus
His grudge to see them, laugh'd, met, took his
hand,
And said : 'High-spoken, with the mind so
mann'd !
Come, do as we do, put not up your spirits

Tele- With these low trifles, nor our loving merits
 machus In gall of any hateful purpose steep,
 avows his But eat egregiously, and drink as deep.
 intent The things thou think'st on, all at full shall be
 By th' Achives thought on, and perform'd to
 thee ;

Ship, and choice oars, that in a trice will land 470
 Thy hasty fleet, on heavenly Pylos' sand,
 And at the fame of thy illustrious sire.'

He answered: 'Men, whom pride did so
 inspire,

Are not fit consorts for an humble guest ;
 Nor are constrain'd men merry at their feast.
 Is't not enough, that all this time ye have
 Op'd in your entrails my chief goods a grave,
 And, while I was a child, made me partake?
 My now more growth more grown my mind
 doth make,

And, hearing speak more judging men than you,
 Perceive how much I was misgovern'd now. 481
 I now will try if I can bring ye home
 An ill Fate to consort you ; if it come
 From Pylos, or amongst the people here.
 But thither I resolve, and know that there
 I shall not touch in vain. Nor will I stay,
 Though in a merchant's ship I steer my way ;
 Which shows in your sights best ; since me ye
 know

Incapable of ship, or men to row.'

This said, his hand he coyly snatched away 490
 From forth Antinous' hand. The rest the day
 Spent through the house with banquets ; some
 with jests,
 And some with railings, dignifying their feasts.

To whom a jest-proud youth the wit began : and
 'Telemachus will kill us every man. prepares
 From Sparta, to the very Pylian sand, for the
 He will raise aids to his impetuous hand. voyage
 O he affects it strangely ! Or he means
 To search Ephyra's fat shores, and from thence
 Bring deathful poisons, which amongst our bowls
 Will make a general shipwrack of our souls,' 501

Another said : ' Alas, who knows but he
 Once gone, and erring like his sire at sea,
 May perish like him, far from aid of friends ?
 And so he makes us work ; for all the ends
 Left of his goods here we shall share, the house
 Left to his mother and her chosen spouse.'

Thus they ; while he a room ascended, high
 And large, built by his father, where did lie
 Gold and brass heapt up, and in coffers were 510
 Rich robes, great store of odorous oils, and there
 Stood tuns of sweet old wines along the wall,
 Neat and divine drink, kept to cheer withall
 Ulysses' old heart, if he turned again
 From labours fatal to him to sustain.

The doors of plank were, their close exquisite,
 Kept with a double key, and day and night
 A woman lockt within ; and that was she
 Who all trust had for her sufficiency,
 Old Euryclea (one of Opis' race, 520
 Son to Pisenor, and in passing grace
 With grey Minerva) ; her the prince did call,
 And said : ' Nurse ! Draw me the most sweet
 of all

The wine thou keepst ; next that which for my
 sire

Thy care reserves, in hope he shall retire.

The Twelve vessels fill me forth, and stop them well.
 nurse Then into well-sew'd sacks of fine ground meal
 leads Pour twenty measures. Nor, to any one
 secret aid But thou thyself, let this design be known.

All this see got together ; I it all 530
 In night will fetch off, when my mother shall
 Ascend her high room, and for sleep prepare.
 Sparta and Pylos I must see, in care
 To find my father.' Out Euryclea cried,
 And askt with tears : 'Why is your mind
 applied,

Dear son, to this course ? Whither will you go ?
 So far off leave us, and belovéd so,
 So only ? And the sole hope of your race ?
 Royal Ulysses, far from the embrace
 Of this kind country, in a land unknown 540
 Is dead ; and, you from your lov'd country gone,
 The Wooers will with some deceit assay
 To your destruction, making then their prey
 Of all your goods. Where, in your own y'are
 strong,

Make sure abode. It fits not you so young
 To suffer so much by the aged seas,
 And err in such a wayless wilderness.'

'Be cheer'd, lov'd nurse,' said he, 'for, not
 without

The will of God, go my attempts about.
 Swear therefore, not to wound my mother's
 ears 550

With word of this, before from heav'n appears
 Th' eleventh or twelfth light, or herself shall please
 To ask of me, or hears me put to seas,
 Lest her fair body with her woe be wore.'

To this the great oath of the Gods she swore ;

Which having sworn, and of it every due
 Perform'd to full, to vessels wine she drew,
 And into well-sew'd sacks pour'd foody meal.
 In mean time he, with cunning to conceal
 All thought of this from others, himself bore 560
 In broad house, with the Wooers, as before.

The ship
 is made
 ready

Then grey-eyed Pallas other thoughts did own,
 And like Telemachus trod through the town,
 Commanding all his men in th' even to be
 Aboard his ship. Again then question'd she
 Noëmon, fam'd for aged Phronius' son,
 About his ship; who all things to be done
 Assur'd her freely should. The sun then set,
 And sable shadows slid through every street,
 When forth they launch'd, and soon aboard did
 bring 570

All arms, and choice of every needful thing
 That fits a well-rigg'd ship. The Goddess then
 Stood in the port's extreme part, where her men,
 Nobly appointed, thick about her came,
 Whose every breast she did with spirit enflame.
 Yet still fresh projects laid the grey-eyed
 Dame.

Straight to the house she hasted, and sweet
 sleep

Pour'd on each Wooer; which so laid in steep
 Their drowsy temples, that each brow did nod,
 As all were drinking, and each hand his load, 580
 The cup, let fall. All start up, and to bed,
 Nor more would watch, when sleep so surfeited
 Their leaden eye-lids. Then did Pallas call
 Telemachus, in body, voice, and all,
 Resembling Mentor, from his native nest,
 And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest

The ship To use their oars, and all expected now
 sets sail He should the spirit of a soldier show.
 'Come then,' said she, 'no more let us defer
 Our honour'd action.' Then she took on her 590
 A ravisht spirit, and led as she did leap;
 And he her most haste took out, step by step.
 Arrived at sea and ship, they found ashore
 The soldiers that their fashion'd-long hair wore;
 To whom the prince said: 'Come, my friends,
 let's bring
 Our voyage's provision; every thing
 Is heapt together in our court; and none,
 No not my mother, nor her maids, but one
 Knows our intention.' 'This exprest, he led,
 The soldiers close together followéd; 600
 And all together brought aboard their store.
 Aboard the prince went; Pallas still before
 Sat at the stern, he close to her, the men
 Up hasted after. He and Pallas then
 Put from the shore. His soldiers than he bad
 See all their arms fit; which they heard, and had.
 A beechen mast, then, in the hollow base
 They put, and hoisted, fixt it in his place
 With cables; and with well-wreath'd halsers
 hoise
 Their white sails, which grey Pallas now em-
 ploys 610
 With full and fore-gales through the dark deep
 main.
 The purple waves, so swift cut, roar'd again
 Against the ship sides, that now ran and plow'd
 The rugged seas up. Then the men bestow'd
 Their arms about the ship, and sacrifice
 With crown'd wine-cups to th' endless Deities

They offer'd up. Of all yet thron'd above, They
They most observ'd the grey-eyed seed of Jove; **sacrifice**
Who, from the evening till the morning rose,
And all day long their voyage did dispose. 620

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*Homer 434**67/8**Byron 545**Vol 435*

THE THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

TELEMACHUS, and Heaven's wise Dame
That never husband had, now came
To Nestor ; who his either guest
Receiv'd at the religious feast
He made to Neptune, on his shore ;
And there told what was done before
The Trojan turrets, and the state
Of all the Greeks since Ilion's fate.
This book these three of greatest place
Doth serve with many a varied grace.
Which past, Minerva takes her leave.
Whose state when Nestor doth perceive,
With sacrifice he makes it known,
Where many a pleasing rite is shown.
Which done, Telemachus hath gain'd
A chariot of him ; who ordain'd
Pisistratus, his son, his guide
To Sparta ; and when starry eyed
The ample heav'n began to be,
All house-rites to afford them free,
In Pheris, Diocles did please,
His surname Ortilochides.

ANOTHER

Γάρμυα. Ulysses' son
With Nestor lies,
To Sparta gone ;
Thence Pallas flies.

THE sun now left the great and goodly lake,
And to the firm heaven bright ascent did make,

To shine as well upon the mortal birth,
 Inhabiting the plow'd life-giving earth,
 As on the ever-treaders upon death.
 And now to Pylos, that so garnisheth
 Herself with buildings, old Nelëus' town,
 The prince and Goddess come had strange sights
 shown,

The ship
 arrives
 at Pylos

For, on the marine shore, the people there
 To Neptune, that the azure locks doth wear, 10
 Beeves that were wholly black gave holy flame.
 Nine seats of state they made to his high name ;
 And every seat set with five hundred men,
 And each five hundred was to furnish then
 With nine black oxen every sacred seat.
 These of the entrails only pleas'd to eat,
 And to the God enflam'd the fleshy thighs.

By this time Pallas with the sparkling eyes,
 And he she led, within the haven bore,
 Strook sail, cast anchor, and trod both the shore,
 She first, he after. Then said Pallas : ' Now 21
 No more befits thee the least bashful brow ;
 T' embolden which this act is put on thee,
 To seek thy father both at shore and sea,
 And learn in what clime he abides so close,
 Or in the power of what Fate doth repose.

Come then, go right to Nestor ; let us see,
 If in his bosom any counsel be,
 That may inform us. Pray him not to trace
 The common courtship, and to speak in grace 30
 Of the demander, but to tell the truth ;
 Which will delight him, and commend thy youth
 For such prevention ; for he loves no lies,
 Nor will report them, being truly wise.'

He answer'd : ' Mentor ! how, alas ! shall I

The Present my self? How greet his gravity?
 strangers My youth by no means that ripe form affords,
 are That can digest my mind's instinct in words
 welcomed Wise, and beseeching th' ears of one so sage.
 Youth of most hope blush to use words with age.'

She said: 'Thy mind will some conceit
 impress,

And something God will prompt thy towardness;
 For, I suppose, thy birth, and breeding too,
 Were not in spite of what the Gods could do.'

This said, she swiftly went before, and he
 Her steps made guides, and follow'd instantly.
 When soon they reach'd the Pylian thrones and
 seats,

Where Nestor with his sons sat; and the meats,
 That for the feast serv'd, round about them were
 Adherents dressing, all their sacred cheer, 50
 Being roast and boil'd meats. When the Pylians
 saw

These strangers come, in thrust did all men draw
 About their entry, took their hands, and pray'd
 They both would sit; their entry first assay'd
 By Nestor's son, Pisistratus. In grace
 Of whose repair, he gave them honour'd place
 Betwixt his sire and brother Thrasymed,
 Who sat at feast on soft fells that were spread
 Along the sea sands, kerv'd, and reacht to them
 Parts of the inwards, and did make a stream 60
 Of spritely wine into a golden bowl;
 Which to Minerva with a gentle soul
 He gave, and thus spake: 'Ere you eat, fair guest,
 Invoke the Seas' King, of whose sacred feast
 Your travel hither makes ye partners now;
 When, sacrificing as becomes, bestow

This bowl of sweet wine on your friend, that he
 May likewise use these rites of piety ;
 For I suppose his youth doth prayers use,
 Since all men need the Gods. But you I choose 70
 First in this cup's disposal, since his years
 Seem short of yours, who more like me appears.'
 Thus gave he her the cup of pleasant wine ;
 And since a wise and just man did design
 The golden bowl first to her free receipt,
 Even to the Goddess it did add delight,
 Who thus invokt: 'Hear thou, whose vast
 embrace

They
 invoke
 the seas'
 king

Ensppheres the whole earth, nor disdain thy grace
 To us that ask it in performing this :
 To Nestor first, and these fair sons of his, 80
 Vouchsafe all honour ; and, next them, bestow
 On all these Pylions, that have offer'd now
 This most renown'd hecatomb to thee,
 Remuneration fit for them, and free ;
 And lastly deign Telemachus and me,
 The work perform'd for whose effect we came,
 Our safe return, both with our ship and fame.'
 Thus pray'd she ; and her self her self obey'd,
 In th' end performing all for which she pray'd.
 And now, to pray, and do as she had done, 90
 She gave the fair round bowl t' Ulysses son.

The meat then drest, and drawn, and serv'd
 t' each guest,

They celebrated a most sumptuous feast.
 When appetite to wine and food allay'd,
 Horse-taming Nestor then began, and said :
 'Now life's desire is serv'd, as far as fare,
 Time fits me to enquire what guests these are.
 Fair guests, what are ye? And for what coast tries

Nestor Your ship the moist deeps? For fit merchandise?
inquires Or rudely coast ye, like our men of prize, 100
of his The rough seas tempting, desperately erring,
guests The ill of others in their good conferring?

The wise prince now his boldness did begin,
 For Pallas' self had harden'd him within,
 By this device of travel to explore
 His absent father; which two girlonds wore;
 His good by manage of his spirits; and then
 To gain him high grace in th' accounts of men.

'O Nestor! still in whom Nelëus lives,
 And all the glory of the Greeks survives! 110
 You ask from whence we are, and I relate:
 From Ithaca (whose seat is situate
 Where Neius, the renownéd mountain, rears
 His haughty forehead, and the honour bears
 To be our sea-mark) we assay'd the waves.
 The business, I must tell, our own good craves,
 And not the public. I am come t' enquire,
 If, in the fame that best men doth inspire
 Of my most-suffering father, I may hear
 Some truth of his estate now, who did bear 120
 The name, being join'd in fight with you alone,
 To even with earth the height of Ilion.
 Of all men else, that any name did bear,
 And fought for Troy, the several ends we hear;
 But his death Jove keeps from the world unknown,
 The certain fame thereof being told by none;
 If on the continent by enemies slain,
 Or with the waves eat of the ravenous main.
 For his love tis that to your knees I sue,
 That you would please, out of your own clear
 view,

T' assure his sad end; or say, if your ear 130

Hath heard of the unhappy wanderer,
 To too much sorrow whom his mother bore.
 You then by all your bounties I implore,
 (If ever to you deed or word hath stood,
 By my good father promist, render'd good
 Amongst the Trojans, where ye both have tried
 The Grecian sufferance) that in nought applied
 To my respect or pity you will glose,
 But uncloth'd truth to my desires disclose.' 140
 'Oh my much-lov'd,' said he, 'since you renew
 Remembrance of the miseries that grew
 Upon our still-in-strength-opposing Greece
 Amongst Troy's people; I must touch a piece
 Of all our woes there, either in the men
 Achilles brought by sea and led to gain
 About the country, or in us that fought
 About the city, where to death were brought
 All our chief men, as many as were there.
 There Mars-like Ajax lies; Achilles there; 150
 There the in-counsel-like-the-Gods, his friend;
 There my dear son Antilochus took end,
 Past measure swift of foot, and staid in fight.
 A number more that ill felt infinite;
 Of which to reckon all, what mortal man,
 If five or six years you should stay here, can
 Serve such enquiry? You would back again,
 Affected with unsufferable pain,
 Before you heard it. Nine years sieg'd we them,
 With all the depth and sleight of stratagem 160
 That could be thought. Ill knit to ill, past end.
 Yet still they toil'd us; nor would yet Jove send
 Rest to our labours, nor will scarcely yet.
 But no man liv'd, that would in public set
 His wisdom by Ulysses' policy,

and tells
 of the
 woes
 endured
 before
 Troy

How As thought his equal ; so excessively
 they He stood superior all ways. If you be
 debated His son indeed, mine eyes even ravish me
 of the To admiration. And in all consent
 return Your speech puts on his speech's ornament. 170
 Nor would one say, that one so young could use,
 Unless his son, a rhetoric so profuse.
 And while we liv'd together, he and I
 Never in speech maintain'd diversity ;
 Nor sat in council but, by one soul led,
 With spirit and prudent counsel furnish'd
 The Greeks at all hours, that, with fairest course,
 What best became them, they might put in force.
 But when Troy's high towers we had levell'd thus,
 We put to sea, and God divided us. 180
 And then did Jove our sad retreat devise ;
 For all the Greeks were neither just nor wise,
 And therefore many felt so sharp a fate,
 Sent from Minerva's most pernicious hate ;
 Whose mighty father can do fearful things.
 By whose help she betwixt the brother kings
 Let fall contention ; who in council met
 In vain, and timeless, when the sun was set,
 And all the Greeks call'd, that came charg'd
 with wine.
 Yet then the kings would utter their design, 190
 And why they summon'd. Menelaus, he
 Put all in mind of home, and cried, 'To sea.
 But Agamemnon stood on contraries,
 Whose will was, they should stay and sacrifice
 Whole hecatombs to Pallas, to forego
 Her high wrath to them. Fool! that did not
 know
 She would not so be won ; for not with ease

Th' Eternal Gods are turn'd from what they ^{The} please. ^{home-}
 So they, divided, on foul language stood. ^{ward}
 The Greeks in huge rout rose, their wine-heat ^{voyage}
 blood 200

Two ways affecting. And, that night's sleep too,
 We turn'd to studying either other's woe ;
 When Jove besides made ready woes enow.
 Morn came, we launcht, and in our ships did stow
 Our goods, and fair-girt women. Half our men
 The people's guide, Atrides, did contain,
 And half, being now aboard, put forth to sea.
 A most free gale gave all ships prosperous way.
 God settled then the huge whale-bearing lake,
 And Tenedos we reacht ; where, for time's
 sake, 210

We did divine rites to the Gods. But Jove,
 Inexorable still, bore yet no love
 To our return, but did again excite
 A second sad contention, that turn'd quite
 A great part of us back to sea again ;
 Which were th' abundant-in-all-counsels man,
 Your matchless father, who, to gratify
 The great Atrides, back to him did fly.
 But I fled all, with all that follow'd me,
 Because I knew God studied misery, 220
 To hurl amongst us. With me likewise fled
 Martial Tydides. I the men he led
 Gat to go with him. Winds our fleet did bring
 To Lesbos, where the yellow-headed king,
 Though late, yet found us, as we put to choice
 A tedious voyage ; if we sail should hoise
 Above rough Chius, left on our left hand,
 To th' isle of Psyria, or that rugged land

Of the Sail under, and for windy Mimas steer.
 fate of We askt of God that some ostent might clear 230
 Grecian Our cloudy business, who gave us sign,
 heroes And charge, that all should, in a middle line,
 The sea cut for Eubœa, that with speed
 Our long-sustain'd infortune might be freed.
 Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,
 And swiftly flew we through the fishy skies,
 Till to Geræstus we in night were brought;
 Where, through the broad sea since we safe had
 wrought,
 At Neptune's altars many solid thighs
 Of slaughter'd bulls we burn'd for sacrifice. 240
 The fourth day came, when Tydeus' son did
 greet
 The haven of Argos with his complete fleet.
 But I for Pylos straight steer'd on my course;
 Nor ever left the wind his foreright force,
 Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came,
 Dear son, to Pylos, uninform'd by fame,
 Nor know one sav'd by Fate, or overcome.
 Whom I have heard of since, set here at home,
 As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left unshown.
 The expert spear-men, every Myrmidon, 250
 Led by the brave heir of the mighty-soul'd
 Unpeer'd Achilles, safe of home got hold;
 Safe Philoctetes, Pœan's famous seed;
 And safe Idomenæus his men led
 To his home, Crete, who fled the arméd field,
 Of whom yet none the sea from him withheld.
 Atrides, you have both heard, though ye be
 His far-off dwellers, what an end had he,
 Done by Ægisthus to a bitter death;
 Who miserably paid for forcéd breath, 260

Atrides leaving a good son, that dyed,
 In blood of that deceitful parricide,
 His wreakful sword. And thou my friend, as he
 For this hath his fame, the like spirit in thee
 Assume at all parts. Fair and great, I see,
 Thou art in all hope; make it good to th' end,
 That after-times as much may thee commend.'

and the
 vengeance
 of
 Orestes

He answer'd: 'O thou greatest grace of
 Greece,

Orestes made that wreak his master-piece,
 And him the Greeks will give a master-praise, 270
 Verse finding him to last all after-days.
 And would to God the Gods would favour me
 With his performance, that my injury,
 Done by my mother's Wooers, being so foul,
 I might revenge upon their every soul;
 Who, pressing me with contumelies, dare
 Such things as past the power of utterance are.
 But Heaven's great Powers have grac'd my destiny
 With no such honour. Both my sire and I
 Are born to suffer everlastingly. 280

'Because you name those Wooers, friend,'
 said he,

'Report says, many such, in spite of thee,
 Wooing thy mother, in thy house commit
 The ills thou nam'st. But say: Proceedeth it
 From will in thee to bear so foul a foil?
 Or from thy subjects' hate, that wish thy spoil,
 And will not aid thee, since their spirits rely,
 Against thy rule, on some grave augury?
 What know they, but at length thy father may
 Come, and with violence their violence pay; 290
 Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him?
 But if Minerva now did so esteem

How Thee, as thy father in times past ; whom, past
 Athens All measure, she with glorious favours grac't
 honoured Amongst the Trojans, where we suffer'd so ;
 Ulysses (O ! I did never see, in such clear show,
 The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,
 To all our eyes, appear'd in all her trim)
 If so, I say, she would be pleas'd to love,
 And that her mind's care thou so much couldst
 move, 300

As did thy father, every man of these
 Would lose in death their seeking marriages.'
 'O father,' answer'd he, 'you make amaze
 Seize me throughout. Beyond the height of
 phrase

You raise expression ; but twill never be,
 That I shall move in any Deity
 So blest an honour. Not by any means,
 If Hope should prompt me, or blind Confidence,
 (The God of Fools) or every Deity
 Should will it ; for 'tis past my destiny.' 310

The burning-eyed Dame answer'd : 'What
 a speech

Hath past the teeth-guard Nature gave to teach
 Fit question of thy words before they fly !
 God easily can (when to a mortal eye
 He's furthest off) a mortal satisfy ;
 And does the more still. For thy car'd-for sire,
 I rather wish, that I might home retire,
 After my sufferance of a world of woes,
 Far off, and then my glad eyes might disclose
 The day of my return, than straight retire, 320
 And perish standing by my household fire ;
 As Agamemnon did, that lost his life
 By false Ægisthus, and his false wife.

For Death to come at length, 'tis due to all ; **Where**
 Nor can the Gods themselves, when Fate shall call **then was**
 Their most-lov'd man, extend his vital breath **Mene-**
 Beyond the fixt bounds of abhorréd Death.' **laus**

'Mentor ! ' said he, 'let's dwell no more on
 this,

Although in us the sorrow pious is.
 No such return, as we wish, Fates bequeath 330
 My erring father ; whom a present death
 The Deathless have decreed. I'll now use speech
 That tends to other purpose ; and beseech
 Instruction of grave Nestor, since he flows
 Past shore in all experience, and knows
 The sleights and wisdoms, to whose heights
 aspire

Others, as well as my commended sire,
 Whom Fame reports to have commanded three
 Ages of men, and doth in sight to me
 Show like th' Immortals. Nestor ! the renown
 Of old Nelëus, make the clear truth known, 341
 How the most-great-in-empire, Atreus' son,
 Sustain'd the act of his destruction.

Where then was Menelaus ? How was it
 That false Ægisthus, being so far unfit
 A match for him, could his death so enforce ?
 Was he not then in Argos ? or his course
 With men so left, to let a coward breathe
 Spirit enough to dare his brother's death ?'

'I'll tell thee truth in all, fair son,' said he : 350
 • Right well was this event conceiv'd by thee.
 If Menelaus in his brother's house
 Had found the idle liver with his spouse,
 Arriv'd from Troy, he had not liv'd, nor dead
 Had the digg'd heap pour'd on his lustful head,

The But fowls and dogs had torn him in the fields,
 sin of Far off of Argos; not a dame it yields
 Clytem- Had giv'n him any tear, so foul his fact
 nestra Show'd even to women. Us Troy's wars had
 rack'd

To every sinew's sufferance, while he 360
 In Argos' uplands liv'd, from those works free,
 And Agamemnon's wife with force of word
 Flatter'd and soften'd, who, at first, abhorr'd
 A fact so infamous. The heav'nly dame
 A good mind had, but was in blood too blame.
 There was a poet, to whose care the king
 His queen committed, and in every thing,
 When he from Troy went, charg'd him to apply
 Himself in all guard to her dignity.
 But when strong Fate so wrapt-in her affects, 370
 That she resolv'd to leave her fit respects,
 Into a desert isle her guardian led,
 There left, the rapine of the vultures fed.
 Then brought he willing home his will's won
 prize,

On sacred altars offer'd many thighs,
 Hung in the God's fanes many ornaments,
 Garments and gold, that he the vast events
 Of such a labour to his wish had brought,
 As neither fell into his hope nor thought.

At last, from Troy sail'd Sparta's king and I, 380
 Both holding her untoucht. And, that his eye
 Might see no worse of her, when both were blown
 To sacred Sunius, of Minerva's town
 The goodly promontory, with his shafts severe
 Augur Apollo slew him that did steer
 Atrides' ship, as he the stern did guide,
 And she the full speed of her sail applied.

He was a man that nations of men
 Excell'd in safe guide of a vessel, when
 A tempest rusht in on the ruffled seas ;
 His name was Phrontis Onetorides.
 And thus was Menelaus held from home,
 Whose way he thirsted so to overcome,
 To give his friend the earth, being his pursuit,
 And all his exequies to execute.
 But sailing still the wine-hued seas, to reach
 Some shore for fit performance, he did fetch
 The steep mount of the Malians, and there,
 With open voice, offended Jupiter
 Proclaim'd the voyage his repugnant mind, 400
 And pour'd the puffs out of a shrieking wind,
 That nourisht billows heighten'd like to hills ;
 And with the fleet's division fulfills
 His hate proclaim'd ; upon a part of Crete
 Casting the navy, where the sea-waves meet
 Rough Jardanus, and where the Cydons live.
 There is a rock, on which the sea doth drive,
 Bare, and all broken, on the confines set
 Of Gortys, that the dark seas likewise fret ;
 And hither sent the South a horrid drift 410
 Of waves against the top, that was the left
 Of that torn cliff as far as Phæstus' strand.
 A little stone the great sea's rage did stand.
 The men here driven scapt hard the ship's
 sore shocks,
 The ships themselves being wrackt against the
 rocks,
 Save only five, that blue fore-castles bore,
 Which wind and water cast on Egypt's shore.
 When he (there victling well, and store of gold
 Aboard his ships brought) his wild way did hold,

Of the
 storm that
 drove the
 ships to
 Crete

Orestes And t' other languag'd men was forc'd to roam. 420
home Mean space Ægisthus made sad work at home,
from And slew his brother, forcing to his sway
Athens Atrides' subjects, and did seven years lay
came His yoke upon the rich Mycenian state.
 But in the eight, to his affrighting fate,
 Divine Orestes home from Athens came,
 And what his royal father felt, the same
 He made the false Ægisthus groan beneath.
Death evermore is the reward of death.

Thus having slain him, a sepulchral feast 430
 He made the Argives for his lustful guest,
 And for his mother whom he did detest.
 The self-same day upon him stole the king
 Good-at-a-martial-shout, and goods did bring,
 As many as his freighted fleet could bear.
 But thou, my son, too long by no means err,
 Thy goods left free for many a spoilful guest,
 Lest they consume some, and divide the rest,
 And thou, perhaps, besides, thy voyage lose.
 To Menelaus yet thy course dispose 440
 I wish and charge thee; who but late arriv'd
 From such a shore and men, as to have liv'd
 In a return from them he never thought,
 And whom black whirlwinds violently brought
 Within a sea so vast, that in a year
 Not any fowl could pass it anywhere,
 So huge and horrid was it. But go thou
 With ship and men (or, if thou pleasest now
 To pass by land, there shall be brought for thee
 Both horse and chariot, and thy guides shall be 450
 My sons themselves) to Sparta the divine,
 And to the king whose locks like amber shine.
 Intreat the truth of him, nor loves he lies,

Wisdom in truth is, and he's passing wise.'

This said, the Sun went down, and up rose
Night,

Tele- machus would return to the ship

When Pallas spake: 'O father, all good right

Bear thy directions. But divide we now

The sacrifices' tongues, mix wines, and vow

To Neptune, and the other Ever-Blest,

That, having sacrific'd, we may to rest. 460

The fit hour runs now, light dives out of date,

'At sacred feasts we must not sit too late.'

She said; they heard; the herald water gave;
The youths crown'd cups with wine, and let all
have

Their equal shares, beginning from the cup

Their parting banquet. All the tongues cut up,

The fire they gave them, sacrific'd, and rose,

Wine, and divine rites us'd, to each dispose :

Minerva and Telemachus desir'd

They might to ship be, with his leave, retir'd. 470

He, mov'd with that, provokt thus their
abodes :

'Now Jove forbid, and all the long-liv'd Gods,

Your leaving me, to sleep aboard a ship ;

As I had drunk of poor Penia's whip,

Even to my nakedness, and had nor sheet

Nor covering in my house ; that warm nor sweet

A guest, nor I myself, had means to sleep ;

Where I, both weeds and wealthy coverings keep

For all my guests. Nor shall Fame ever say,

The dear son of the man Ulysses lay 480

All night a-ship-board here while my days shine,

Or in my court whiles any son of mine

Enjoys survival, who shall guests receive,

‘Whoever my house hath a nook to leave.’

Minerva 'My much-lov'd father,' said Minerva, 'well
 flies All this becomes thee. But persuade to dwell
 away This night with thee thy son Telemachus,
 For more convenient is the course for us,
 That he may follow to thy house and rest,
 And I may board our black-sail, that address 490
 At all parts I may make our men, and cheer
 All with my presence, since of all men there
 I boast myself the senior, th' others are
 Youths, that attend in free and friendly care
 Great-soul'd Telemachus, and are his peers
 In fresh similitude of form and years.
 For their confirmance, I will therefore now
 Sleep in our black bark. But, when light shall show
 Her silver forehead, I intend my way
 Amongst the Caucons, men that are to pay 500
 A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,
 Take you him home; whom in the morn dismiss,
 With chariot and your sons, and give him horse
 Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course.'
 This said, away she flew, form'd like the fowl
 Men call the ossifrage; when every soul
 Amaze invaded; even th' old man admir'd,
 The youth's hand took, and said: 'O most desir'd,
 My hope says thy proof will no coward show,
 Nor one unskill'd in war, when Deities now 510
 So young attend thee, and become thy guides;
 Nor any of the heaven-hous'd States besides,
 But Tritogenia's self, the Seed of Jove,
 The great-in-prey, that did in honour move
 So much about thy father, amongst all
 The Grecian army. Fairest queen, let fall
 On me like favours! Give me good renown!
 Which, as on me, on my lov'd wife let down,

And all my children. I will burn to thee **They**
 An ox right bred, broad-headed, and yoke-free, **feed and**
 To no man's hand yet humbled. Him will I, ⁵²¹ **sleep**
 His horns in gold hid, give thy Deity.'

Thus pray'd he, and she heard; and home he led
 His sons, and all his heaps of kindered.
 Who entring his court royal, every one
 He marshall'd in his several seat and throne;
 And every one, so kindly come, he gave
 His sweet-wine cup; which none was let to have
 Before this leventh year landed him from Troy;
 Which now the butleress had leave t' employ, ⁵³⁰
 Who therefore pierc'd it, and did give it vent.
 Of this the old duke did a cup present
 To every guest; made his Maid many a prayer
 That wears the shield fring'd with his nurse's hair,
 And gave her sacrifice. With this rich wine
 And food suffic'd, sleep all eyes did decline,
 And all for home went; but his court alone
 Telemachus, divine Ulysses' son,
 Must make his lodging, or not please his heart.

A bed, all chequer'd with elaborate art, ⁵⁴⁰
 Within a portico that rung like brass,
 He brought his guest to; and his bedfere was
 Pisistratus, the martial guide of men,
 That liv'd, of all his sons, unwed till then.
 Himself lay in a by-room, far above,
 His bed made by his barren wife, his love.

The rosy-finger'd Morn no sooner shone,
 But up he rose, took air, and sat upon
 A seat of white and goodly polisht stone,
 That such a gloss as richest ointments wore, ⁵⁵⁰
 Before his high gates; where the counsellor
 That matcht the Gods (his father) us'd to sit,

The Who now, by fate forc'd, stoopt as low as it.
 sacrifice And here sat Nestor, holding in his hand
 A sceptre ; and about him round did stand,
 As early up, his sons' troop ; Perseüs,
 The god-like Thrasymed, and Aretus,
 Echephron, Stratius, the sixth and last
 Pisistratus, and by him (half embrac'd
 Still as they came) divine Telenachus ; 560
 To these spake Nestor, old Gerenius :
 ' Haste, lov'd sons, and do me a desire,
 That, first of all the Gods, I may aspire
 To Pallas' favour, who vouchsaft to me
 At Neptune's feast her sight so openly.
 Let one to field go, and an ox with speed
 Cause hither brought, which let the herdsman lead ;
 Another to my dear guest's vessel go,
 And all his soldiers bring, save only two ;
 A third the smith that works in gold command 570
 (Laertius) to attend, and lend his hand,
 To plate the both horns round about with gold ;
 The rest remain here close. But first, see told
 The maids within, that they prepare a feast,
 Set seats through all the court, see straight address
 The purest water, and get fuel fell'd.'

This said, not one but in the service held
 Officious hand. The ox came led from field ;
 The soldiers troop from ship ; the smith he came,
 And those tools brought that serv'd the actual
 frame 580
 His art conceiv'd, brought anvil, hammers brought,
 Fair tongs, and all, with which the gold was
 wrought.

Minerva likewise came, to set the crown
 On that kind sacrifice, and make 't her own.

Then th' old knight Nestor gave the smith is offered
the gold,

With which he straight did both the horns infold,
And trimm'd the offering so, the Goddess joy'd.
About which thus were Nestor's sons employed:
Divine Echephron, and fair Stratius,
Held both the horns. The water odorous, 590
In which they wash'd, what to the rites was vow'd,
Aretus, in a caldron all bestrow'd
With herbs and flowers, serv'd in from th' holy
room

Where all were drest, and whence the rites
must come.

And after him a hallow'd virgin came,
That brought the barley-cake, and blew the flame.
The axe, with which the ox should both be fell'd
And cut forth, Thrasymed stood by and held.
Perseus the vessel held that should retain
The purple licour of the offering slain. 600

Then washt the pious father, then the cake
(Of barley, salt, and oil, made) took, and brake,
Ask'd many a boon of Pallas, and the state
Of all the offering did initiate,
In three parts cutting off the hair, and cast
Amidst the flame. All th' invocation past,
And all the cake broke, manly Thrasymed
Stood near, and sure; and such a blow he laid
Aloft the offering, that to earth he sunk,
His neck-nerves sunder'd, and his spirits shrunk.
Out shriekt the daughters, daughter-in-laws,
and wife 611

Of three-ag'd Nestor, who had eldest life
Of Clymen's daughters, chaste Eurydice.
The ox on broad earth then laid laterally

The They held, while duke Pisistratus the throat
 chariot Dissolv'd, and set the sable blood afloat,
 is made And then the life the bones left. Instantly
 ready They cut him up; apart flew either thigh,
 That with the fat they dubb'd, with art alone,
 The throat-brisk, and the sweet-bread pricking
 on. 620

Then Nestor broil'd them on the coal-turn'd wood,
 Pour'd black wine on; and by him young men
 stood,

That spits fine-pointed held, on which, when burn'd
 The solid thighs were, they transfixt and turn'd
 The inwards, cut in cantles; which, the meat
 Vow'd to the Gods consum'd, they roast and eat.

In mean space, Polycasté (called the fair,
 Nestor's young'st daughter) bath'd Ulysses' heir;
 Whom having cleans'd, and with rich balms
 bespread,

She cast a white shirt quickly o'er his head, 630
 And then his weeds put on; when forth he went,
 And did the person of a God present,
 Came, and by Nestor took his honour'd seat,
 This pastor of the people. Then, the meat
 Of all the spare parts roasted, off they drew,
 Sate, and fell to. But soon the temperate few
 Rose, and in golden bowls fill'd others wine.
 Till, when the rest felt thirst of feast decline,
 Nestor his sons bad fetch his high-man'd horse,
 And them in chariot join, to run the course 640
 The prince resolv'd. Obay'd, as soon as heard,
 Was Nestor by his sons, who straight prepar'd
 Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store,
 Both bread and wine, and all such viands more,
 As should the feast of Jove-fed kings compose,

Pourvay'd the voyage. To the rich coach rose and they
 Ulysses' son, and close to him ascended set forth
 The duke Pisistratus, the reins intended,
 And scourg'd, to force to field, who freely flew;
 And left the town that far her splendour threw, 650
 Both holding yoke, and shook it all the day.
 But now the sun set, darkening every way,
 When they to Pheris came; and in the house
 Of Diocles (the son t'Orsilochus,
 Whom flood Alpheüs got) slept all that night;
 Who gave them each due hospitable rite.
 But when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,
 They went to coach, and did their horse inclose,
 Drave forth the fore-court, and the porch that yields
 Each breath a sound, and to the fruitful fields 660
 Rode scourging still their willing flying steeds,
 Who strenuously perform'd their wonted speeds.
 Their journey ending just when sun went down,
 And shadows all ways through the earth were
 thrown.

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THE FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

RECEIV'D now in the Spartan court,
Telemachus prefers report
To Menelaus of the throng
Of Wooers with him, and their wrong.
Atrides tells the Greeks' retreat,
And doth a prophecy repeat
That Proteus made, by which he knew
His brother's death; and then doth show
How with Calypso liv'd the sire
Of his young guest. The Wooers conspire
Their prince's death. Whose treachery known,
Penelope in tears doth drown.
Whom Pallas by a dream doth cheer,
And in similitude appear
Of fair Iphthima, known to be
The sister of Penelope.

ANOTHER

Δῆλα. Here of the sire
The son doth hear.
The Wooers conspire.
The Mother's fear.

IN Lacedæmon now, the nurse of whales,
These two arriv'd, and found at festivals,
With mighty concourse, the renown'd king,
His son and daughter jointly marrying.
Alector's daughter he did give his son,
Strong Megapenthes, who his life begun
By Menelaus' bondmaid; whom he knew
In years when Helen could no more renew

In issue like divine Hermione,
 Who held in all fair form as high degree
 As golden Venus. Her he married now
 To great Achilles' son, who was by vow
 Betroth'd to her at Troy. And thus the Gods
 To constant loves give nuptial periods.
 Whose state here past, the Myrmidons' rich town
 (Of which she shar'd in the imperial crown)
 With horse and chariots he resign'd her to.
 Mean space, the high huge house with feast did flow
 Of friends and neighbours, joying with the king.
 Amongst whom did a heavenly poet sing, 20
 And touch his harp. Amongst whom likewise
 danc'd

They
 arrive
 in Lacedæmon

Two, who in that dumb motion advanc'd,
 Would prompt the singer what to sing and play.
 All this time in the utter court did stay,
 With horse and chariot, Telemachus,
 And Nestor's noble son Pisistratus.
 Whom Eteoneus, coming forth, descried,
 And, being a servant to the king, most tried
 In care and his respect, he ran and cried :
 'Guests, Jove-kept Menelaus, two such men 30
 As are for form of high Saturnius' strain.
 Inform your pleasure, if we shall unclose
 Their horse from coach, or say they must dispose
 Their way to some such house, as may embrace
 Their known arrival with more welcome grace?'

He, angry, answer'd: 'Thou didst never show
 Thyself a fool, Boethides, till now ;
 But now, as if turn'd child, a childish speech
 Vents thy vain spirits. We ourselves now reach
 Our home by much spent hospitality 40
 Of other men ; nor know if Jove will try

The With other after-wants our state again ;
 travellers' And therefore from our feast no more detain
 welcome Those welcome guests, but take their steeds
 from coach,

And with attendance guide in their approach.'

This said, he rusht abroad, and call'd some
 more

Tried in such service, that together bore
 Up to the guests, and took their steeds that swet
 Beneath their yokes from coach; at mangers
 set,

Wheat and white barley gave them mix'd; and
 plac'd 50

Their chariot by a wall so clear, it cast
 A light quite through it. And then they led
 Their guests to the divine house; which so fed
 Their eyes at all parts with illustrious sights,
 That admiration seiz'd them. Like the lights
 The sun and moon gave, all the palace threw
 A lustre through it. Sate with whose view,
 Down to the king's most bright-kept baths they
 went

Where handmaids did their services present,
 Bath'd, balm'd them, shirts and well-napt weeds
 put on, 60

And by Atrides' side set each his throne.
 Then did the handmaid-royal water bring,
 And to a laver, rich and glittering,
 Of massy gold, pour'd; which she plac'd upon
 A silver caldron, into which might run
 The water as they washt. Then set she near
 A polisht table, on which all the cheer
 The present could afford a reverend dame,
 That kept the larder, set. A cook then came,

And divers dishes, borne thence, serv'd again ; 70 **Atrides**
 Furnisht the board with bowls of gold. And **asks who**
 then, **they are**

His right hand given the guests, Atrides said :
 ' Eat, and be cheerful. Appetite allay'd,
 I long to ask, of what stock ye descend ;
 For not from parents whose race nameless end
 We must derive your offspring. Men obscure
 Could get none such as you. The portraiture
 Of Jove-sustain'd and sceptre-bearing kings
 Your either person in his presence brings.
 An ox's fat chine then they up did lift, 80
 And set before the guests ; which was a gift,
 Sent as an honour to the king's own taste.
 They saw yet twas but to be eaten plac'd,
 And fell to it. But food and wine's care past,
 Telemachus thus prompted Nestor's son,
 (His ear close laying, to be heard of none) :

' Consider, thou whom most my mind esteems,
 The brass-work here, how rich it is in beams,
 And how, besides, it makes the whole house sound ;
 What gold, and amber, silver, ivory, round 90
 Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the hall
 Of Jupiter Olympius hath of all
 This state the like. How many infinites
 Take up to admiration all men's sights ! '

Atrides overheard, and said : ' Lov'd son,
 No mortal must affect contentiön
 With Jove, whose dwellings are of endless date.
 Perhaps of men some one may emulate,
 Or none, my house, or me ; for I am one
 That many a grave extreme have undergone, 100
 Much error felt by sea, and till th' eight year,
 Had never stay, but wander'd far and near,

Atrides Cyprus, Phœnicia, and Sidonia,
tells of And fetch'd the far-off Æthiopia,
perils Reach'd the Erembi of Arabia,
past And Lybia, where with horns ewes yean their
 lambs,

Where every full year ewes are three times dams,
 Where neither king, nor shepherd, want comes near
 Of cheese, or flesh, or sweet milk ; all the year
 They ever milk their ewes. And here while I 110
 Err'd, gathering means to live, one, murtherously,
 Unwares, unseen, bereft my brother's life,
 Chiefly betray'd by his abhorréd wife.

So hold I, not enjoying, what you see.
 And of your fathers, if they living be,
 You must have heard this, since my sufferings were
 So great and famous ; from this palace here
 (So rarely-well-built, furnishéd so well,
 And substancéd with such a precious deal
 Of well-got treasure) banisht by the doom 120
 Of Fate, and erring as I had no home.

And now I have, and use it, not to take
 Th' entire delight it offers, but to make
 Continual wishes, that a triple part
 Of all it holds were wanting, so my heart
 Were eas'd of sorrows, taken for their deaths
 That fell at Troy, by their revivéd breaths.
 And thus sit I here weeping, mourning still
 Each least man lost ; and sometimes make mine ill,
 In paying just tears for their loss, my joy. 130
 Sometimes I breathe my woes, for in annoy
 The pleasure soon admits satiety.

But all these men's wants wet not so mine eye,
 Though much they move me, as one sole man's
 miss,

For which my sleep and meat even loathsome is Helen
In his renew'd thought, since no Greek hath won enters
Grace for such labours as Laërtes' son
Hath wrought and suffer'd, to himself nought else
But future sorrows forging, to me hells
For his long absence, since I cannot know 140
If life or death detain him ; since such woe
For his love, old Laërtes, his wise wife,
And poor young son sustains, whom new with life
He left as sireless.' This speech grief to tears
(Pour'd from the son's lids on the earth) his ears,
Told of the father, did excite ; who kept
His cheeks dry with his red weed as he wept,
His both hands us'd therein. Atreides then
Began to know him, and did strife retain,
If he should let himself confess his sire, 150
Or with all fitting circumstance enquire.

While this his thoughts disputed, forth did
shine,
Like to the golden-distaff-deckt Divine,
From her bed's high and odoriferous room,
Helen. To whom, of an elaborate loom,
Adresta set a chair ; Alcippe brought
A piece of tapestry of fine wool wrought ;
Phylo a silver cabinet conferr'd,
Giv'n by Alcandra, nuptially endear'd
To lord Polybius, whose abode in Thebes 160
Th' Ægyptian city was, where wealth in heaps
His famous house held, out of which did go,
In gift t' Atreides, silver bath-tubs two,
Two tripods, and of fine gold talents ten.
His wife did likewise send to Helen then
Fair gifts, a distaff that of gold was wrought,
And that rich cabinet that Phylo brought,

Helen re- Round, and with gold ribb'd, now of fine thread
cognises full ;

Ulysses' On which extended (crown'd with finest wool,
son Of violet gloss) the golden distaff lay. 170

She took her state-chair, and a foot-stool's stay

Had for her feet ; and of her husband thus

Askt to know all things : ' Is it known to us,

King Menelaus, whom these men commend

Themselves for, that our court now takes to friend ?

I must affirm, be I deceiv'd or no,

I never yet saw man nor woman so

Like one another, as this man is like

Ulysses' son. With admiration strike

His looks my thoughts, that they should carry
now 180

Power to persuade me thus, who did but know,

When newly he was born, the form they bore.

But tis his father's grace, whom more and more

His grace resembles, that makes me retain

Thought that he now is like Telemachus, then

Left by his sire, when Greece did undertake

Troy's bold war for my impudency's sake.'

He answer'd : ' Now wife, what you think I
know,

The true cast of his father's eye doth show

In his eyes' order. Both his head and hair, 190

His hands and feet, his very father's are.

Of whom, so well remember'd, I should now

Acknowledge for me his continual flow

Of cares and perils, yet still patient.

But I should too much move him, that doth vent

Such bitter tears for that which hath been spoke,

Which, shunning soft show, see how he would

cloak,

And with his purple weed his weepings hide.'

Then Nestor's son, Pisistratus, replied :

'Great pastor of the people, kept of God ! 200

He is Ulysses' son ; but his abode

Not made before here, and he modest too,

He holds it an indignity to do

A deed so vain, to use the boast of words,

Where your words are on wing ; whose voice
affords

Delight to us as if a God did break

The air amongst us, and vouchsafe to speak.

But me my father, old duke Nestor, sent

To be his consort hither ; his content

Not to be heighten'd so as with your sight ; 210

In hope that therewith words and actions might

Inform his comforts from you, since he is

Extremely griev'd and injur'd by the miss

Of his great father ; suffering even at home,

And few friends found to help him overcome

His too weak sufferance, now his sire is gone ;

Amongst the people, not afforded one

To check the miseries that mate him thus.

And this the state is of Telemachus.'

'O Gods,' said he, 'how certain, now, I see 220

My house enjoys that friend's son, that for me

Hath undergone so many willing fights !

Whom I resolv'd, past all the Grecian knights,

To hold in love, if our return by seas

The far-off Thunderer did ever please

To grant our wishes. And to his respect

A palace and a city to erect,

My vow had bound me ; whither bringing then

His riches, and his son, and all his men,

From barren Ithaca (some one sole town 230

The
travellers
tell their
names

They Inhabited about him batter'd down),
 weep All should in Argos live. And there would I
 Ease him of rule, and take the empery
 Of all on me. And often here would we,
 Delighting, loving either's company,
 Meet and converse; whom nothing should divide,
 Till death's black veil did each all over hide.
 But this perhaps hath been a mean to take
 Even God himself with envy; who did make
 Ulysses therefore only the unblest, ²⁴⁰
 That should not reach his lovéd country's rest.'

These woes made every one with woe in love;
 Even Argive Helen wept, the seed of Jove;
 Ulysses' son wept; Atreus' son did weep;
 And Nestor's son his eyes in tears did steep,
 But his tears fell not from the present cloud
 That from Ulysses was exhal'd, but flow'd
 From brave Antilochus' remember'd due,
 Whom the renown'd Son of the Morning slew,
 Which yet he thus excus'd: 'O Atreus' son! ²⁵⁰
 Old Nestor says, there lives not such a one
 Amongst all mortals as Atrides is
 For deathless wisdom. 'Tis a praise of his,
 Still given in your remembrance, when at home
 Our speech concerns you. Since then overcome
 You please to be with sorrow, even to tears,
 That are in wisdom so exempt from peers,
 Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse,
 If it be lawful, I affect no use
 Of tears thus after meals; at least, at night; ²⁶⁰
 But when the morn brings forth, with tears, her
 light,

It shall not then empair me to bestow
 My tears on any worthy's overthrow.

It is the only rite that wretched men
Can do dead friends, to cut hair, and complain. **They**
But Death my brother took, whom none could call **drown**
The Grecian coward, you best knew of all. **their**
cares

I was not there, nor saw, but men report
Antilochus excell'd the common sort
For footmanship, or for the chariot race, 270
Or in the fight for hardy hold of place.'

'O friend,' said he, 'since thou hast spoken so,
At all parts as one wise should say and do,
And like one far beyond thyself in years,
Thy words shall bounds be to our former tears.
O he is questionless a right-born son,
That of his father hath not only won
The person but the wisdom ; and that sire
Complete himself that hath a son entire,
Jove did not only his full fate adorn, 280
When he was wedded, but when he was born.
As now Saturnius, through his life's whole date,
Hath Nestor's bliss rais'd to as steep a state,
Both in his age to keep in peace his house,
And to have children wise and valorous.
But let us not forget our rear feast thus.
Let some give water here. Telemachus !
The morning shall yield time to you and me
To do what fits, and reason mutually.'

This said, the careful servant of the king, 290
Asphalion, pour'd on th' issue of the spring ;
And all to ready feast set ready hand.
But Helen now on new device did stand,
Infusing straight a medicine to their wine,
That, drowning cares and angers, did decline
All thought of ill. Who drunk her cup could shed
All that day not a tear, no not if dead

Helen That day his father or his mother were,
 tells of Not if his brother, child, or chiefest dear,
 Ulysses He should see murder'd then before his face. 300
 Such useful medicines, only borne in grace
 Of what was good, would Helen ever have.
 And this juice to her Polydamna gave
 The wife of Thoön, an Ægyptian born,
 Whose rich earth herbs of medicine do adorn
 In great abundance. Many healthful are,
 And many baleful. Every man is there
 A good physician out of Nature's grace,
 For all the nation sprung of Pæon's race.

When Helen then her medicine had infus'd, 310
 She bad pour wine to it, and this speech us'd :
 'Atrides, and these good men's sons, great
 Jove

Makes good and ill one after other move,
 In all things earthly ; for he can do all.
 The woes past, therefore, he so late let fall,
 The comforts he affords us let us take ;
 Feast, and, with fit discourses, merry make.
 Nor will I other use. As then our blood
 Griev'd for Ulysses, since he was so good,
 Since he was good, let us delight to hear 320
 How good he was, and what his sufferings were ;
 Though every fight, and every suffering deed,
 Patient Ulysses underwent, exceed
 My woman's power to number, or to name.
 But what he did, and suffered, when he came
 Amongst the Trojans, where ye Grecians all
 Took part with sufferance, I in part can call
 To your kind memories. How with ghastly
 wounds

Himself he mangled, and the Trojan bounds,

Thrust thick with enemies, adventur'd on, 330 and his
His royal shoulders having cast upon wiles at
Base abject weeds, and enter'd like a slave. Troy
Then, beggar-like, he did of all men crave,
And such a wretch was, as the whole Greek fleet
Brought not besides. And thus through every
street

He crept discovering, of no one man known.
And yet through all this difference, I alone
Smok'd his true person, talk'd with him; but he
Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree,
Till I disclaim'd him quite; and so (as mov'd 340
With womanly remorse of one that prov'd
So wretched an estate, whate'er he were)
Won him to take my house. And yet even there,
Till freely I, to make him doubtless, swore
A powerful oath, to let him reach the shore
Of ships and tents before Troy understood,
I could not force on him his proper good.
But then I bath'd and sooth'd him, and he then
Confest, and told me all; and, having slain
A number of the Trojan guards, retir'd, 350
And reacht the fleet, for sleight and force
admir'd.

Their husbands' deaths by him the Trojan wives
Shriekt for; but I made triumphs for their lives,
For then my heart conceiv'd, that once again
I should reach home; and yet did still retain
Woe for the slaughters Venus made for me,
When both my husband, my Hermione,
And bridal room, she robb'd of so much right,
And drew me from my country with her sleight,
Though nothing under heaven I here did need, 360
That could my fancy or my beauty feed.'

The heroes
 hidden
 in the
 wooden
 horse

Her husband said : ' Wife ! what you please
 to tell
 Is true at all parts, and becomes you well ;
 And I myself, that now may say have seen
 The minds and manners of a world of men,
 And great heroës, measuring many a ground,
 Have never, by these eyes that light me, found
 One with a bosom so to be belov'd,
 As that in which th' accomplisht spirit mov'd
 Of patiënt Ulysses. What, brave man, 370
 He both did act, and suffer, when we wan
 The town of Ilion, in the brave-built horse,
 When all we chief states of the Grecian force
 Were hous'd together, bringing Death and Fate
 Amongst the Trojans, you, wife, may relate ;
 For you, at last, came to us ; God, that would
 The Trojans' glory give, gave charge you should
 Approach the engine ; and Deiphobus,
 The god-like, follow'd. Thrice ye circled us
 With full survey of it ; and often tried 380
 The hollow crafts that in it were implied.
 When all the voices of their wives in it
 You took on you with voice so like and fit,
 And every man by name so visited,
 That I, Ulysses, and king Diomed
 (Set in the midst, and hearing how you call'd),
 Tydides, and myself (as half appall'd
 With your remorseful plaints) would passing fain
 Have broke our silence, rather than again
 Endure, respectless, their so moving cries. 390
 But Ithacus our strongest phantasies
 Contain'd within us from the slenderest noise,
 And every man there sat without a voice.
 Anticlus only would have answer'd thee,

But his speech Ithacus incessantly
 With strong hand held in, till, Minerva's call
 Charging thee off, Ulysses sav'd us all.'

**Tele-
machus
tells his
errand**

Telemachus replied: 'Much greater is
 My grief, for hearing this high praise of his.
 For all this doth not his sad death divert, 400
 Nor can, though in him swell'd an iron heart.
 Prepare, and lead then, if you please, to rest:
 Sleep, that we hear not, will content us best.'

Then Argive Helen made her handmaid go,
 And put fair bedding in the portico,
 Lay purple blankets on, rugs warm and soft,
 And cast an arras coverlet aloft.

They torches took, made haste, and made the
 bed;

When both the guests were to their lodgings led
 Within a portico without the house. 410

Atrides, and his large-train-wearing spouse,
 The excellent of women, for the way,
 In a retir'd receipt, together lay.

The Morn arose; the king rose, and put on
 His royal weeds, his sharp sword hung upon
 His ample shoulders, forth his chamber went,
 And did the person of a God present.

Telemachus accosts him, who begun
 Speech of his journey's proposition:

'And what, my young Ulyssean heroë, 420
 Provokt thee on the broad back of the sea,
 To visit Lacedæmon the divine?

Speak truth, some public or only thine?'

'I come,' said he, 'to hear, if any fame
 Breath'd of my father to thy notice came.
 My house is sakt, my fat works of the field
 Are all destroy'd; my house doth nothing yield

The But enemies, that kill my harmless sheep,
Wooers' And sinewy oxen, nor will ever keep
fate fore- Their steels without them. And these men are
told they 430

That woo my mother, most inhumanly
 Committing injury on injury.
 To thy knees therefore I am come, t' attend
 Relation of the sad and wretched end
 My erring father felt, if witness'd by
 Your own eyes, or the certain news that fly
 From others' knowledges. For, more than is
 The usual heap of human miseries,
 His mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then,
 Without all ruth of what I can sustain, 440
 The plain and simple truth of all you know.
 Let me beseech so much, if ever vow
 Was made, and put in good effect to you,
 At Troy, where sufferance bred you so much
 smart,

Upon my father good Ulysses' part,
 And quit it now to me (himself in youth)
 Unfolding only the unclosed truth.'

He, deeply sighing, answer'd him: 'O shame,
 That such poor vassals should affect the fame
 To share the joys of such a worthy's bed! 450
 As when a hind, her calves late farrow'd
 To give suck, enters the bold lion's den,
 He roots of hills and herby vallies then
 For food (there feeding) hunting; but at length
 Returning to his cavern, gives his strength
 The lives of both the mother and her brood
 In deaths indecent; so the Wooers' blood
 Must pay Ulysses' powers as sharp an end.
 O would to Jove, Apollo, and thy friend

The wise Minerva, that thy father were 460 Menelaus
 As once he was, when he his spirits did rear tells of
 Against Philomelides, in a fight his stay
 Perform'd in well-built Lesbos, where, down-right in Egypt
 He strook the earth with him, and gat a shout
 Of all the Grecians! O, if now full out
 He were as then, and with the Wooers coped,
 Short-liv'd they all were, and their nuptials hoped
 Would prove as desperate. But, for thy demand
 Enforc'd with prayers, I'll let thee understand
 The truth directly, nor decline a thought, 470
 Much less deceive, or sooth thy search in ought;
 But what the old and still-true-spoken God,
 That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,
 Disclos'd to me, to thee I'll all impart,
 Nor hide one word from thy solicitous heart.

I was in Ægypt, where a mighty time
 The Gods detain'd me, though my natural clime
 I never so desir'd, because their homes
 I did not greet with perfect hecatombs.
 For they will put men evermore in mind, 480
 How much their masterly commandments bind.

There is, besides, a certain island, call'd
 Pharos, that with the high-wav'd sea is wall'd,
 Just against Ægypt, and so much remote,
 As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote,
 A hollow ship can sail. And this isle bears
 A port most portly, where sea-passengers
 Put in still for fresh water, and away
 To sea again. Yet here the Gods did stay
 My fleet full twenty days; the winds, that are 490
 Masters at sea, no prosperous puff would spare
 To put us off; and all my victuals here
 Had quite corrupted, as my men's minds were,

He in- Had not a certain Goddess given regard,
 quires of And pitied me in an estate so hard ;
 Proteus' And 'twas Idothea, honour'd Proteus' seed,
 daughter That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed
 With my compassion, when (walk'd all alone,
 From all my soldiers, that were ever gone
 About the isle on fishing, with hooks bent ; 500
 Hunger their bellies on her errand sent)
 She came close to me, spake, and thus began :
 "Of all men thou art the most foolish man !
 Or slack in business, or stayest here of choice,
 And dost in all thy sufferances rejoice,
 That thus long liv'st detain'd here, and no end
 Canst give thy tarriance ? 'Thou dost much offend
 The minds of all thy fellows." I replied :

"Whoever thou art of the Deified,
 I must affirm, that no way with my will 510
 I make abode here ; but, it seems, some ill
 The Gods, inhabiting broad heaven, sustain
 Against my getting off. Inform me then,
 For Godheads all things know, what God is he
 That stays my passage from the fishy sea ?"

"Stranger," said she, "I'll tell thee true :
 There lives

An old sea-farer in these seas, that gives
 A true solution of all secrets here,
 Who deathless Proteus is, th' Ægyptian peer,
 Who can the deeps of all the seas exquire, 520
 Who Neptune's priest is, and, they say, the sire
 That did beget me. Him if any way
 Thou couldst inveigle, he would clear display
 Thy course from hence, and how far off doth lie
 Thy voyage's whole scope through Neptune's sky.
 Informing thee, O God-preserv'd, beside,

If thy desires would so be satisfied,
 Whatever good or ill hath got event,
 In all the time thy long and hard course spent,
 Since thy departure from thy house." This ^{who}
 said, ^{instructs}
^{him how}
^{to catch}
^{Proteus}

Again I answer'd : "Make the sleights display'd
 Thy father useth, lest his foresight see,
 Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,
 He flies the first place of his us'd abode.
 'Tis hard for man to countermine with God."

She straight replied : "I'll utter truth in all :
 When heaven's supremest height the sun doth skall,
 The old Sea-tell-truth leaves the deeps, and hides
 Amidst a black storm, when the west wind
 chides,

In caves still sleeping. Round about him sleep ⁵⁴⁰
 (With short feet swimming forth the foamy deep)
 The sea-calves, lovely Halosydne's call'd,
 From whom a noisome odour is exhall'd,
 Got from the whirl-pools, on whose earth they lie.
 Here, when the morn illustrates all the sky,
 I'll guide, and seat thee in the fittest place
 For the performance thou hast now in chace.
 In mean time, reach thy fleet, and chuse out three
 Of best exploit, to go as aids to thee.

But now I'll show thee all the old God's
 sleights : ⁵⁵⁰

He first will number, and take all the sights
 Of those his guard, that on the shore arrives.
 When having view'd, and told them forth by fives,
 He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleep,
 Like to a shepherd midst his flock of sheep.
 In his first sleep, call up your hardest cheer,
 Vigour and violence, and hold him there,

The In spite of all his strivings to be gone.
stratagem He then will turn himself to every one
 Of all things that in earth creep and respire, 560
 In water swim, or shine in heavenly fire.
 Yet still hold you him firm, and much the more
 Press him from passing. But when, as before,
 When sleep first bound his powers, his form ye see,
 Then cease your force, and th' old heroë free,
 And then demand, which heaven-born it may be
 That so afflicts you, hindring your retreat,
 And free sea-passage to your native seat."

This said, she div'd into the wavy seas,
 And I my course did to my ships address, 570
 That on the sands stuck; where arriv'd, we made
 Our supper ready. Then th' ambrosian shade
 Of night fell on us, and to sleep we fell.
 Rosy Aurora rose; we rose as well,
 And three of them on whom I most relied,
 For firm at every force, I chus'd, and hied
 Straight to the many-river-serv'd seas;
 And all assistance askt the Deities.

Mean time Idothea the sea's broad breast
 Embrac'd, and brought for me, and all my rest, 580
 Four of the sea-calves' skins but newly flay'd,
 To work a wile which she had fashion'd
 Upon her father. Then, within the sand
 A covert digging, when these calves should land
 She sat expecting. We came close to her;
 She plac'd us orderly, and made us wear
 Each one his calf's skin. But we then must pass
 A huge exploit. The sea-calves' savour was
 So passing sour, they still being bred at seas,
 It much afflicted us; for who can please 590
 To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?

But she preserves us, and to memory calls
 A rare commodity ; she fetch'd to us **and its**
 Ambrosia, that an air most odorous **success**
 Bears still about it, which she nointed round
 Our either nostrils, and in it quite drown'd
 The nasty whale-smell. Then the great event
 The whole morn's date, with spirits patient,
 We lay expecting. When bright noon did flame,
 Forth from the sea in shoals the sea-calves came,
 And orderly, at last lay down and slept 601
 Along the sands. And then th' old Sea-God crept
 From forth the deeps, and found his fat calves
 there,

Survey'd, and number'd, and came never near
 The craft we us'd, but told us five for calves.
 His temples then dis-cas'd with sleep he salves ;
 And in rusht we, with an abhorréd cry,
 Cast all our hands about him manfully ;
 And then th' old Forger all his forms began :
 First was a lion with a mighty mane, 610
 Then next a dragon, a pied panther then,
 A vast boar next, and suddenly did strain
 All into water. Last he was a tree,
 Curl'd all at top, and shot up to the sky.

We, with resolv'd hearts, held him firmly still,
 When th' old one (held too strait for all his skill
 To extricate) gave words, and question'd me :

“ Which of the Gods, O Atreus' son,” said he,
 “ Advis'd and taught thy fortitude this sleight,
 To take and hold me thus in my despite ? 620
 What asks thy wish now ? ” I replied. “ Thou
 knowst.

Why dost thou ask ? What wiles are these thou
 showst ?

How the Gods were to be propitiated I have within this isle been held for wind
 A wondrous time, and can by no means find
 An end to my retention. It hath spent
 The very heart in me. Give thou then vent
 To doubts thus bound in me (ye Gods know all),
 Which of the Godheads doth so foully fall
 On my addression home, to stay me here,
 Avert me from my way, the fishy clear 630
 Barr'd to my passage?" He replied: "Of force,
 If to thy home thou wishest free recourse,
 To Jove, and all the other Deities,
 Thou must exhibit solemn sacrifice;
 And then the black sea for thee shall be clear,
 Till thy lov'd country's settled reach. But where
 Ask these rites thy performance? 'Tis a fate
 To thee and thy affairs appropriate,
 That thou shalt never see thy friends, nor tread
 Thy country's earth, nor see inhabited 640
 Thy so magnificent house, till thou make good
 Thy voyage back to the Ægyptian flood,
 Whose waters fell from Jove, and there hast given
 To Jove, and all Gods hous'd in ample heaven,
 Devoted hecatombs, and then free ways
 Shall open to thee, clear'd of all delays."

This told he; and, methought, he brake my
 heart,
 In such a long and hard course to divert
 My hope for home, and charge my back retreat
 As far as Ægypt. I made answer yet: 650
 "Father, thy charge I'll perfect; but before
 Resolve me truly, if their natural shore
 All those Greeks, and their ships, do safe enjoy,
 That Nestor and myself left, when from Troy
 We first rais'd sail? Or whether any died

At sea a death unwisht? Or, satisfied, The fate
When war was past, by friends embrac'd, in peace of the
Resign'd their spirits?" He made answer: Trojan
heroes

“Cease

To ask so far. It fits thee not to be
So cunning in thine own calamity. 660
Nor seek to learn what learn'd thou shouldst
forget.

Men's knowledges have proper limits set,
And should not prease into the mind of God.
But twill not long be, as my thoughts abode,
Before thou buy this curious skill with tears.
Many of those, whose states so tempt thine ears,
Are stoopt by death, and many left alive,
One chief of which in strong hold doth survive,
Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their retreat,
Are done to death. I list not to repeat 670
Who fell at Troy; thyself was there in fight.
But in return swift Ajax lost the light,
In his long-oar'd ship. Neptune, yet, awhile
Saft him unwrackt, to the Gyræan isle,
A mighty rock removing from his way.
And surely he had scapt the fatal day,
In spite of Pallas, if to that foul deed
He in her fane did, (when he ravishéd
The Trojan prophetess) he had not here
Adjoin'd an impious boast, that he would bear, 680
Despite the Gods, his ship safe through the
waves

Then rais'd against him. These his impious braves
When Neptune heard, in his strong hand he took
His massy trident, and so soundly strook
The rock Gyræan, that in two it cleft ;
Of which one fragment on the land he left,

Aga- The other fell into the troubled seas ;
 memnon's At which first rush'd Ajax Oiliades,
 murder And split his ship, and then himself afloat
 Swum on the rough waves of the world's vast
 moat, 690
 Till having drunk a salt cup for his sin,
 There perisht he. Thy brother yet did win
 The wreath from death, while in the waves they
 strove,
 Afflicted by the reverend wife of Jove.
 But when the steep mount of the Malian shore
 He seem'd to reach, a most tempestuous blore,
 Far to the fishy world that sighs so sore,
 Straight ravisht him again as far away,
 As to th' extreme bounds where the Agrians stay,
 Where first Thyestes dwelt, but then his son 700
 Ægisthus Thyestiades liv'd. This done,
 When his return untouch'd appear'd again,
 Back turn'd the Gods the wind, and set him then
 Hard by his house. Then, full of joy, he left
 His ship, and close t' his country earth he cleft,
 Kist it, and wept for joy, pour'd tear on tear,
 To set so wishedly his footing there.
 But see, a sentinel that all the year
 Crafty Ægisthus in a watchtower set
 To spy his landing, for reward as great 710
 As two gold talents, all his powers did call
 To strict remembrance of his charge, and all
 Discharg'd at first sight, which at first he cast
 On Agamemnon, and with all his haste
 Inform'd Ægisthus. He an instant train
 Laid for his slaughter : Twenty chosen men
 Of his plebeians he in ambush laid ;
 His other men he charg'd to see purway'd

A feast; and forth, with horse and chariots grac'd, **Proteus**
 He rode t' invite him, but in heart embrac'd 720 **urges to**
 Horrible welcomes, and to death did bring, **action**
 With treacherous slaughter, the unwary king,
 Receiv'd him at a feast, and, like an ox
 Slain at his manger, gave him bits and knocks.
 No one left of Atrides' train, nor one
 Sav'd to Ægisthus, but himself alone,
 All strew'd together there the bloody court."
 This said, my soul he sunk with his report,
 Flat on the sands I fell, tears spent their store,
 I light abhorr'd, my heart would live no more. 730
 When dry of tears, and tir'd with tumbling there,
 Th' old Tell-truth thus my daunted spirits did
 cheer :

"No more spend tears nor time, O Atreus' son;
 With ceaseless weeping never wish was won.
 Use uttermost assay to reach thy home,
 And all unwares upon the murderer come,
 For torture, taking him thyself alive;
 Or let Orestes, that should far out-strive
 Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light
 Of such a dark soul, and do thou the rite 740
 Of burial to him with a funeral feast."

With these last words I fortified my breast,
 In which again a generous spring began
 Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;
 But, as a brother, I must ever mourn.
 Yet forth I went, and told him the return
 Of these I knew; but he had nam'd a third,
 Held on the broad sea, still with life inspir'd,
 Whom I besought to know, though likewise
 dead,
 And I must mourn alike. He answer'd: 750

What "He is Laertes' son; whom I beheld
became of In nymph Calypso's palace, who compell'd
Ulysses His stay with her, and, since he could not see
 His country earth, he mourn'd incessantly.
 For he had neither ship instruct with oars,
 Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.
 Where leave we him, and to thy self descend,
 Whom not in Argos Fate nor Death shall end,
 But the immortal ends of all the earth,
 So rul'd by them that order death by birth, 760
 The fields Elysian, Fate to thee will give;
 Where Rhadamanthus rules, and where men live
 A never-troubled life, where snow, nor showers,
 Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitless powers,
 But from the ocean Zephyr still resumes
 A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.
 Which, since thou marriedst Helen, are thy hire,
 And Jove himself is by her side thy sire."
 This said; he div'd the deepsome watery heaps;
 I and my tried men took us to our ships, 770
 And worlds of thoughts I varied with my steps.
 Arriv'd and shipt, the silent solemn night
 And sleep bereft us of our visual light.
 At morn, masts, sails rear'd, we sat, left the
 shores,

And beat the foamy ocean with our oars.

Again then we the Jove-fall'n flood did fetch,
 As far as Ægypt; where we did beseech
 The Gods with hecatombs; whose angers ceast,
 I tomb'd my brother that I might be blest.

All rites perform'd, all haste I made for home,
 And all the prosperous winds about were come, 781
 I had the passport now of every God,
 And here clos'd all these labours' period.

Here stay then till th' eleventh or twelfth **Tele-**
 day's light, **machus**
 And I'll dismiss thee well, gifts exquisite **and the**
 Preparing for thee, chariot, horses three, **gifts**
 A cup of curious frame to serve for thee
 To serve th' immortal Gods with sacrifice,
 Mindful of me while all suns light thy skies.'

He answer'd: 'Stay me not too long time
 here, 790

Though I could sit attending all the year.
 Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire,
 Take my affections from you, so on fire
 With love to hear you are my thoughts; but so
 My Pylian friends I shall afflict with woe
 Who mourn even this stay. Whatsoever be
 The gifts your grace is to bestow on me,
 Vouchsafe them such as I may bear and save
 For your sake ever. Horse, I list not have,
 To keep in Ithaca, but leave them here, 800
 To your soil's dainties, where the broad fields bear
 Sweet cypers grass, where men-fed lote doth flow,
 Where wheat-like spelt, and wheat itself, doth
 grow,

Where barley, white, and spreading like a tree;
 But Ithaca hath neither ground to be,
 For any length it comprehends, a race
 To try a horse's speed, nor any place
 To make him fat in; fitter far to feed
 A cliff-bred goat, than raise or please a steed.
 Of all isles, Ithaca doth least provide 810
 Or meads to feed a horse, or ways to ride.'

He, smiling, said: 'Of good blood art thou,
 son.

What speech, so young! What observatiön

The Hast thou made of the world ! I well am pleas'd
Wooers To change my gifts to thee, as being confess'd
in Ithaca Unfit indeed, my store is such I may.

Of all my house-gifts then, that up I lay
 For treasure there, I will bestow on thee
 The fairest, and of greatest price to me.
 I will bestow on thee a rich carv'd cup, 820
 Of silver all, but all the brims wrought up
 With finest gold ; it was the only thing
 That the heroical Sidonian king
 Presented to me, when we were to part
 At his receipt of me, and 'twas the art
 Of that great Artist that of heaven is free ;
 And yet even this will I bestow on thee.'

This speech thus ended, guests came, and did
 bring

Muttons, for presents, to the God-like king,
 And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes.
 Their riband-wreathéd wives brought fruit and
 cakes. 831

Thus in this house did these their feast apply ;
 And in Ulysses' house activity
 The Wooers practis'd ; tossing of the spear,
 The stone, and hurling ; thus delighted, where
 They exercis'd such insolence before,
 Even in the court that wealthy pavements wore.
 Antinous did still their strifes decide,
 And he that was in person deified
 Eurymachus ; both ring-leaders of all, 840
 For in their vertues they were principal.

These by Noëmon, son to Phronius,
 Were sided now, who made the question thus :
 'Antinous ! Does any friend here know,
 When this Telemachus returns, or no,

From sandy Pylos? He made bold to take inquire
about
Tele-
machus
 My ship with him; of which, I now should make
 Fit use myself, and sail in her as far
 As spacious Elis, where of mine there are
 Twelve delicate mares, and under their sides go
 Laborious mules, that yet did never know 851
 The yoke, nor labour; some of which should bear
 The taming now, if I could fetch them there.'
 This speech the rest admir'd, nor dream'd that he
 Neleïan Pylos ever thought to see,
 But was at field about his flocks' survey,
 Or thought his herdsmen held him so away.
 Eupitheus son, Antinous, then replied:
 'When went he, or with what train dignified?
 Of his selected Ithacensian youth? 860
 Prest men, or bond men, were they? Tell the
 truth.

Could he effect this? Let me truly know.
 To gain thy vessel did he violence show,
 And us'd her gainst thy will? or had her free,
 When fitting question he had made with thee?'

Noëmon answer'd: 'I did freely give
 My vessel to him. Who deserves to live
 That would do other, when such men as he
 Did in distress ask? He should churlish be
 That would deny him. Of our youth the best 870
 Amongst the people, to the interest
 His charge did challenge in them, giving way,
 With all the tribute all their powers could pay.
 Their captain, as he took the ship, I knew,
 Who Mentor was, or God. A Deity's shew
 Maskt in his likeness. But, to think 'twas he,
 I much admire, for I did clearly see,
 But yester-morning, God-like Mentor here;

Antinous Yet th' other evening he took shipping there,
proposes And went for Pylus.' Thus went he for home, 880

a plot And left the rest with envy overcome ;
 Who sat, and pastime left. Eupitheus son,
 Sad, and with rage his entrails overrun,
 His eyes like flames, thus interpos'd his speech :
 'Strange thing! An action of how proud a reach
 Is here committed by Telemachus!
 A boy, a child, and we, a sort of us,
 Vow'd 'gainst his voyage, yet admit it thus !
 With ship and choice youth of our people too !
 But let him on, and all his mischief do, 890
 Jove shall convert upon himself his powers,
 Before their ill presum'd he brings on ours.
 Provide me then a ship, and twenty men
 To give her manage, that, against again
 He turns for home, on th' Ithacensian seas,
 Or cliffy Samian, I may interprease,
 Way-lay, and take him, and make all his craft
 Sail with his ruin for his father safe.'

This all applauded, and gave charge to do,
 Rose, and to greet Ulysses' house did go. 900
 But long time past not, ere Penelope
 Had notice of their far-fetcht treachery.
 Medon the herald told her, who had heard
 Without the hall how they within conferr'd,
 And hasted straight to tell it to the queen,
 Who, from the entry having Medon seen,
 Prevents him thus : 'Now herald, what affair
 Intend the famous Wooers, in your repair ?
 To tell Ulysses' maids that they must cease
 From doing our work, and their banquets dress ?
 I would to heaven, that, leaving wooing me, 911
 Nor ever troubling other company,

Here might the last feast be, and most extreme, **Penelope**
 That ever any shall address for them. **learns the**
plot

They never meet but to consent in spoil,
 And reap the free fruits of another's toil.
 O did they never, when they children were,
 What to their fathers was Ulysses, hear?
 Who never did against any one proceed
 With unjust usage, or in word or deed? 920
 'Tis yet with other kings another right,
 One to pursue with love, another spite;
 He still yet just, nor would, though might, devour,
 Nor to the worst did ever taste of power.
 But their unru'd acts show their minds' estate.
 Good turns receiv'd once, thanks grow out of date.'

Medon, the learn'd in wisdom, answer'd her :
 'I wish, O queen, that their ingratitude were
 Their worst ill towards you ; but worse by far,
 And much more deadly, their endeavours are, 930
 Which Jove will fail them in. Telemachus
 Their purpose is, as he returns to us,
 To give their sharp steels in a cruel death ;
 Who now is gone to learn, if fame can breathe
 News of his sire, and will the Pylian shore,
 And sacred Sparta, in his search explore.'

This news dissolv'd to her both knees and heart.
 Long silence held her ere one word would part,
 Her eyes stood full of tears, her small soft voice
 All late use lost ; that yet at last had choice 940
 Of wonted words, which briefly thus she us'd :

'Why left my son his mother ? Why refus'd
 His wit the solid shore, to try the seas,
 And put in ships the trust of his distress,
 That are at sea to men unbridled horse,
 And run, past rule, their far-engagéd course,

Penelope Amidst a moisture past all mean untaid ?
 laments No need compell'd this. Did he it, afraid
 her woes To live and leave posterity his name ?'

'I know not,' he replied, 'if th' humour came
 From current of his own instinct, or flow'd 951
 From others' instigations ; but he vow'd
 Attempt to Pylos, or to see descried
 His sire's return, or know what death he died.'

This said, he took him to Ulysses' house
 After the Wooers ; the Ulyssean spouse,
 Run through with woes, let Torture seize her
 mind,

Nor in her choice of state chairs stood inclin'd
 To take her seat, but th' abject threshold chose
 Of her fair chamber for her loath'd repose, 960
 And mourn'd most wretch-like. Round about
 her fell

Her handmaids, join'd in a continue yell.
 From every corner of the palace, all
 Of all degrees tun'd to her comfort's fall
 Their own dejections ; to whom her complaint
 She thus enforc'd : 'The Gods, beyond constraint
 Of any measure, urge these tears on me ;
 Nor was there ever dame of my degree
 So past degree griev'd. First, a lord so good,
 That had such hardy spirits in his blood, 970
 That all the virtues was adorn'd withall,
 That all the Greeks did their superior call,
 To part with thus, and lose ! And now a son,
 So worthily belov'd, a course to run
 Beyond my knowledge ; whom rude tempests have
 Made far from home his most inglorious grave !
 Unhappy wenches, that no one of all
 (Though in the reach of every one must fall

His taking ship) sustain'd the careful mind, Euryclea
 To call me from my bed, who this design'd 980 confesses
 And most vow'd course in him had either stay'd,
 How much soever hasted, or dead laid
 He should have left me. Many a man I have,
 That would have call'd old Dolius my slave,
 (That keeps my orchard, whom my father gave
 At my departure) to have run, and told
 Laertes this; to try if he could hold
 From running through the people, and from tears,
 In telling them of these vow'd murderers;
 That both divine Ulysses' hope, and his, 990
 Resolve to end in their conspiracies.'

His nurse then, Euryclea, made reply :
 'Dear sovereign, let me with your own hands die,
 Or cast me off here, I'll not keep from thee
 One word of what I know. He trusted me
 With all his purpose, and I gave him all
 The bread and wine for which he pleas'd to call.
 But then a mighty oath he made me swear,
 Not to report it to your royal ear
 Before the twelfth day either should appear, 1000
 Or you should ask me when you heard him gone.
 Empair not then your beauties with your moan,
 But wash, and put untear-stain'd garments on,
 Ascend your chamber with your ladies here,
 And pray the seed of goat-nurs'd Jupiter,
 Divine Athenia, to preserve your son,
 And she will save him from confusion.
 Th' old king, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd
 For his grave counsels, you perhaps may find
 Unfit affected, for his age's sake. 1010
 But heaven-kings wax not old, and therefore make
 Fit prayers to them; for my thoughts never will

Pene-lope's prayer Believe the heavenly Powers conceit so ill
 The seed of righteous Arcesiades,
 To end it utterly, but still will please
 In some place evermore some one of them
 To save, and deck him with a diadem,
 Give him possession of erected towers,
 And far-stretcht fields, crown'd all of fruits
 and flowers.'

This eas'd her heart, and dried her humorous
 eyes, 1020

When having washt, and weeds of sacrifice
 Pure, and unstain'd with her distrustful tears,
 Put on, with all her women-ministers
 Up to a chamber of most height she rose,
 And cakes of salt and barley did impose
 Within a wicker basket; all which broke
 In decent order, thus she did invoke:

'Great Virgin of the goat-preserv'd God,
 If ever the inhabited abode
 Of wise Ulysses held the fatted thighs 1030
 Of sheep and oxen, made thy sacrifice
 By his devotion, hear me, nor forget
 His pious services, but safe see set
 His dear son on these shores, and banish hence
 These Wooers past all mean in insolence.'

This said, she shriekt, and Pallas heard her
 prayer.

The Wooers broke with tumult all the air
 About the shady house; and one of them,
 Whose pride his youth had madethe more extreme,
 Said: 'Now the many-woer-honour'd queen 1040
 Will surely satiate her delayful spleen,
 And one of us in instant nuptials take.
 Poor dame, she dreams not, what design we make

Upon the life and slaughter of her son.'

So said he ; but so said was not so done ;
Whose arrogant spirit in a vaunt so vain
Antinous chid, and said : ' For shame, contain
These braving speeches. Who can tell who hears ?
Are we not now in reach of others' ears ?

If our intentions please us, let us call 1050
Our spirits up to them, and let speeches fall.
By watchful danger men must silent go.

What we resolve on, let's not say, but do.'
This said, he chus'd out twenty men, that bore
Best reckoning with him, and to ship and shore
All hasted, reacht the ship, launcht, rais'd the
mast,

Put sails in, and with leather loops made fast
The oars ; sails hoisted, arms their men did bring,
All giving speed and form to everything.
Then to the high deeps their rigg'd vessel
driven, 1060

They supt, expecting the approaching even.

Mean space, Penelope her chamber kept
And bed, and neither eat, nor drank, nor slept ;
Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blameless
son,

Still in contention, if he should be done
To death, or scape the impious Wooers' design.
Look how a lion, whom men-troops combine
To hunt, and close him in a crafty ring,
Much varied thought conceives, and fear doth sting
For urgent danger ; so far'd she, till sleep, 1070
All juncture of her joints and nerves did steep
In his dissolving humour. When, at rest,
Pallas her favours varied, and address
An idol, that Iphthima did present

The
Wooers'
plot a-
preparing

Pallas In structure of her every lineament,
appears Great-soul'd Icarius' daughter, whom for spouse
to Penelope Eumelus took, that kept in Pheris' house.

This to divine Ulysses' house she sent,
 To try her best mean how she might content
 Mournful Penelope, and make relent 1080

The strict addiction in her to deplore.
 This idol, like a worm, that less or more
 Contracts or strains her, did it self convey,
 Beyond the wards or windings of the key,
 Into the chamber, and, above her head
 Her seat assuming, thus she comforted
 Distrest Penelope : ' Doth sleep thus seize
 Thy powers, affected with so much dis-ease ?
 The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not see
 Thy tears nor griefs, in any least degree, 1090
 Sustain'd with cause, for they will guard thy son
 Safe to his wisht and native mansion,
 Since he is no offender of their states,
 And they to such are firmer than their fates.'

The wise Penelope receiv'd her thus,
 Bound with a slumber most delicious,
 And in the port of dreams : ' O sister, why
 Repair you hither, since so far off lie
 Your house and household ? You were never here
 Before this hour, and would you now give cheer
 To my so many woes and miseries, 1101
 Affecting fitly all the faculties
 My soul and mind hold, having lost before
 A husband, that of all the virtues bore
 The palm amongst the Greeks, and whose renown
 So ample was that Fame the sound hath blown
 Through Greece and Argos to her very heart ?
 And now again, a son, that did convert

My whole powers to his love, by ship is gone ; and
 A tender plant, that yet was never grown 1110 consoles
 To labour's taste, nor the commerce of men ; her
 For whom more than my husband I complain,
 And lest he should at any sufferance touch
 (Or in the sea, or by the men so much
 Estrang'd to him that must his consorts be)
 Fear and chill tremblings shake each joint of me.
 Besides, his danger sets-on foes profest
 To way-lay his return, that have addrest
 Plots for his death.' The scarce-discerned

Dream,

Said : ' Be of comfort, nor fears so extreme 1120
 Let thus dismay thee ; thou hast such a mate
 Attending thee, as some at any rate
 Would wish to purchase, for her power is great ;
 Minerva pities thy delights' defeat,
 Whose grace hath sent me to foretell thee these.'

' If thou,' said she, ' be of the Goddesses,
 And heardst her tell thee these, thou mayst as well
 From her tell all things else. Deign then to tell,
 If yet the man to all misfortunes born,
 My husband, lives, and sees the sun adorn 1130
 The darksome earth, or hides his wretched head
 In Pluto's house, and lives amongst the dead ?'

' I will not,' she replied, ' my breath exhale
 In one continued and perpetual tale,
 Lives he or dies he. 'Tis a filthy use,
 To be in vain and idle speech profuse.'
 This said, she, through the key-hole of the door,
 Vanisht again into the open blore.
 Icarus' daughter started from her sleep,
 And Joy's fresh humour her lov'd breast did
 steep,

The When now so clear, in that first watch of night,
Woosers She saw the seen Dream vanish from her sight.
sail The Woosers, shipt, the sea's moist waves did ply,
 And thought the prince a haughty death should
 die.

There lies a certain island in the sea,
 Twixt rocky Samos and rough Ithaca,
 That cliffy is it self, and nothing great,
 Yet holds convenient havens that two ways let
 Ships in and out, call'd Asteris; and there
 The Woosers hop'd to make their massacre. 1150

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THE FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

A SECOND Court on Jove attends ;
Who Hermes to Calypso sends,
Commanding her to clear the ways
Ulysses sought ; and she obeys.
When Neptune saw Ulysses free,
And so in safety plow the sea,
Enrag'd, he ruffles up the waves,
And splits his ship. Leucothea saves
His person yet, as being a Dame
Whose Godhead govern'd in the frame
Of those seas' tempers. But the mean,
By which she curbs dread Neptune's spleen,
Is made a jewel, which she takes
From off her head, and that she makes
Ulysses on his bosom wear,
About his neck, she ties it there,
And, when he is with waves beset,
Bids wear it as an amulet,
Commanding him, that not before
He touch'd upon Phæacia's shore,
He should not part with it, but then
Return it to the sea again,
And cast it from him. He performs ;
Yet, after this, bides bitter storms,
And in the rocks sees death engrav'd,
But on Phæacia's shore is sav'd.

ANOTHER

E. Ulysses builds
A ship ; and gains
The glassy fields ;
Pays Neptune pains.

AURORA rose from high-born Tithon's bed,
That men and Gods might be illustrated,

Pallas And then the Deities sat. Imperial Jove,
prays for That makes the horrid murmur beat above,
Ulysses Took place past all, whose height for ever springs,
 And from whom flows th' eternal power of things.

Then Pallas, mindful of Ulysses, told
 The many cares that in Calypso's hold
 He still sustain'd, when he had felt before
 So much affliction, and such dangers more. 10

'O Father,' said she, 'and ye Ever-blest,
 Give never king hereafter interest
 In any aid of yours, by serving you,
 By being gentle, humane, just, but grow
 Rude, and for ever scornful of your rights,
 All justice ordering by their appetites;
 Since he, that rul'd as it in right behov'd,
 That all his subjects as his children lov'd,
 Finds you so thoughtless of him and his birth.
 Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth, 20
 And grudge at what ye let him undergo,
 Who yet the least part of his sufferance know :
 Thrall'd in an island, shipwrackt in his tears,
 And, in the fancies that Calypso bears,
 Bound from his birthright, all his shipping gone,
 And of his soldiers not retaining one.

And now his most-lov'd son's life doth inflame
 Their slaughterous envies; since his father's fame
 He puts in pursuit, and is gone as far
 As sacred Pylos, and the singular 30
 Dame-breeding Sparta.' This, with this reply,
 The Cloud-assembler answer'd: 'What words fly
 Thine own remembrance, daughter? Hast not
 thou

The counsel given thyself, that told thee how
 Ulysses shall with his return address

His Wooers wrongs? And, for the safe access **The**
 His son shall make to his innative port, **ambas-**
 Do thou direct it, in as curious sort **sage of**
 As thy wit serves thee; it obeys thy powers; **Hermes**
 And in their ship return the speedless Wooers.' 40

Then turn'd he to his issue Mercury,
 And said: 'Thou hast made good our embassy
 To th' other Statists, to the Nymph then now,
 On whose fair head a tuft of gold doth grow,
 Bear our true-spoken counsel, for retreat
 Of patient Ulysses; who shall get
 No aid from us, nor any mortal man,
 But in a patcht-up skiff (built as he can,
 And suffering woes enough) the twentieth day
 At fruitful Scheria let him breathe his way, 50
 With the Phæacians, that half Deities live,
 Who like a God will honour him, and give
 His wisdom clothes, and ship, and brass, and gold,
 More than for gain of Troy he ever told;
 Where, at the whole division of the prey,
 If he a saver were, or got away
 Without a wound, if he should grudge, 'twas well.
 But th' end shall crown all; therefore Fate will
 deal

So well with him, to let him land, and see
 His native earth, friends, house, and family.' 60

Thus charg'd he; nor Argicides denied,
 But to his feet his fair wing'd shoes he tied,
 Ambrosian, golden, that in his command
 Put either sea, or the unmeasur'd land,
 With pace as speedy as a puff of wind.
 Then up his rod went, with which he declin'd
 The eyes of any waker, when he pleas'd,
 And any sleeper, when he wish'd, dis-eas'd.

Hermes This took, he stoopt Pieria, and thence.
sets out Glid through the air, and Neptune's confluence 70
Kist as he flew, and checkt the waves as light
As any sea-mew in her fishing flight,
Her thick wings sousing in the savory seas.
Like her, he past a world of wilderness ;
But when the far-off isle he toucht, he went
Up from the blue sea to the continent,
And reacht the ample cavern of the Queen,
Whom he within found, without seldom seen.
A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame,
The matter precious, and divine the frame, 80
Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
That breath'd an odour round about the isle.
Her self was seated in an inner room,
Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom,
About a curious web, whose yarn she threw
In with a golden shittle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars crown'd,
Where haulks, sea-owls, and long-tongued
bittours bred,
And other birds their shady pinions spread ; 90
All fowls maritimal ; none roosted there,
But those whose labours in the waters were.
A vine did all the hollow cave embrace,
Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.
Four fountains, one against another, pour'd
Their silver streams ; and meadows all en-
flower'd
With sweet balm-gentle, and blue-violets hid,
That deckt the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.
Should any one, though he immortal were,
Arrive and see the sacred objects there, 100

He would admire them, and be over-joyed ;
 And so stood Hermes' ravisht powers employ'd.
 But having all admir'd, he enter'd on
 The ample cave, nor could be seen unknown
 Of great Calypso (for all Deities are
 Prompt in each other's knowledge, though so far
 Sever'd in dwellings) but he could not see
 Ulysses there within ; without was he,
 Set sad ashore, where 'twas his use to view
 Th' unquiet sea, sigh'd, wept, and empty
 drew and
enters
Calypso's
cave

His heart of comfort. / Plac'd here in her throne,
 That beams cast up to admiration,
 Divine Calypso questioned Hermes thus :
 'For what cause, dear, and much-esteem'd by us,
 Thou golden-rod-adornéd Mercury,
 Arriv'st thou here ? Thou hast not us'd t'apply
 Thy passage this way. Say, whatever be
 Thy heart's desire, my mind commands it thee,
 If in my means it lie, or power of fact.
 But first, what hospitable rites exact,
 Come yet more near, and take.' 110

set
 A table forth, and furnisht it with meat,
 Such as the Gods taste ; and serv'd in with it
 Vermilion nectar. When with banquet fit
 He had confirm'd his spirits, he thus exprest
 His cause of coming : 'Thou hast made request,
 Goddess of Goddesses, to understand
 My cause of touch here ; which thou shalt
 command,
 And know with truth : Jove caused my course
 to thee
 Against my will, for who would willingly 120

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Hermes Lackey along so vast a lake of brine,
 bids Near to no city that the Powers divine
 her let Receives with solemn rites and hecatombs?
 Ulysses But Jove's will ever all law overcomes,
 go No other God can cross or make it void ;
 And he affirms, that one the most annoy'd
 With woes and toils of all those men that fought
 For Priam's city, and to end hath brought
 Nine years in the contention, is with thee.
 For in the tenth year, when Troy victory 140
 Was won, to give the Greeks the spoil of Troy,
 Return they did profess, but not enjoy,
 Since Pallas they incens'd, and she the waves
 By all the winds' power, that blew ope their
 graves.

And there they rested. Only this poor one
 This coast both winds and waves have cast upon ;
 Whom now forthwith he wills thee to dismiss,
 Affirming that th' unalter'd destinies
 Not only have decreed he shall not die
 Apart his friends, but of necessity 150
 Enjoy their sights before those fatal hours,
 His country earth reach, and erected towers.'

This strook a love-checkt horror through
 her powers,
 When, naming him, she this reply did give :
 ' Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that live,
 In all things you affect ; which still converts
 Your powers to envies. It afflicts your hearts,
 That any Goddess should, as you obtain
 The use of earthly dames, enjoy the men,
 And most in open marriage. So ye far'd, 160
 When the delicious-finger'd Morning shar'd
 Orion's bed ; you easy-living States

Could never satisfy your emulous hates,
'Till in Ortygia the precise-liv'd Dame,
Gold-thron'd Diana, on him rudely came,
And with her swift shafts slew him. And such
pains,

**Calypso
protests**

When rich-haired Ceres pleas'd to give the reins
To her affections, and the grace did yield
Of love and bed, amidst a three-cropt field,
To her Iasion, he paid angry Jove, 170
Who lost no long time notice of their love,
But with a glowing lightning was his death.
And now your envies labour underneath
A mortal's choice of mine; whose life I took
To liberal safety, when his ship Jove strook,
With red-hot flashes, piece-meal in the seas,
And all his friends and soldiers succourless
Perisht but he. Him, cast upon this coast
With blasts and billows, I, in life given lost,
Preserv'd alone, lov'd, nourished, and did vow 180
To make him deathless, and yet never grow
Crooked, or worn with age, his whole life long.
But since no reason may be made so strong
To strive with Jove's will, or to make it vain,
No not if all the other Gods should strain
Their powers against it, let his will be law,
So he afford him fit means to withdraw,
As he commands him, to the raging main.
But means from me he never shall obtain,
For my means yield nor men, nor ship, nor oars,
To set him off from my so envied shores. 190
But if my counsel and good will can aid
His safe pass home, my best shall be assay'd,
'Vouehsafe it so,' said heaven's ambassador,
'And deign it quickly. By all means abhor

Ulysses is T'incense Jove's wrath against thee, that with
released grace

He may hereafter all thy wish embrace.'

Thus took the Argus-killing God his wings.
And since the reverend Nymph these awful things
Receiv'd from Jove, she to **Ulysses** went ; 200
Whom she ashore found, drown'd in discontent ;
His eyes kept never dry, he did so mourn,
And waste his dear age for his wisht return ;
Which still without the cave he us'd to do,
Because he could not please the Goddess so.
At night yet, forc'd, together, took their rest,
The willing Goddess and th' unwilling Guest ;
But he all day in rocks, and on the shore,
The vext sea view'd, and did his fate deplore.
Him, now, the Goddess coming near bespake : 210

'Unhappy man, no more discomfort take
For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age ;
I now will passing freely disengage
Thy irksome stay here. Come, then, fell thee
wood,

And build a ship, to save thee from the flood.
I'll furnish thee with fresh wave, bread, and wine
Ruddy and sweet, that will the piner pine,
Put garments on thee, give thee winds foreright,
That every way thy home-bent appetite
May safe attain to it ; if it so please 220
At all parts all the heaven-hous'd Deities,
That more in power are, more in skill, than I,
And more can judge what fits humanity.'

He stood amaz'd at this strange change in her,
And said : 'O Goddess ! Thy intents prefer
Some other project than my parting hence,
Commanding things of too high consequence

For my performance, that myself should build **Calyпсо**
A ship of power, my home-assays to shield **swears**
Against the great sea of such dread to pass ; 230 **an oath**
Which not the best-built ship that ever was
Will pass exulting, when such winds, as Jove
Can thunder up, their trims and tacklings prove.
But could I build onc, I would ne'er aboard,
Thy will oppos'd, nor, won, without thy word,
Given in the great oaths of the Gods to me,
Not to beguile me in the least degree.'

The Goddess smil'd, held hard his hand, and
said :

'O y' are a shrewd onc, and so habited
In taking heed, thou know'st not what it is 240
To be unwary, nor use words amiss.
How hast thou charm'd me, were I ne'er so sly !
Let earth know then, and heaven, so broad, so
high,
And th' under-sunk waves of th' infernal stream,
(Which is an oath, as terribly supreme,
As any God swears) that I had no thought
But stood with what I spake, nor would have
wrought,
Nor counsell'd, any act against thy good ;
But ever diligently weigh'd, and stood
On those points in persuading thee, that I 250
Would use myself in such extremity.
For my mind simple is, and innocent,
Not given by cruel sleights to circumvent,
Nor bear I in my breast a heart of steel,
But with the sufferer willing sufferance feel.'
This said, the grace of Goddesses led home,
He trac'd her steps ; and, to the cavern come,
In that rich throne, whence Mercury arose,

The He sat. The Nymph her self did then appose,
 heart of For food and beverage, to him all best meat 260
 Ulysses And drink, that mortals use to taste and eat.

Then sat she opposite, and for her feast
 Was nectar and ambrosia addrest
 By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,
 Did freely fall to. Having fitly far'd,
 The Nymph Calypso this discourse began :

‘ Jove-bred Ulysses ! Many-witted man !
 Still is thy home so wish'd ? So soon, away ?
 Be still of cheer, for all the worst I say.
 But, if thy soul knew what a sum of woes, 270
 For thee to cast up, thy stern Fates impose,
 Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attain,
 Undoubtedly thy choice would here remain,
 Keep house with me, and be a liver ever.
 Which, methinks, should thy house and thee
 dissever,

Though for thy wife there thou art set on fire,
 And all thy days are spent in her desire ;
 And though it be no boast in me to say
 In form and mind I match her every way.
 Nor can it fit a mortal dame's compare, 280
 T' affect those terms with us that deathless are.’

The great-in-counsels made her this reply :
 ‘ Renowm'd, and to be reverenc'd, Deity !
 Let it not move thee, that so much I vow
 My comforts to my wife ; though well I know
 All cause myself, why wise Penelope
 In wit is far inferior to thee,
 In feature, stature, all the parts of show,
 She being a mortal, an immortal thou,
 Old ever growing, and yet never old. 290
 Yet her desire shall all my days see told,

Adding the sight of my returning day,
 And natural home. If any God shall lay
 His hand upon me as I pass the seas,
 I'll bear the worst of what his hand shall please;
 As having given me such a mind, as shall
 The more still rise the more his hand lets fall.
 In wars and waves my sufferings were not small.
 I now have suffer'd much, as much before,
 Hereafter let as much result, and more.' 300

**Ulysses
 makes a
 boat**

This said, the sun set, and earth shadows gave;
 When these two (in an in-room of the cave,
 Left to themselves) left love no rites undone.
 The early Morn up, up he rose, put on
 His in and out weed. She herself inchaces
 Amidst a white robe, full of all the Graces,
 Ample, and pleated thick like fishy scales;
 A golden girdle then her waist empales;
 Her head a veil decks; and abroad they come.
 And now began Ulysses to go home. 310

A great axe first she gave, that two ways cut,
 In which a fair well-polisht helm was put,
 That from an olive bough received his frame.
 A plainer then. Then led she, till they came
 To lofty woods that did the isle confine.
 The fir-tree, poplar, and heaven-scaling pine,
 Had there their offspring. Of which, those
 that were

Of driest matter, and grew longest there,
 He chus'd for lighter sail. This place thus
 shown,
 The Nymph turn'd home. He fell to felling
 down, 320

And twenty trees he stoopt in little space,
 Plain'd, used his plumb, did all with artful grace.

Off he In mean time did Calypso wimbles bring.

gat He bor'd, clos'd, nail'd, and order'd every thing,
 And took how much a ship-wright will allow
 A ship of burden (one that best doth know
 What fits his art), so large a keel he cast,
 Wrought up her decks, and hatches, side-boards,
 mast,

With willow watlings arm'd her to resist
 The billows' outrage, added all she missed, 330
 Sail-yards, and stern for guide. The Nymph
 then brought

Linen for sails, which with dispatch he wrought,
 Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the frame
 In four days' space to full perfection came.
 The fift day, they dismiss him from the shore,
 Weeds neat, and odorous, gave him, victuals
 store,

Wine, and strong waters, and a prosperous wind,
 To which, Ulysses, fit-to-be-divin'd,
 His sails expos'd, and hoiséd. Off he gat ;
 And cheerful was he. At the stern he sat, 340
 And steer'd right artfully. Nor sleep could seize
 His eye-lids. He beheld the Pleiades ;
 The Bear, surnam'd the Wain, that round doth
 move

About Orion, and keeps still above
 The billowy ocean ; the slow-setting star
 Boötes call'd, by some the Waggonar.

Calypso warn'd him he his course should steer
 Still to his left hand. Seventeen days did clear
 The cloudy night's command in his moist way,
 And by the eighteenth light he might display 350
 The shady hills of the Phæacian shore,
 For which, as to his next abode, he bore.

The country did a pretty figure yield,
And look'd from off the dark seas like a shield. The storm

Imperious Neptune, making his retreat
From th' Æthiopian earth, and taking seat
Upon the mountains of the Solymi,
From thence, far off discovering, did descry
Ulysses his fields plowing. All on fire
The sight straight set his heart, and made desire
Of wreak run over, it did boil so high. 361
When, his head nodding, 'O impiety,'
He cried out, 'now the Gods' inconstancy
Is most apparent, altering their designs
Since I the Æthiops saw, and here confines
To this Ulysses' fate his misery.

The great mark, on which all his hopes rely,
Lies in Phæacia. But I hope he shall
Feel woe at height, ere that dead calm befall.
This said; he, begging, gather'd clouds from
land, 370

Frighted the seas up, snatcht into his hand
His horrid trident, and aloft did toss,
Of all the winds, all storms he could engross,
All earth took into sea with clouds, grim Night
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of light,
The East and South winds justled in the air,
The violent Zephyr, and North making-fair,
Roll'd up the waves before them. And then bent
Ulysses' knees, then all his spirit was spent.
In which despair, he thus spake: 'Woe is me!
What was I born to, man of misery? 381
Fear tells me now, that all the Goddess said,
Truth's self will author, that Fate would be paid
Grief's whole sum due from me, at sea, before
I reacht the dear touch of my country's shore.

The With what clouds Jove heaven's heighten'd
 ship is forehead binds !
 swamp't

How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds !
 How all the tops he bottoms with the deeps,
 And in the bottoms all the tops he steeps !
 Thus dreadful is the presence of our death. 390
 Thrice, four times blest were they that sunk
 beneath

Their fates at Troy, and did to nought contend
 But to renown Atrides with their end !

I would to God, my hour of death and fate
 That day had held the power to terminate,
 When showers of darts my life bore undeprest
 About divine Æacides deceas'd !

Then had I been allotted to have died,
 By all the Greeks with funerals glorified,
 (Whence death, encouraging good life, had
 grown) 400

Where now I die, by no man mourn'd nor known !'

This spoke, a huge wave took him by the
 head,

And hurl'd him o'er-board ; ship and all it laid
 Inverted quite amidst the waves, but he
 Far off from her sprawl'd, strow'd about the sea,
 His stern still holding broken off, his mast
 Burst in the midst, so horrible a blast
 Of mixt winds strook it. Sails and sail-yards fell
 Amongst the billows ; and himself did dwell
 A long time under water, nor could get 410
 In haste his head out, wave with wave so met
 In his depression ; and his garments too,
 Given by Calypso, gave him much to do,
 Hindring his swimming ; yet he left not so
 His drenchéd vessel, for the overthrow

Of her nor him, but gat at length again, Ino
 Wrestling with Neptune, hold of her ; and then advises
 Sat in her bulk, insulting over death, Ulysses
 Which, with the salt stream prest to stop his breath,
 He scapt, and gave the sea again to give 420
 To other men. His ship so striv'd to live,
 Floating at randon, cufst from wave to wave.
 As you have seen the North wind when he drave
 In autumn heaps of thorn-fed grasshoppers
 Hither and thither, one heap this way bears,
 Another that, and makes them often meet
 In his confus'd gales ; so Ulysses' fleet
 The winds hurl'd up and down ; now Boreas
 Tost it to Notus, Notus gave it pass
 To Eurus, Eurus Zephyr made pursue 430
 The horrid tennis. / This sport call'd the view
 Of Cadmus' daughter, with the narrow heel,
 Ino Leucotheca, that first did feel
 A mortal dame's desires, and had a tongue,
 But now had th' honour to be nam'd among
 The marine Godheads. She with pity saw
 Ulysses justled thus from flaw to flaw,
 And, like a cormorand in form and flight,
 Rose from a whirl-pool, on the ship did light,
 And thus bespake him : ' Why is Neptune thus
 In thy pursuit extremely furious, 441
 Oppressing thee with such a world of ill,
 Even to thy death ? He must not serve his will,
 Though 'tis his study. Let me then advise
 As my thoughts serve ; thou shalt not be unwise
 To leave thy weeds and ship to the commands
 Of these rude winds, and work out with thy hands
 Pass to Phæacia, where thy austere Fate
 Is to pursue thee with no more such hate.

Ulysses Take here this tablet, with this riband strung, 450
is a And see it still about thy bosom hung ;
knowing By whose eternal vertue never fear
man To suffer thus again, nor perish here.

But when thou touchest with thy hand the shore,
 Then take it from thy neck, nor wear it more,
 But cast it far off from the continent,
 And then thy person far ashore present.'

Thus gave she him the tablet ; and again,
 Turn'd to a cormorand, div'd, past sight, the main.

Patient Ulysses sigh'd at this, and stuck 460
 In the conceit of such fair-spoken luck,
 And said : 'Alas ! I must suspect even this,
 Lest any other of the Deities

Add sleight to Neptune's force, to counsel me
 To leave my vessel, and so far off see
 The shore I aim at. Not with thoughts too clear
 Will I obey her, but to me appear

These counsels best : As long as I perceive
 My ship not quite dissolv'd, I will not leave
 The help she may afford me, but abide, 470
 And suffer all woes till the worst be tried.

When she is split, I'll swim. No miracle can,
 Past near and clear means, move a knowing man.'

While this discourse employ'd him, Neptune
 rais'd

A huge, a high, and horrid sea, that seiz'd
 Him and his ship, and tost them through the
 lake.

As when the violent winds together take
 Heaps of dry chaff, and hurl them every way ;
 So his long wood-stack Neptune strook astray.

Then did Ulysses mount on rib, perforce, 480
 Like to a rider of a running horse,

To stay himself a time, while he might shift Land
 His drench'd weeds, that were Calypso's gift. was nigh
 When putting straight Leucothea's amulet
 About his neck, he all his forces set
 To swim, and cast him prostrate to the seas.
 When powerful Neptune saw the ruthless prease
 Of perils siege him thus, he mov'd his head,
 And this betwixt him and his heart he said :
 ' So, now feel ills enow, and struggle so, 490
 Till to your Jove-lov'd islanders you row.
 But my mind says, you will not so avoid
 This last task too, but be with sufferance cloy'd.'
 This said, his rich-man'd horse he mov'd,
 and reacht
 His house at Ægas. But Minerva fetcht
 The winds from sea, and all their ways but one
 Barr'd to their passage ; the bleak North alone
 She set to blow, the rest she charg'd to keep
 Their rages in, and bind themselves in sleep.
 But Boreas still flew high to break the seas, 500
 Till Jove-bred Ithacus the more with ease
 The navigation-skill'd Phæacian states
 Might make his refuge, Death and angry Fates
 At length escaping. Two nights yet, and days
 He spent in wrestling with the sable seas ;
 In which space, often did his heart propose
 Death to his eyes. But when Aurora rose,
 And threw the third light from her orient hair,
 The winds grew calm, and clear was all the air,
 Not one breath stirring. Then he might
 descry, 510
 Rais'd by the high seas, clear, the land was nigh.
 And then, look how to good sons that esteem
 Their father's life dear (after pains extreme,

A rocky shore Felt in some sickness, that hath held him long
 Down to his bed, and with affections strong
 Wasted his body, made his life his load,
 As being inflicted by some angry God)
 When on their prayers they see descend at length
 Health from the heavens, clad all in spirit and
 strength,

The sight is precious; so, since here should end
 Ulysses' toils, which therein should extend 521
 Health to his country, held to him his sire,
 And on which long for him Disease did tire,
 And then, besides, for his own sake to see
 The shores, the woods so near, such joy had he,
 As those good sons for their recover'd sire.
 Then labour'd feet and all parts to aspire
 To that wisht continent; which when as near
 He came, as Clamour might inform an ear,
 He heard a sound beat from the sea-bred rocks, 530
 Against which gave a huge sea horrid shocks,
 That belcht upon the firm land weeds and foam,
 With which were all things hid there, where no
 room

Of fit capacity was for any port,
 Nor from the sea for any man's resort,
 The shores, the rocks, the cliffs, so prominent
 were.

'O,' said Ulysses then, 'now Jupiter
 Hath given me sight of an unhop'd for shore,
 Though I have wrought these seas so long, so
 sore.

Of rest yet no place shows the slendrest prints,
 The rugged shore so bristled is with flints, 541
 Against which every way the waves so flock,
 And all the shore shows as one eminent rock,

So near which 'tis so deep, that not a sand
Is there for any tired foot to stand,
Nor fly his death-fast following miseries,
Lest, if he land, upon him foreright flies
A churlish wave, to crush him 'gainst a cliff,
Worse than vain rendering all his landing strife.
And should I swim to seek a haven elsewhere, 550
Or land less way-beat, I may justly fear
I shall be taken with a gale again,
And cast a huge way off into the main ;
And there the great Earth-shaker (having seen
My so near landing, and again his spleen
Forcing me to him) will some whale send out,
(Of which a horrid number here about
His Amphitrite breeds) to swallow me.
I well have prov'd, with what malignity
He treads my steps.' While this discourse he
held, 560

**Ulysses
is dashed
on the
rocks**

A curst surge 'gainst a cutting rock impell'd
His naked body, which it gash'd and tore,
And had his bones broke, if but one sea more
Had cast him on it. But She prompted him,
That never fail'd, and bade him no more swim
Still off and on, but boldly force the shore,
And hug the rock that him so rudely tore ;
Which he with both hands sigh'd and claspt,
till past
The billow's rage was ; when 'scap'd, back so fast
The rock repulst it, that it reft his hold, 570
Sucking him from it, and far back he roll'd.
And as the polypus that (forc'd from home
Amidst the soft sea, and near rough land come
For shelter gainst the storms that beat on her
At open sea, as she abroad doth err)

Ulysses A deal of gravel, and sharp little stones,
is nearly Needfully gathers in her hollow bones ;
drowned So he forc'd hither by the sharper ill,
 Shunning the smoother, where he best hop'd,
 still

The worst succeeded ; for the cruel friend, 580
 To which he cling'd for succour, off did rend
 From his broad hands the soaked flesh so sore,
 That off he fell, and could sustain no more.
 Quite under water fell he ; and, past fate,
 Hapless Ulysses there had lost the state
 He held in life, if, still the grey-ey'd Maid
 His wisdom prompting, he had not assay'd
 Another course, and ceast t' attempt that shore,
 Swimming, and casting round his eye t' explore
 Some other shelter. Then the mouth he found 590
 Of fair Callicoe's flood, whose shores were
 crown'd

With most apt succours ; rocks so smooth they
 seem'd

Polisht of purpose ; land that quite redeem'd
 With breathless coverts th' others' blasted
 shores.

The flood he knew, and thus in heart implores :
 ' King of this river, hear ! Whatever name
 Makes thee invokt, to thee I humbly frame
 My flight from Neptune's furies. Reverend is
 To all the ever-living Deities

What erring man soever seeks their aid. 600

To thy both flood and knees a man dismay'd
 With varied sufferance sues. Yield then some rest
 To him that is thy suppliant profest.'

This, though but spoke in thought, the God-
 head heard,

Her current straight stay'd, and her thick waves but wins
clear'd ashore

Before him, smooth'd her waters, and, just where half
He pray'd half-drown'd, entirely sav'd him there. dead

Then forth he came, his both knees faltering,
both

His strong hands hanging down, and all with froth
His cheeks and nostrils flowing, voice and breath
Spent to all use, and down he sunk to death. 611

λ. The sea had soakt his heart through; all his veins
His toils had rackt t' a labouring woman's pains.

Dead weary was he. But when breath did find
A pass reciprocal, and in his mind

His spirit was recollected, up he rose,

And from his neck did th' amulet unloose,

That Ino gave him; which he hurl'd from him

To sea. It sounding fell, and back did swim

With th' ebbing waters, till it straight arriv'd 620

Where Ino's fair hand it again receiv'd.

Then kist he th' humble earth; and on he goes,

Till bulrushes show'd place for his repose,

Where laid, he sigh'd, and thus said to his soul:

'O me, what strange perplexities control

The whole skill of thy powers in this event!

What feel I? If till care-nurse night be spent

I watch amidst the flood, the sea's chill breath,

And vegetant dews, I fear will be my death,

So low brought with my labours. Towards day

A passing sharp air ever breathes at sea. 631

If I the pitch of this next mountain scale,

And shady wood, and in some thicket fall

Into the hands of Sleep, though there the cold

May well be checkt, and healthful slumbers

hold

A bed of Her sweet hand on my powers, all care allay'd,
 leaves Yet there will beasts devour me. Best appaid
 Doth that course make me yet ; for there, some
 strife,
 Strength, and my spirit, may make me make
 for life ;

Which, though empai'd, may yet be fresh applied,
 Where peril possible of escape is tried. 641
 But he that fights with heaven, or with the sea,
 To indiscretion adds impiety.'

Thus to the woods he hasted ; which he found
 Not far from sea, but on far-seeing ground,
 Where two twin underwoods he enter'd on,
 With olive-trees and oil-trees overgrown ;
 Through which the moist force of the loud-
 voic'd wind

Did never beat, nor ever Phœbus shin'd,
 Nor shower beat through, they grew so one
 in one, 650

And had, by turns, their power t' exclude the sun.
 Here enter'd our Ulysses ; and a bed
 Of leaves huge, and of huge abundance, spread
 With all his speed. Large he made it, for there
 For two or three men ample coverings were,
 Such as might shield them from the winter's
 worst,

Though steel it breath'd, and blew as it would
 burst.

Patient Ulysses joy'd, that ever day
 Show'd such a shelter. In the midst he lay,
 Store of leaves heaping high on every side. 660
 And as in some out-field a man doth hide
 A kindled brand, to keep the seed of fire,
 No neighbour dwelling near, and his desire

Serv'd with self-store, he else would ask of none, Pallas
 But of his fore-spent sparks rakes th' ashes on ; makes
 So this out-place Ulysses thus receives, him
 And thus nak'd virtue's seed lies hid in leaves. sleep
 Yet Pallas made him sleep as soon as men
 Whom delicacies all their flatteries deign,
 And all that all his labours could comprise 670
 Quickly concluded in his closéd eyes.

FINIS LIBRI QUINTI HOM. ODYS.

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THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

MINERVA in a vision stands
Before Nausicaa ; and commands
She to the flood her weeds should bear,
For now her nuptial day was near.
Nausicaa her charge obeys,
And then with other virgins plays.
Their sports make wak'd Ulysses rise,
Walk to them, and beseech supplies
Of food and clothes. His naked sight
Puts th' other maids, afraid, to flight ;
Nausicaa only boldly stays,
And gladly his desire obeys.
He, furnisht with her favours shown,
Attends her and the rest to town.

ANOTHER

Zêtra. Here olive leaves
T' hide shame began.
The maid receives
The naked man.

THE much-sustaining, patient, heavenly man,
Whom Toil and Sleep had worn so weak and wan,
Thus won his rest. In mean space Pallas went
To the Phæacian city, and descent
That first did broad Hyperia's lands divide,
Near the vast Cyclops, men of monstrous pride,
That prey'd on those Hyperians, since they were
Of greater power ; and therefore longer there
Divine Nausithous dwelt not, but arose,
And did for Scheria all his powers dispose, 10

Far from ingenious art-inventing men ;
But there did he erect a city then,
First drew a wall round, then he houses builds,
And then a temple to the Gods, the fields
Lastly dividing. But he, stooped by Fate,
Div'd to th' infernals ; and Alcinous sate
In his command, a man the Gods did teach
Commanding counsels. His house held the reach
Of grey Minerva's project, to provide
That great-soul'd Ithacus might be supplied 20
With all things fitting his return. She went
Up to the chamber, where the fair descent
Of great Alcinous slept ; a maid, whose parts
In wit and beauty wore divine deserts.
Well-deckt her chamber was ; of which the door
Did seem to lighten, such a gloss it bore
Betwixt the posts, and now flew ope to find
The Goddess entry. Like a puft of wind
She reacht the virgin bed ; near which there lay
Two maids, to whom the Graces did convey 30
Figure and manners. But above the head
Of bright Nausicaa did Pallas tread
The subtle air, and put the person on
Of Dymas' daughter, from comparison
Exempt in business naval. Like his seed
Minerva lookt now ; whom one year did breed
With bright Nausicaa, and who had gain'd
Grace in her love, yet on her thus complain'd :
' Nausicaa ! Why bred thy mother one
So negligent in rites so stood upon 40
By other virgins ? Thy fair garments lie
Neglected by thee, yet thy nuptials nigh ;
When rich in all attire both thou shouldst be,
And garments give to others honouring thee,

Nau-
sicaa's
vision

Up rose That lead thee to the temple. Thy good name
 Nausicaa Grows amongst men for these things; they enflame
 Father and reverend mother with delight.
 Come, when the Day takes any wink from Night,
 Let's to the river, and repurify
 Thy wedding garments. My society 5c
 Shall freely serve thee for thy speedier aid,
 Because thou shalt no more stand on the maid.
 The best of all Phæacia woo thy grace,
 Where thou wert bred, and ow'st thy self a race.
 Up, and stir up to thee thy honour'd sire,
 To give thee mules and coach, thee and thy tire,
 Veils, girdles, mantles, early to the flood
 To bear in state. It suits thy high-born blood,
 And far more fits thee, than to foot so far,
 For far from town thou knowest the bath-
 founts are.' 6c

This said, away blue-eyed Minerva went
 Up to Olympus, the firm continent
 That bears in endless being the Deified kind,
 That's neither sous'd with showers, nor shook
 with wind,
 Nor chill'd with snow, but where Serenity flies
 Exempt from clouds, and ever-beamy skies
 Circle the glittering hill, and all their days
 Give the delights of blessed Deity praise.
 And hither Pallas flew, and left the maid,
 When she had all that might excite her said. 7c
 Straight rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise
 Fair-veil'd Nausicaa, whose dream her praise
 To admiration took; who no time spent
 To give the rapture of her vision vent
 To her lov'd parents, whom she found within.
 Her mother set at fire, who had to spin

A rock, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd ; Nausicaa
 Her maids about her. But she chanc'd to find ^{craves a}
 Her father going abroad, to counsel call'd ^{coach}
 By his grave Senate. And to him exhal'd so
 Her smother'd bosom was : ' Lov'd sire,' said
 she,

' Will you not now command a coach for me,
 Stately and complete, fit for me to bear
 To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear
 Before repurified ? Your self it fits
 To wear fair weeds, as every man that sits
 In place of counsel. And five sons you have,
 Two wed, three bachelors, that must be brave
 In every day's shift, that they may go dance ;
 For these three last with these things must advance
 Their states in marriage, and who else but I, or
 Their sister, should their dancing rites supply ?'

This general cause she show'd, and would
 not name

Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame.
 He understood her yet, and thus replied :
 ' Daughter ! nor these, nor any grace beside,
 I either will deny thee, or defer,
 Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,
 Fitting at all parts. Go, my servants shall
 Serve thy desires, and thy command in all.' 100

The servants then commanded soon obey'd,
 Fetcht coach, and mules join'd in it. Then
 the Maid

Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
 All up in coach ; in which her mother plac'd
 A maund of victuals, varied well in taste,
 And other junkets. Wine she likewise fill'd
 Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd

The Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,
 washing Both for her daughter's, and her handmaid's use,
 To soften their bright bodies, when they rose 110
 Cleans'd from their cold baths. Up to coach
 then goes

Th' observ'd Maid, takes both the scourge
 and reins,

And to her side her handmaid straight attains.
 Nor these alone, but other virgins, grac'd
 The nuptial chariot. The whole bevy plac'd,
 Nausicaa scourg'd to make the coach-mules run,
 That neigh'd, and pac'd their usual speed, and
 soon

Both maids and weeds brought to the river-side,
 Where baths for all the year their use supplied,
 Whose waters were so pure they would not
 stain, 120

But still ran fair forth, and did more remain
 Apt to purge stains, for that purg'd stain within,
 Which by the water's pure store was not seen.

These, here arriv'd, the mules uncoacht,
 and drave

Up to the gulphy river's shore, that gave
 Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach
 then took

Their clothes, and steep't them in the sable
 brook;

Then put them into springs, and trod them clean
 With cleanly feet; adventuring wagers then,
 Who should have soonest and most cleanly
 done. 130

When having thoroughly cleans'd, they spread
 them on

The flood's shore, all in order. And then, where

The waves the pibbles washt, and ground was clear,
 They bath'd themselves, and all with glittering oil
 Smooth'd their white skins; refreshing then
 their toil

The
 virgins
 play at
 stool-ball

With pleasant dinner, by the river-side;
 Yet still watcht when the sun their cloaths had
 dried.

Till which time, having din'd, Nausicaa
 With other virgins did at stool-ball play,
 Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by. 140

Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,
 The liking stroke strook, singing first a song,
 As custom order'd, and amidst the throng
 Made such a show, and so past all was seen,
 As when the chaste-born, arrow-loving, Queen,
 Along the mountains gliding, either over
 Spartan Taygetus, whose tops far discover,
 Or Eurymanthus, in the wild boar's chace,
 Or swift-hov'd hart, and with her Jove's fair race,
 The field Nymphs, sporting; amongst whom,

to see

150

How far Diana had priority,
 Though all were fair, for fairness yet of all,
 As both by head and forehead being more tall,
 Latona triumpht, since the dullest sight
 Might easily judge whom her pains brought to
 light;

Nausicaa so, whom never husband tam'd,
 Above them all in all the beauties flam'd.
 But when they now made homewards, and array'd,
 Ordering their weeds disorder'd as they play'd,
 Mules and coach ready, then Minerva thought 160
 What means to wake Ulysses might be wrought,

Ulysses That he might see this lovely-sighted maid,
wakes Whom she intended should become his aid,
 Bring him to town, and his return advance.
 Her mean was this (though thought a stool-ball
 chance) :

The queen now, for the upstroke, strook the ball
 Quite wide off th' other maids, and made it fall
 Amidst the whirlpools. At which out shriekt all,
 And with the shriek did wise Ulysses wake ;
 Who, sitting up, was doubtful who should make 170
 That sodain outcry, and in mind thus striv'd :
 ' On what a people am I now arriv'd ?
 At civil hospitable men, that fear
 The Gods ? Or dwell injurious mortals here ?
 Unjust, and churlish ? Like the female cry
 Of youth it sounds. What are they ? Nymphs
 bred high

On tops of hills, or in the founts of floods,
 In herby marshes, or in leafy woods ?
 Or are they high-spoke men I now am near ?
 I'll prove, and see.' With this, the wary peer 180
 Crept forth the thicket, and an olive bough
 Broke with his broad hand, which he did bestow
 In covert of his nakedness, and then
 Put hasty head out. Look how from his den
 A mountain lion looks, that, all embrued
 With drops of trees, and weather-beaten-hued,
 Bold of his strength, goes on, and in his eye
 A burning fornace glows, all bent to prey
 On sheep, or oxen, or the upland hart,
 His belly charging him, and he must part 190
 Stakes with the herdsman in his beasts' attempt,
 Even where from rape their strengths are most
 exempt ;

So wet, so weather-beat, so stung with need, and
 Even to the home-fields of the country's breed addresses
 Ulysses was to force forth his access, Nausicaa
 Though merely naked; and his sight did press
 The eyes of soft-haired virgins. Horrid was
 His rough appearance to them; the hard pass
 He had at sea stuck by him. All in flight
 The virgins scatter'd, frighted with this sight, 200
 About the prominent windings of the flood.
 All but Nausicaa fled; but she fast stood,
 Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
 And in her fair limbs tender fear compress.
 And still she stood him, as resolv'd to know
 What man he was, or out of what should grow
 His strange repair to them. And here was he
 Put to his wisdom; if her virgin knee
 He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;
 Or keep aloof, and try with words of grace, 210
 In humblest supplicance, if he might obtain
 Some cover for his nakedness, and gain
 Her grace to show and guide him to the town.
 The last he best thought, to be worth his own,
 In weighing both well; to keep still aloof,
 And give with soft words his desires their
 proof,
 Lest, pressing so near as to touch her knee,
 He might incense her maiden modesty.
 This fair and fil'd speech then shew'd this
 was he:
 ' Let me beseech, O queen, this truth of thee,
 Are you of mortal, or the deified, race? 221
 If of the Gods, that th' ample heavens embrace,
 I can resemble you to none above
 So near as to the chaste-born birth of Jove,

Ulysses The beamy Cynthia. Her you full present,
 com- In grace of every God-like lineament,
 mends her Her goodly magnitude, and all th' address
 beauties You promise of her very perfectness.
 If sprong of humans, that inhabit earth,
 Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth, 230
 Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts
 Must, even to rapture, bear delighted hearts,
 To see, so like the first trim of a tree,
 Your form adorn a dance. But most blest he,
 Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t'engage
 Your bright neck in the yoke of marriage,
 And deck his house with your commanding merit.
 I have not seen a man of so much spirit,
 Nor man, nor woman, I did ever see,
 At all parts equal to the parts in thee. 240
 T' enjoy your sight, doth admiration seize
 My eyes, and apprehensive faculties.
 Lately in Delos (with a charge of men
 Arriv'd, that render'd me most wretched then,
 Now making me thus naked) I beheld
 The burthen of a palm, whose issue swell'd
 About Apollo's fane, and that put on
 A grace like thee; for Earth had never none
 Of all her sylvan issue so adorn'd.
 Into amaze my very soul was turn'd, 250
 To give it observation; as now thee
 To view, O virgin, a stupidity
 Past admiration strikes me, join'd with fear
 To do a suppliant's due, and prease so near,
 As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it strange,
 For one of flesh and firmest spirit would change
 T' embrace so bright an object. But, for me,
 A cruel habit of calamity

Prepar'd the strong impression thou hast made ; and asks
For this last day did fly night's twentieth shade 260 pity
Since I, at length, escapt the sable seas ;
When in the mean time th' unrelenting prease
Of waves and stern storms tost me up and down,
From th' isle Ogygia. And now God hath
thrown

My wrack on this shore, that perhaps I may
My miseries vary here ; for yet their stay,
I fear, Heaven hath not ordered, though, before
These late afflictions, it hath lent me store.
O queen, deign pity then, since first to you
My fate importunes my distress to vow. 270
No other dame, nor man, that this Earth own,
And neighbour city, I have seen or known.
The town then show me ; give my nakedness
Some shroud to shelter it, if to these seas
Linen or woollen you have brought to cleanse.
God give you, in requital, all th' amends
Your heart can wish, a husband, family,
And good agreement. Nought beneath the sky
More sweet, more worthy is, than firm consent
Of man and wife in household government. 280
It joys their wishers-well, their enemies wounds,
But to themselves the special good redounds.'

She answer'd : ' Stranger ! I discern in thee
Nor sloth, nor folly, reigns ; and yet I see
Th' art poor and wretched. In which I conclude,
That industry nor wisdom make endued
Men with those gifts that make them best to
th' eye ;

Jove only orders man's felicity.
To good and bad his pleasure fashions still
The whole proportion of their good and ill. 290

She And he, perhaps, hath formed this plight in thee,
 chides Of which thou must be patient, as he free.
 the But after all thy wanderings, since thy way,
 virgins Both to our earth, and near our city, lay,
 As being expos'd to our cares to relieve,
 Weeds, and what else a human hand should give
 To one so suppliant and tam'd with woe,
 Thou shalt not want. Our city I will show,
 And tell our people's name : This neighbour town,
 And all this kingdom, the Phæaciens own. 300
 And (since thou seemdst so fain to know my birth,
 And madst a question, if of heaven or earth,)
 This earth hath bred me ; and my father's name
 Alcinous is, that in the power and frame
 Of this isle's rule is supereminent.'

Thus, passing him, she to the virgins went,
 And said : ' Give stay both to your feet and fright.
 Why thus disperse ye for a man's mere sight ?
 Esteem you him a Cyclop, that long since
 Made use to prey upon our citizens ? 310
 This man no moist man is (nor watrish thing,
 That's ever flitting, ever ravishing
 All it can compass ; and, like it, doth range
 In rape of women, never staid in change).
 This man is truly manly, wise, and staid,
 { In soul more rich the more to sense decay'd,
 Who nor will do, nor suffer to be done,
 Acts lewd and abject ; nor can such a one
 Greet the Phæaciens with a mind envious,
 Dear to the Gods they are, and he is pious. 320
 Beside, divided from the world we are,
 The out part of it, billows circular
 The sea revolving round about our shore ;
 Nor is there any man that enters more

Than our own countrymen, with what is brought **Ulysses**
 From other countries. This man, minding nought **cleanses**
 But his relief, a poor unhappy wretch, **himself**
 Wrackt here, and hath no other land to fetch,
 Him now we must provide for. From Jove come
 All strangers, and the needy of a home, 330
 Who any gift, though ne'er so small it be,
 Esteem as great, and take it gratefully.
 And therefore, virgins, give the stranger food,
 And wine; and see ye bathe him in the flood,
 Near to some shore to shelter most enclin'd.
To cold-bath-bathers hurtful is the wind,
 Not only rugged making th' outward skin,
 But by his thin powers pierceth parts within.'

This said, their flight in a return they set,
 And did Ulysses with all grace entreat, 340
 Show'd him a shore, wind-proof, and full of shade,
 By him a shirt and utter mantle laid,
 A golden jug of liquid oil did add,
 Bad wash, and all things as Nausicaa bad.

Divine Ulysses would not use their aid;
 But thus bespake them: 'Every lovely maid,
 Let me entreat to stand a little by,
 That I, alone, the fresh flood may apply
 To cleanse my bosom of the sea-wrought brine,
 And then use oil, which long time did not shine 350
 On my poor shoulders. I'll not wash in sight
 Of fair-hair'd maidens. I should blush outright,
 To bathe all bare by such a virgin light.'

They mov'd, and mus'd a man had so much
 grace,
 And told their mistress what a man he was.
 He cleans'd his broad soiled shoulders, back,
 and head

His Yet never tam'd, but now had foam and weed
 goodly Knit in the fair curls. Which dissolv'd, and he
 presence Slickt all with sweet oil, the sweet charity
 The untoucht virgin show'd in his attire 360
 He cloth'd him with. Then Pallas put a fire,
 More than before, into his sparkling eyes,
 His late soil set off with his soon fresh guise.
 His locks, cleans'd, curl'd the more, and matcht,
 in power

To please an eye, the hyacinthian flower.
 And as a workman, that can well combine
 Silver and gold, and make both strive to shine,
 As being by Vulcan, and Minerva too,
 Taught how far either may be urg'd to go
 In strife of eminence, when work sets forth 370
 A worthy soul to bodies of such worth,
 No thought reproving th' act, in any place,
 Nor Art no debt to Nature's liveliest grace;
 So Pallas wrought in him a grace as great
 From head to shoulders, and ashore did seat
 His goodly presence. To which such a guise
 He show'd in going, that it raviht eyes.
 All which continued, as he sat apart,
 Nausicaa's eye strook wonder through her heart,
 Who thus bespake her consorts: 'Hear me,
 you 380

Fair-wristed virgins! This rare man, I know,
 Treads not our country-earth, against the will
 Of some God thron'd on the Olympian hill.
 He shew'd to me, till now, not worth the note,
 But now he looks as he had godhead got.
 I would to heaven my husband were no worse,
 And would be call'd no better, but the course
 Of other husbands pleas'd to dwell out here.

Observe and serve him with our utmost cheer.' They
 She said, they heard and did. He drunk ^{prepare}
 and eat ^{to start} 390

Like to a harpy, having toucht no meat
 A long before time. But Nausicaa now
 Thought of the more grace she did lately vow,
 Had horse to chariot join'd, and up she rose,
 Up cheer'd her guest, and said: 'Guest, now
 dispose

Yourself for town, that I may let you see
 My father's court, where all the peers will be
 Of our Phæacian state. At all parts, then,
 Observe to whom and what place y' are t' attain;
 Though I need usher you with no advice, 400
 Since I suppose you absolutely wise.

While we the fields pass, and men's labours there,
 So long, in these maids' guides, directly bear
 Upon my chariot (I must go before
 For cause that after comes, to which this more
 Be my induction) you shall then soon end
 Your way to town, whose towers you see ascend
 To such a steepness. On whose either side
 A fair port stands, to which is nothing wide
 An enterer's passage; on whose both hands
 ride 410

Ships in fair harbours; which once past, you win
 The goodly market-place (that circles in
 A fane to Neptune, built of curious stone,
 And passing ample) where munition,
 Gables, and masts, men make, and polisht oars;
 For the Phæacians are not conquerors
 By bows nor quivers; oars, masts, ships they are
 With which they plow the sea, and wage
 their war.

She bids And now the cause comes why I lead the way,
Ulysses Not taking you to coach : The men, that sway 420
follow In work of those tools that so fit our state,
 Are rude mechanicals, that rare and late
 Work in the market-place ; and those are they
 Whose bitter tongues I shun, who straight
 would say,
 (For these vile vulgars are extremely proud,
 And foully-languag'd) "What is he, allow'd
 To coach it with Nausicaa, so large set,
 And fairly fashion'd ? Where were these two met ?
 He shall be sure her husband. She hath been
 Gadding in some place, and, of foreign men 430
 Fitting her fancy, kindly brought him home
 In her own ship. He must, of force, be come
 From some far region ; we have no such man.
 It may be, praying hard, when her heart ran
 On some wisht husband, out of heaven some
 God
 Dropt in her lap ; and there lies she at road
 Her complete life time. But, in sooth, if she,
 Ranging abroad, a husband, such as he
 Whom now we saw, laid hand on, she was wise,
 For none of all our nobles are of prize 440
 Enough for her ; he must beyond sea come,
 That wins her high mind, and will have her home.
 Of our peers many have importun'd her,
 Yet she will none." Thus these folks will confer
 Behind my back ; or, meeting, to my face
 The foul-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.
 And this would be reproaches to my fame,
 For, even myself just anger would inflame,
 If any other virgin I should see,
 Her parents living, keep the company 450

Of any man to any end of love,
 'Till open nuptials should her act approve.
 And therefore hear me, guest, and take such
 way,

and
 directs
 his course

That you yourself may compass, in your stay,
 Your quick deduction by my father's grace,
 And means to reach the root of all your race.

We shall, not far out of our way to town,
 A never-fell'd grove find, that poplars crown,
 To Pallas sacred, where a fountain flows,
 And round about the grove a meadow grows, 460
 In which my father holds a manor-house,
 Deckt all with orchards, green, and odorous,
 As far from town as one may hear a shout.
 There stay, and rest your foot-pains, till full out
 We reach the city; where, when you may guess
 We are arriv'd, and enter our access
 Within my father's court, then put you on
 For our Phæacian state; where, to be shown
 My father's house, desire. Each infant there
 Can bring you to it; and yourself will clear 470
 Distinguish it from others, for no shows
 The city-buildings make compar'd with those
 That King Alcinous' seat doth celebrate.
 In whose roofs, and the court (where men of
 state,

And suitors sit and stay) when you shall hide,
 Straight pass it, entring further, where abide
 My mother, with her withdrawn housewiferies,
 Who still sits in the fire-shine, and applies
 Her rock, all purple, and of pompous show,
 Her chair plac'd 'gainst a pillar, all a-row 480
 Her maids behind her set; and to her here
 My father's dining-throne looks, seated where

They firm together go He pours his choice of wine in, like a God.
 This view once past, for th' end of your abode,
 Address suit to my mother, that her mean
 May make the day of your redition seen,
 And you may frolick straight, though far away
 You are in distance from your wish'd stay.
 For, if she once be won to wish you well,
 Your hope may instantly your passport seal, 490
 And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,
 Fair house, and all to which your heart contends.'

This said, she us'd her shining scourge, and
 lasht

Her mules, that soon the shore left where she
 washt,

And (knowing well the way) their pace was
 fleet,

And thick they gather'd up their nimble feet.
 Which yet she temper'd so, and us'd her scourge
 With so much skill, as not to over-urge
 The foot behind, and make them straggle so
 From close society. Firm together go 500
 Ulysses and her maids. And now the sun
 Sunk to the waters, when they all had won
 The never-fell'd and sound-exciting wood,
 Sacred to Pallas; where the God-like good
 Ulysses rested, and to Pallas pray'd :

'Hear me, of goat-kept Jove th' uncon-
 quer'd Maid !

Now thoroughly hear me, since, in all the time
 Of all my wrack, my prayers could never climb
 Thy far-off ears; when noiseful Neptune tost
 Upon his watry bristles my imboast 510
 And rock-torn body. Hear yet now, and deign
 I may of the Phæacian state obtain

Pity, and grace.' Thus pray'd he, and she heard, Ulysses
 By no means yet, expos'd to sight, appear'd, prays to
 For fear t' offend her uncle, the supreme Pallas
 Of all the Sea-Gods, whose wrath still extreme
 Stood to Ulysses, and would never cease,
 Till with his country shore he crown'd his peace.

FINIS LIBRI SEXTI HOM. ODYSSE.

1/2 m. 331

Ulysses

13 m. 419

1855 331

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

NAUSICAA arrives at town ;
And then Ulysses. He makes known
His suit to Arete ; who view
Takes of his vesture, which she knew,
And asks him from whose hands it came.
He tells, with all the hapless frame
Of his affairs in all the while
Since he forsook Calypso's isle.

ANOTHER

•ΗΓα. The honour'd minds,
And welcome things,
Ulysses finds
In Scheria's kings.

Thus pray'd the wise and God-observing man.
The Maid, by free force of her palfreys, wan
Access to town, and the renownéd court
Reacht of her father ; where, within the port,
She stay'd her coach, and round about her came
Her brothers, made as of immortal frame,
Who yet disdain'd not, for her love, mean deeds,
But took from coach her mules, brought in her
weeds.

And she ascends her chamber ; where purvey'd
A quick fire was by her old chamber-maid, 10
Eurymedusa, th' Aperæan born,
And brought by sea from Apera t' adorn
The court of great Alcinous, because
He gave to all the blest Phæacians laws,

And, like a heaven-born power in speech, acquir'd He
 The people's cars. To one then so admir'd, enters
 Eurymedusa was esteem'd no worse the
 Than worth the gift; yet now, grown old, town
 was nurse

To ivory-arm'd Nausicaa, gave heat
 To all her fires, and dress'd her privy meat. 20

Then rose Ulysses, and made way to town;
 Which ere he reacht, a mighty mist was thrown
 By Pallas round about him, in her care,
 Lest, in the sway of envies popular,
 Some proud Phæacian might foul language pass,
 Jostle him up, and ask him what he was.

Entring the lovely town yet, through the cloud
 Pallas appear'd, and like a young wench show'd
 Bearing a pitcher, stood before him so
 As if objected purposely to know 30
 What there he needed; whom he question'd
 thus:

'Know you not, daughter, where Alcinous,
 That rules this town, dwells? I, a poor distrest
 Mere stranger here, know none I may request
 To make this court known to me.' She replied:

'Strange father, I will see you satisfied
 In that request. My father dwells just by
 The house you seek for; but go silently,
 Nor ask, nor speak to any other, I
 Shall be enough to show your way. The men 40
 That here inhabit do not entertain
 With ready kindness strangers, of what worth
 Or state soever, nor have taken forth
 Lessons of civil usage or respect
 To men beyond them. They, upon their powers
 Of swift ships building, top the watry towers,

Pallas And Jove hath given them ships, for sail so
directs wrought,

him They cut a feather, and command a thought.'

This said, she usher'd him ; and after, he
Tro'd in the swift steps of the Deity. 50

The free-sail'd seamen could not get a sight
Of our Ulysses yet, though he foreright
Both by their houses and their persons past ;
Pallas about him such a darkness cast
By her divine power, and her reverend care,
She would not give the town-born cause to stare.

He wonder'd, as he past, to see the ports ;
The shipping in them ; and for all resorts
The goodly market-steads ; and aisles beside
For the heroës ; walls so large and wide ; 60
Rampires so high, and of such strength withall,
It would with wonder any eye appall.

At last they reacht the court, and Pallas said :
' Now, honour'd stranger, I will see obey'd
Your will, to show our ruler's house ; 'tis here ;
Where you shall find kings celebrating cheer.
Enter amongst them, nor admit a fear.

*More bold a man is, he prevails the more,
Though man nor place he ever saw before.*

You first shall find the queen in court, whose
name 70

Is Arete, of parents born the same
That was the king her spouse ; their pedigree
I can report. The great Earth-shaker, he
Of Peribœa (that her sex out-shone,
And youngest daughter was t' Eurymedon,
Who of th' unmeasur'd-minded giants sway'd
Th' imperial sceptre, and the pride allay'd
Of men so impious with cold death, and died

Himself soon after) got the magnified
 In mind, Nausithous; whom the kingdom's state
 First held in supreme rule. Nausithous gat 81
 Rhexenor, and Alcinous, now king.
 Rhexenor (whose seed did no male fruit spring,
 And whom the silver-bow-grac'd Phœbus slew
 Young in the court) his shed blood did renew
 In only Arete, who now is spouse
 To him that rules the kingdom in this house,
 And is her uncle king Alcinous,
 Who honours her, past equal. She may boast
 More honour of him than the honour'd most 90
 Of any wife in earth can of her lord,
 How many more soever realms afford,
 That keep house under husbands. Yet no more
 Her husband honours her, than her blest store
 Of gracious children. All the city cast
 Eyes on her as a Goddess, and give taste
 Of their affections to her in their prayers,
 Still as she decks the streets; for, all affairs
 Wrapt in contention, she dissolves to men.
 Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deign 100
 Goodness enough. If her heart stand inclin'd
 To your dispatch, hope all you wish to find,
 Your friends, your longing family, and all
 That can within your most affections fall.'
 This said, away the grey-ey'd Goddess flew
 Along th' untam'd sea, left the lovely hue
 Scheria presented, out-flew Marathon,
 And ample-streeted Athens lighted on;
 Where to the house, that casts so thick a shade,
 Of Erechtheus she ingression made. 110
 Ulysses to the lofty-built court
 Of king Alcinous made bold resort;

The
 virtues
 of Arete

The Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before
 palace of The brazen pavement of the rich court bore
 Alcinous His enter'd person. Like heaven's two main
 lights,

The rooms illustrated both days and nights.
 On every side stood firm a wall of brass,
 Even from the threshold to the inmost pass,
 Which bore a roof up that all sapphire was.
 The brazen thresholds both sides did enfold 120
 Silver pilasters, hung with gates of gold;
 Whose portal was of silver; over which
 A golden cornish did the front enrich.
 On each side, dogs, of gold and silver fram'd,
 The house's guard stood; which the Deity lam'd
 With knowing inwards had inspir'd, and made
 That death nor age should their estates invade.

Along the wall stood every way a throne,
 From th' entry to the lobby, every one
 Cast over with a rich-wrought cloth of state. 130
 Beneath which the Phæacian princes sate
 At wine and food, and feasted all the year.
 Youths forg'd of gold, at every table there,
 Stood holding flaming torches, that, in night,
 Gave through the house each honour'd guest
 his light.

And, to encounter feast with housewifry,
 In one room fifty women did apply
 Their several tasks. Some apple-colour'd corn
 Ground in fair querns, and some did spindles
 turn,

Some work in looms; no hand least rest receives,
 But all had motion, apt as aspen leaves. 141
 And from the weeds they wove, so fast they laid,
 And so thick thrust together thread by thread,

That th' oil, of which the wool had drunk and his
 his fill, goodly
 Did with his moisture in light dews distill. orchard-
 ground

As much as the Phæacian men excell'd
 All other countrymen in art to build
 A swift-sail'd ship; so much the women there,
 For work of webs, past other women were.
 Past mean, by Pallas' means, they understood 150
 The grace of good works; and had wits as good.

Without the hall, and close upon the gate,
 A goodly orchard-ground was situate,
 Of near ten acres; about which was led
 A lofty quickset. In it flourished
 High and broad fruit trees, that pomegranates bore,
 Sweet figs, pears, olives; and a number more
 Most useful plants did there produce their store;
 Whose fruits the hardest winter could not kill,
 Nor hottest summer wither. There was still 160
 Fruit in his proper season all the year.
 Sweet Zephyr breath'd upon them blasts that were
 Of varied tempers. These he made to bear
 Ripe fruits, these blossoms. Pear grew after pear,
 Apple succeeded apple, grape the grape,
 Fig after fig came; time made never rape
 Of any dainty there. A spritely vine
 Spread here his root, whose fruit a hot sunshine
 Made ripe betimes; here grew another green.
 Here some were gathering, here some pressing,
 seen. 170

A large-allotted several each fruit had;
 And all th' adorn'd grounds their appearance made
 In flower and fruit, at which the king did aim
 To the precisest order he could claim.

Two fountains grac'd the garden; of which, one

Ulysses Pour'd out a winding stream that over-run
suppli- The grounds for their use chiefly, th' other went
cates Close by the lofty palace gate, and lent
Arete The city his sweet benefit. And thus
 The Gods the court deckt of Alcinous. 180

Patient Ulysses stood a while at gaze ;
 But, having all observ'd, made instant pace
 Into the court ; where all the peers he found,
 And captains of Phæacia, with cups-crown'd
 Offring to sharp-eyed Hermes, to whom last
 They us'd to sacrifice, when sleep had cast
 His inclination through their thoughts. But these
 Ulysses past, and forth went ; nor their eyes
 Took note of him, for Pallas stopt the light
 With mists about him, that, unstay'd, he might
 First to Alcinous, and Arete, 191
 Present his person ; and, of both them, she,
 By Pallas' counsel, was to have the grace
 Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace
 He cast about her knee. And then off flew
 The heavenly air that hid him. When his view,
 With silence and with admiration strook
 The court quite through ; but thus he silence
 broke :

'Divine Rhexenor's offspring, Arete,
 To thy most honour'd husband, and to thee, 200
 A man whom many labours have distrest
 Is come for comfort ; and to every guest ;
 To all whom heaven vouchsafe delightful lives,
 And after to your issue that survives
 A good resignation of the goods ye leave,
 With all the honour that your selves receive
 Amongst your people. Only this of me
 Is the ambition ; that I may but see

(By your vouchsaft means, and betimes vouchsaft) Echineus
pleads
for him

My country-earth ; since I have long been left
To labours, and to errors, barr'd from end, 211
And far from benefit of any friend.'

He said no more, but left them dumb with that,
Went to the hearth, and in the ashes sat,
Aside the fire. At last their silence brake,
And Echineus, th' old heroë, spake ;
A man that all Phæacians past in years,
And in persuasive eloquence all the peers,
Knew much, and us'd it well ; and thus spake he :

' Alcinous ! It shews not decently, 220
Nor doth your honour what you see admit,
That this your guest should thus abjectly sit,
His chair the earth, the hearth his cushion,
Ashes as if appos'd for food. A throne,
Adorn'd with due rites, stands you more in hand
To see his person plac'd in, and command
That instantly your heralds fill in wine,
That to the God that doth in lightnings shine
We may do sacrifice ; for he is there,
Where these his reverend suppliants appear. 230
Let what you have within be brought abroad,
To sup the stranger. All these would have show'd
This fit respect to him, but that they stay
For your precedence, that should grace the way.'

When this had added to the well-inclin'd
And sacred order of Alcinous' mind,
Then of the great-in-wit the hand he seis'd,
And from the ashes his fair person rais'd,
Advanc'd him to a well-adorn'd throne,
And from his seat rais'd his most lov'd son, 240
Laodamas, that next himself was set,

They To give him place. The handmaid then did get
 welcome An ewer of gold, with water fill'd, which plac'd
 the Upon a caldron, all with silver grac'd,
 guest She pour'd out on their hands. And then was
 spread

A table, which the butler set with bread,
 As others serv'd with other food the board,
 In all the choice the present could afford.
 Ulysses meat and wine took ; and then thus
 The king the herald call'd : ' Pontonous ! 250
 Serve wine through all the house, that all may pay
 Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way
 With humble suppliants, and them pursues
 With all benign and hospitable duces.'

Pontonous gave act to all he will'd,
 And honey-sweetness-giving-minds wine fill'd,
 Disposing it in cups for all to drink.
 All having drunk what either's heart could think
 Fit for due sacrifice, Alcinous said :
 ' Hear me, ye dukes that the Phæaciens lead, 260
 And you our counsellors, that I may now
 Discharge the charge my mind suggests to you,
 For this our guest : Feast past, and this night's sleep,
 Next morn, our senate summon'd, we will keep
 Justs, sacred to the Gods, and this our guest
 Receive in solemn court with fitting feast ;
 Then think of his return, that, under hand
 Of our deduction, his natural land
 (Without more toil or care, and with delight,
 And that soon given him, how far hence dissite
 Soever it can be) he may ascend ; 271
 And in the mean time without wrong attend,
 Or other want, fit means to that ascent.
 What, after, austere Fates shall make th' event

Of his life's thread, now spinning, and began
When his pain'd mother freed his root of man,
He must endure in all kinds. If some God
Perhaps abides with us in his abode,
And other things will think upon than we,
The Gods' wills stand, who ever yet were free 280
Of their appearance to us, when to them
We offer'd hecatombs of fit esteem,
And would at least sit with us, even where we
Order'd our session. They would likewise be
Encount'ers of us, when in way alone
About his fit affairs went any one.
Nor let them cloke themselves in any care
To do us comfort, we as near them are,
As are the Cyclops, or the impious race
Of earthy giants, that would heaven outface.' 290
Ulysses answer'd; 'Let some other doubt
Employ your thoughts than what your words
give out,

Ulysses
explains
that he
is mere
man

Which intimate a kind of doubt, that I
Should shadow in this shape a Deity.
I bear no such least semblance, or in wit,
Virtue, or person. What may well besit
One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know
Bears up and down the burthen of the woe
Appropriate to poor man, give that to me;
Of whose moans I sit in the most degree, 300
And might say more, sustaining griefs that all
The Gods consent to; no one twixt their fall
And my unpitied shoulders letting down
The least diversion. Be the grace then shown,
To let me taste your free-given food, in peace.
*Through greatest grief, the belly must have ease;
Worse than an envious belly, nothing is.*

He begs It will command his strict necessities,
 for help Of men most griev'd in body or in mind,
 home- That are in health, and will not give their kind 310
 wards A desperate wound. When most with cause

I grieve,
 It bids me still, Eat man, and drink, and live;
 And this makes all forgot. Whatever ill
 I ever bear, it ever bids me fill.
 But this ease is but forc'd, and will not last,
 Till what the mind likes be as well embrac'd;
 And therefore let me wish you would partake
 In your late purpose; when the morn shall
 make

Her next appearance, deign me but the grace,
 Unhappy man, that I man once embrace 320
 My country-earth: though I be still thrust at
 By ancient ills, yet make me but see that,
 And then let life go, when withall I see
 My high-rooft large house, lands, and family.'

This all approv'd; and each will'd every one,
 Since he hath said so fairly, set him gone.

Feast past and sacrifice, to sleep all vow
 Their eyes at either's house. Ulysses now
 Was left here with Alcinous, and his Queen,
 The all-lov'd Arete. The handmaids then 330
 The vessel of the banquet took away.

When Arete set eye on his array;
 Knew both his out and under weed, which she
 Made with her maids; and mus'd by what
 means he

Obtained their wearing; which she made request
 To know, and wings gave to these speeches:
 'Guest!

First let me ask, what, and from whence you are?

And then, who grac'd you with the weeds you wear ? and tells of Calypso

Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas,
And thence arriv'd here ?' Laertiades 340
To this thus answer'd : ' 'Tis a pain, O Queen,
Still to be opening wounds wrought deep, and
green,

Of which the Gods have open'd store in me ;
Yet your will must be serv'd. Far hence, at sea,
There lies an isle, that bears Ogygia's name,
Where Atlas' daughter, the ingenious dame,
Fair-hair'd Calypso lives ; a Goddess grave,
And with whom men nor Gods society have ;
Yet I, past man unhappy, liv'd alone,
By Heaven's wrath forc'd, her house-com-
panion. 350

For Jove had with a fervent lightning cleft
My ship in twain, and far at black sea left
Me and my soldiers ; all whose lives I lost.
I in mine arms the keel took, and was tost
Nine days together up from wave to wave.
The tenth grim night, the angry Deities drave
Me and my wrack on th' isle, in which doth dwell
Dreadful Calypso ; who exactly well
Receiv'd and nourisht me, and promise made
To make me deathless, nor should age invade 360
My powers with his deserts through all my days
All mov'd not me, and therefore, on her stays,
Seven years she made me lie ; and there spent I
The long time, steeping in the misery
Of ceaseless tears the garments I did wear,
From her fair hand. The eighth revolv'd year
(Or by her chang'd mind, or by charge of Jove)
She gave provok'd way to my wisht remove,

How And in a many-jointed ship, with wine
 he was Dainty in savour, bread, and weeds divine, 370
 cast Sign'd, with a harmless and sweet wind, my
 ashore pass.

Then seventeen days at sea I homeward was,
 And by the eighteenth the dark hills appear'd
 That your earth thrusts up. Much my heart
 was cheer'd,

Unhappy man, for that was but a beam,
 To show I yet had agonies extreme
 To put in sufferance; which th' Earth-shaker sent,
 Crossing my way with tempests violent,
 Unmeasur'd seas up-lifting, nor would give
 The billows leave to let my vessel live 380
 The least time quiet, that even sigh'd to bear
 Their bitter outrage, which, at last, did tear
 Her sides in pieces, set on by the winds.
 I yet through-swom the waves that your shore
 binds,

Till wind and water threw me up to it;
 When, coming forth, a ruthless billow smit
 Against huge rocks, and an accessless shore,
 My mangl'd body. Back again I bore,
 And swom till I was fall'n upon a flood,
 Whose shores, methought, on good advantage
 stood 390

For my receipt, rock-free, and fenc'd from wind;
 And this I put for, gathering up my mind.
 Then the divine night came, and treading earth,
 Close by the flood that had from Jove her birth,
 Within a thicket I repos'd; when round
 I ruffled up fall'n leaves in heap; and found,
 Let fall from heaven, a sleep interminate.
 And here my heart, long time excruciate,

Amongst the leaves I rested all that night,
 Even till the morning and meridian light.
 The sun declining then, delightful sleep
 No longer laid my temples in his steep ;
 But forth I went, and on the shore might see
 Your daughter's maids play. Like a Deity
 She shin'd above them ; and I pray'd to her,
 And she in disposition did prefer
 Noblesse, and wisdom, no more low than might
 Become the goodness of a Goddess' height.
 Nor would you therefore hope (suppos'd distrest
 As I was then, and old) to find the least 410
 Of any grace from her, being younger far.
With young folks Wisdom makes her commerce rare.
 Yet she in all abundance did bestow
 Both wine, that makes the blood in humans grow,
 And food, and bath'd me in the flood, and gave
 The weeds to me which now ye see me have.
 This through my griefs I tell you, and 'tis true.'
 Alcinous answer'd: 'Guest! my daughter
 knew

Nau-
 sicaa's
 kindness

Least of what most you give her ; nor became
 'The course she took, to let with every dame 420
 Your person lackey ; nor hath with them brought
 Yourself home too ; which first you had be-
 sought.'

'O blame her not,' said he, 'heroical lord,
 Nor let me hear against her worth a word.
 She faultless is, and wisht I would have gone
 With all her women home ; but I alone
 Would venture my receipt here, having fear
 And reverend awe of accidents that were
 Of likely issue ; both your wrath to move,
 And to inflame the common people's love 430

Alcinous Of speaking ill, to which they soon give place.
promises *We men are all a most suspicious race.*

help

‘My guest,’ said he, ‘I use not to be stirr’d
 To wrath too rashly ; and where are preferr’d
 To men’s conceits things that may both ways fail,
 The noblest ever should the most prevail.
 Would Jove our Father, Pallas, and the Sun,
 That, were you still as now, and could but run
 One fate with me, you would my daughter wed,
 And be my son-in-law, still vow’d to lead 440
 Your rest of life here ! I a house would give,
 And household goods, so freely you would live,
 Confin’d with us. But gainst your will shall none
 Contain you here, since that were violence done
 To Jove our Father. For your passage home,
 That you may well know we can overcome
 So great a voyage, thus it shall succeed :
 To-morrow shall our men take all their heed,
 While you securely sleep, to see the seas
 In calmest temper, and, if that will please, 450
 Show you your country and your house ere night,
 Though far beyond Eubœa be that sight.
 And this Eubœa, as our subjects say
 That have been there and seen, is far away,
 Farthest from us of all the parts they know ;
 And made the trial when they helpt to row
 The gold-lockt Rhadamanth, to give him view
 Of earth-born Tityus ; whom their speeds did
 show

In that far-off Eubœa, the same day
 They set from hence ; and home made good
 their way 460
 With ease again, and him they did convey.
 Which I report to you, to let you see

How swift my ships are, and how matchlessly **The bed**
 My young Phæacians with their oars prevail, **purvay'd**
 To beat the sea through, and assist a sail.'

This cheer'd Ulysses, who in private pray'd :
 'I would to Jove our Father, what he said,
 He could perform at all parts ; he should then
 Be glorified for ever, and I gain
 My natural country.' This discourse they
 had ;

470

When fair-arm'd Arete her handmaids bad
 A bed make in the portico, and ply
 With cloaths, the covering tapestry,
 The blankets purple ; well-napt waistcoats too,
 To wear for more warmth. What these had
 to do,

They torches took and did. The bed purvay'd,
 They mov'd Ulysses for his rest, and said :

'Come guest, your bed is fit ; now frame to
 rest.'

Motion of sleep was gracious to their guest ;
 Which now he took profoundly, being laid 480
 Within a loop-hole tower, where was convey'd
 The sounding portico. The King took rest
 In a retir'd part of the house ; where drest
 The Queen her self a bed, and trundlebed,
 And by her lord repos'd her rev'rend head.

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

THE Peers of the Phæacian State
A Council call, to console
Ulysses with all means for home.
The Council to a banquet come,
Invited by the King. Which done,
Assays for hurling of the stone
The youths make with the stranger king.
Demodocus, at feast, doth sing
Th' adultery of the God of Arms
With Her that rules in amorous charms;
And after sings the intercourse
Of acts about th' Epæan horse.

ANOTHER

Θῆτρα. The council's frame
At fleet applied.
In strifes of game
Ulysses tried.

Now when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,
The sacred power Alcinous did dispose
Did likewise rise: and, like him, left his case
The city-razer Laertiades.
The Council at the navy was design'd;
To which Alcinous, with the sacred mind,
Came first of all. On polisht stones they sate,
Near to the navy. To increase the state,
Minerva took the herald's form on her,
That serv'd Alcinous, studious to prefer 10
Ulysses' suit for home. About the town
She made quick way, and fill'd with the renown

Of that design the ears of every man,
 Proclaiming thus: 'Peers Phæacensian!
 And Men of Council, all haste to the court,
 To hear the stranger that made late resort
 To King Alcinous, long time lost at sea,
 And is in person like a Deity.'

The
 Peers in
 council

This all their powers set up, and spirit instill'd,
 And straight the court and seats with men were
 fill'd.

30

The whole state wonder'd at Laertes' son,
 When they beheld him. Pallas put him on
 A supernatural and heavenly dress,
 Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodness
 In breast and shoulders, that he might appear
 Gracious, and grave, and reverend, and bear
 A perfect hand on his performance there
 In all the trials they resolv'd t' impose.

All met, and gather'd in attention close,
 Alcinous thus bespake them: 'Dukes, and
 lords,

30

Hear me digest my hearty thoughts in words.
 This stranger here, whose travels found my court,
 I know not, nor can tell if his resort
 From East or West comes; but his suit is this:
 That to his country-earth we would dismiss
 His hither-forcéd person, and doth bear
 The mind to pass it under every peer;
 Whom I prepare, and stir up, making known
 My free desire of his deduction.

Nor shall there ever any other man
 That tries the goodness Phæacensian
 In me, and my court's entertainment, stay,
 Mourning for passage, under least delay.
 Come then, a ship into the sacred seas,

40

A ship is New-built, now launch we ; and from out our
launched prease

Chuse two-and-fifty youths, of all, the best
To use an oar. All which see straight imprest,
And in their oar-bound seats. Let others lie
Home to our court, commanding instantly
The solemn preparation of a feast, 50
In which provision may for any guest
Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things
I give our youth. You, sceptre-bearing kings,
Consort me home, and help with grace to use
This guest of ours ; no one man shall refuse.

Some other of you haste, and call to us
The sacred singer, grave Demodocus,
To whom hath God given song that can excite
The heart of whom he listeth with delight.
This said, he led. The sceptre-bearers lent 60
Their free attendance ; and with all speed went
The herald for the sacred man-in-song.
Youths two-and-fifty, chosen from the throng,
Went, as was will'd, to the untam'd sea's shore ;
Where come, they launcht the ship ; the mast
it bore

Advanc'd, sails hoiséd, every seat his oar
Gave with a leather thong. The deep moist then
They further reacht. The dry streets flow'd
with men,

That troopt up to the king's capacious court,
Whose porticos were chok'd with the resort, 70
Whose walls were hung with men, young, old,
thrust there

In mighty concourse ; for whose promist cheer
Alcinous slew twelve sheep, eight white-tooth'd
swine,

Two crook-hauncht beeves; which flay'd and Demo-
drest, divine docus

The show was of so many a jocund guest,
All set together at so set a feast.

To whose accomplisht state the herald then

The lovely singer led; who past all mean

The Muse affected, gave him good, and ill,

His eyes put out, but put in soul at will. 80

His place was given him in a chair all grac'd

With silver studs, and gainst a pillar plac'd;

Where, as the centre to the state, he rests,

And round about the circle of the guests.

The herald on a pin above his head

His soundful harp hung, to whose height he led

His hand for taking of it down at will,

A board set by with food, and forth did fill

A bowl of wine, to drink at his desire.

The rest then fell to feast; and, when the fire 90

Of appetite was quencht, the Muse inflam'd

The sacred singer. Of men highest fam'd

He sung the glories, and a poem penn'd,

That in applause did ample heaven ascend.

Whose subject was, the stern contentión

Betwixt Ulysses and great Thetis' son,

As, at a banquet sacred to the Gods,

In dreadful language they exprest their odds.

When Agamemnon sat rejoic'd in soul

To hear the Greek peers jar in terms so foul; 100

For augur Phœbus in presage had told

The King of men (desirous to unfold

The war's perplext end, and being therefore
gone

In heavenly Pythia to the porch of stone,)

That then the end of all griefs should begin

Ulysses "Twixt Greece and Troy, when Greece (with
 weeps to strife to win
 hear That wisht conclusion) in her kings should jar,

And plead, if force or wit must end the war.

This brave contention did the poet sing,
 Expressing so the spleen of either king, 110

That his large purple weed Ulysses held
 Before his face and eyes, since then distill'd
 Tears uncontain'd; which he obscur'd, in fear
 To let th' observing presence note a tear.

But, when his sacred song the mere divine
 Had given an end, a goblet crown'd with wine
 Ulysses, drying his wet eyes, did seize,
 And sacrific'd to those Gods that would please
 T' inspire the poet with a song so fit

To do him honour, and renown his wit. 120

His tears then stay'd. But when again began,
 By all the kings' desires, the moving man,
 Again Ulysses could not choose but yield
 To that soft passion, which again, withheld,
 He kept so cunningly from sight, that none,
 Except Alcinous himself alone,

Discern'd him mov'd so much. But he sat next,
 And heard him deeply sigh; which his pretext
 Could not keep hid from him. Yet he conceal'd
 His utterance of it, and would have it held 130
 From all the rest, brake off the song, and this
 Said to those oar-affecting peers of his:

'Princes, and peers! We now are satiate
 With sacred song that fits a feast of state,
 With wine and food. Now then to field, and try
 In all kinds our approv'd activity,
 That this our guest may give his friends to know,
 In his return, that we as little owe

To fights and wrestlings, leaping, speed of race, The
As these our court-rites; and commend our games
grace

140

In all to all superior.' Forth he led,
The peers and people troopt up to their head.
Nor must Demodocus be left within;
Whose harp the herald hung upon the pin,
His hand in his took, and abroad he brought
The heavenly poet, out the same way wrought
That did the princes, and what they would see
With admiration, with his company
They wisht to honour. To the place of game
These throng'd; and after, routs of other came,
Of all sort, infinite. Of youths that strove 151
Many and strong rose to their trial's love.

Up rose Acroneus, and Ocyalus,
Elatreus, Prymneus, and Anchialus,
Nauteus, Eretmeus, Thoon, Proreüs,
Ponteüs, and the strong Amphialus
Son to Tectonides Polyneüs.

Up rose to these the great Euryalus,
In action like the Homicide of War.

Naubolides, that was for person far 160
Past all the rest, but one he could not pass,
Nor any thought improve, Laodamas.

Up Anabesineüs then arose;
And three sons of the Sceptre-state, and those
Were Halius, the fore-prais'd Laodamas,
And Clytoneüs like a God in grace.
These first the foot-game tried, and from the lists
Took start together. Up the dust in mists
They hurl'd about, as in their speed they flew;
But Clytoneüs first of all the crew 170
A stich's length in any fallow field

Ulysses Made good his pace ; when, where the judges
 is chal- yield
 lenged The prize and praise, his glorious speed arriv'd.
 rudely Next, for the boistrous wrestling game they
 striv'd ;

At which Euryalus the rest outshone.
 At leap, Amphialus. At the hollow stone
 Elatreus excell'd. At buffets, last,
 Laodamas, the king's fair son, surpast.

When all had striv'd in these assays their fill,
 Laodamas said : 'Come friends, let's prove
 what skill 180

This stranger hath attain'd to in our sport.
 Mcthinks, he must be of the active sort,
 His calves, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders
 show

That Nature disposition did bestow
 To fit with fact their form. Nor wants he prime.
 But sour affliction, made a mate with time,
 Makes time the more seen. Nor imagine I,
 A worse thing to enforce debility
 Than is the sea, though nature ne'er so strong
 Knits one together.' 'Nor conceive you wrong,'
 Replied Euryalus, 'but prove his blood 191
 With what you question.' In the midst then
 stood

Renown'd Laodamas, and prov'd him thus :
 'Come, stranger-father, and assay with us
 Your pow'rs in these contentions. If your show
 Be answer'd with your worth, 'tis fit that you
 Should know these conflicts. Nor doth glory
 stand

On any worth more, in a man's command,
 Than to be strenuous both of foot and hand.

Come then, make proof with us, discharge your ^{and}
mind ²⁰⁰ answers

Of discontentments ; for not far behind ^{angrily}

Comes your deduction : ship is ready now,
And men, and all things.' 'Why,' said he,
'dost thou

Mock me, Laodamas, and these strifes bind
My powers to answer ? I am more inclin'd
To cares than conflict. Much sustain'd I have,
And still am suffering. I come here to crave,
In your assemblies, means to be dismiss,
And pray both kings and subjects to assist.'

Euryalus an open brawl began, ²¹⁰

And said : 'I take you, sir, for no such man
As fits these honour'd strifes. A number more
Strange men there are that I would chuse before.

To one that loves to lie aship-board much,
Or is the prince of sailors ; or to such
As traffique far and near, and nothing mind
But freight, and passage, and a foreright wind ;
Or to a victler of a ship ; or men

That set up all their powers for rampant gain ;
I can compare, or hold you like to be : ²²⁰

But, for a wrestler, or of quality
Fit for contentions noble, you abhor
From worth of any such competitor.'

Ulysses, frowning, answer'd : 'Stranger, far
Thy words are from the fashions regular
Of kind, or honour. Thou art in thy guise
Like to a man that authors injuries.

I see, the Gods to all men give not all
Manly addiction, wisdom, words that fall,
Like dice, upon the square still. Some man
takes ²³⁰

Ulysses' Ill form from parents, but God often makes
 mighty That fault of form up with observ'd repair
 throw Of pleasing speech, that makes him held for fair,
 That makes him speak securely, makes him shine
 In an assembly with a grace divine.
 Men take delight to see how evenly lie
 His words astep in honey modesty.
 Another, then, hath fashion like a God,
 But in his language he is foul and broad :
 And such art thou. A person fair is given, 240
 But nothing else is in thee sent from heaven ;
 For in thee lurks a base and earthy soul,
 And t' hast compell'd me, with a speech most
 foul,

To be thus bitter. I am not unseen
 In these fair strifes, as thy words overween,
 But in the first rank of the best I stand ;
 At least I did, when youth and strength of hand
 Made me thus confident ; but now am worn
 With woes and labours, as a human born
 To bear all anguish. Suffer'd much I have. 250
 The war of men, and the inhuman wave,
 Have I driven through at all parts. But with all
 My waste in sufferance, what yet may fall
 In my performance, at these strifes I'll try.
 Thy speech hath mov'd, and made my wrath
 run high.'

This said, with robe and all, he graspt a stone,
 A little graver than was ever thrown
 By these Phæacians in their wrestling rout,
 More firm, more massy ; which, turn'd round
 about,
 He hurried from him with a hand so strong 260
 It sung, and flew, and over all the throng,

That at the others' marks stood, quite it went ; and chal-
Yet down fell all beneath it, fearing spent lenges all
The force that drave it flying from his hand, comers
As it a dart were, or a walking wand ;
And far past all the marks of all the rest
His wing stole way ; when Pallas straight imprest
A mark at fall of it, resembling then
One of the navy-given Phæacian men,
And thus advanc'd Ulysses : ' One, though blind,
O stranger! groping, may thy stone's fall find ; 271
For not amidst the rout of marks it fell,
But far before all. Of thy worth think well,
And stand in all strifes. No Phæacian here
This bound can either better or come near.'
Ulysses joy'd to hear that one man yet
Us'd him benignly, and would truth abet
In those contentions ; and then thus smooth
He took his speech down : ' Reach me that
now, youth,
You shall, and straight, I think, have one such
more, 280
And one beyond it too. And now, whose core
Stands sound and great within him, since ye have
Thus put my spleen up, come again and brave
The guest ye tempted, with such gross disgrace,
At wrestling, buffets, whirlbat, speed of race ;
At all, or either, I except at none,
But urge the whole state of you ; only one,
I will not challenge in my forcéd boast,
And that's Laodamas, for he's mine host.
And who will fight, or wrangle, with his friend ?
Unwise he is, and base, that will contend 291
With him that feeds him in a foreign place ;
And takes all edge off from his own sought grace.

His None else except I here, nor none despise,
 skill in But wish to know, and prove his faculties,
 archery That dares appear now. No strife ye can name
 Am I unskill'd in ; reckon any game
 Of all that are, as many as there are
 In use with men. For archery I dare
 Affirm my self not mean. Of all a troop 300
 I'll make the first foe with mine arrow stoop,
 Though with me ne'er so many fellows bend
 Their bows at markt men, and affect their
 end.

Only was Philoctetes with his bow
 Still my superior, when we Greeks would show
 Our archery against our foes of Troy.
 But all, that now by bread frail life enjoy,
 I far hold my inferiors. Men of old,
 None now alive shall witness me so bold,
 To vaunt equality with, such men as these, 310
 Cechalian Eurytus, Hercules,
 Who with their bows durst with the Gods con-
 tend ;

And therefore caught Eurytus soon his end,
 Nor died at home, in age, a rev'rend man.
 But by the great incenséd Delphian
 Was shot to death, for daring competence
 With him in all an archer's excellence.
 A spear I'll hurl as far as any man
 Shall shoot a shaft. How at a race I can
 Bestir my feet, I only yield to fear, 320
 And doubt to meet with my superior here.
 So many seas so too much have misus'd
 My limbs for race, and therefore have diffus'd
 A dissolution through my lovéd knees.'

This said, he still'd all talking properties.

Alcinous only answer'd : ' O my guest,
 In good part take we what you have been prest
 With speech to answer. You would make appear
 Your virtues therefore, that will still shine where
 Your only look is. Yet must this man give 330
 Your worth ill language; when, he does not live
 In sort of mortals (whence soe'er he springs,
 That judgment hath to speak becoming things)
 That will deprave your virtues. Note then now
 My speech, and what my love presents to you,
 That you may tell heroës, when you come
 To banquet with your wife and birth at home,
 (Mindful of our worth) what deservings Jove
 Hath put on our parts likewise, in remove
 From sire to son, as an inherent grace 340
 Kind, and perpetual. We must needs give place
 To other countrymen, and freely yield
 We are not blameless in our fights of field,
 Buffets, nor wrestlings; but in speed of feet,
 And all the equipage that fits a fleet,
 We boast us best; for table ever spread
 With neighbour feasts, for garments variéd,
 For poesy, musique, dancing, baths, and beds.
 And now, Phæacians, you that bear your heads
 And feet with best grace in enamouring dance, 350
 Enflame our guest here, that he may advance
 Our worth past all the world's to his home-friends,
 As well for the unmatched grace that commends
 Your skill in footing of a dance, as theirs
 That fly a race best. And so, all affairs,
 At which we boast us best, he best may try,
 As sea-race, land-race, dance, and poesy.
 Some one with instant speed to court retire,
 And fetch Demodocus his soundful lyre.'

The soft
 speech of
 Alcinous

The This said the God-grac'd king; and quick
dance resort 360

Pontonus made for that fair harp to court.

Nine of the lot-chus'd publique rulers rose,
That all in those contentions did dispose,
Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,
And all the people in fair game aside.

Then with the rich harp came Pontonus,
And in the midst took place Demodocus.
About him then stood forth the choice young men,
That on man's first youth made fresh entry then,
Had art to make their natural motion sweet, 370
And shook a most divine dance from their feet,
That twinkled star-like, mov'd as swift, and fine,
And beat the air so thin, they made it shine.
Ulysses wonder'd at it, but amaz'd
He stood in mind to hear the dance so phras'd.
For, as they danc'd, Demodocus did sing,
The bright-crown'd Venus' love with Battaile's
King;

As first they closely mixt in th' house of fire.
What worlds of gifts won her to his desire,
Who then the night-and-day-bed did defile 380
Of good king Vulcan. But in little while
The Sun their mixture saw, and came and told.
The bitter news did by his ears take hold
Of Vulcan's heart. Then to his forge he went,
And in his shrewd mind deep stuff did invent.
His mighty anvil in the stock he put,
And forg'd a net that none could loose or cut,
That when it had them it might hold them fast.
Which having finisht, he made utmost haste
Up to the dear room where his wife he woo'd, 390
And, madly wrath with Mars, he all bestrow'd

The bed, and bed-posts, all the beam above
 That crosst the chamber; and a circle strove
 Of his device to wrap in all the room.
 And 'twas as pure, as of a spider's loom
 The woof before 'tis woven. No man nor God
 Could set his eye on it, a sleight so odd
 His art shew'd in it. All his craft bespent
 About the bed, he feign'd as if he went
 To well-built Lemnos, his most lov'd town 400
 Of all towns earthly; nor left this unknown
 To golden-bridle-using Mars, who kept
 No blind watch over him, but, seeing stept
 His rival so aside, he hasted home
 With fair-wreath'd Venus' love stung, who was
 come

The
 loves of
 Mars and
 Venus

New from the court of her most mighty Sire.
 Mars enter'd, wrung her hand, and the retire
 Her husband made to Lemnos told, and said:
 'Now, love, is Vulcan gone, let us to bed,
 He's for the barbarous Sintians.' Well appay'd
 Was Venus with it; and afresh assay'd 411
 Their old encounter. Down they went; and
 straight

About them cling'd the artificial sleight
 Of most wise Vulcan; and were so ensnar'd,
 That neither they could stir their course prepar'd
 In any limb about them, nor arise.
 And then they knew, they would no more disguise
 Their close conveyance, but lay, forc'd, stone-
 still.

Back rush'd the both-foot-crookt, but straight
 in skill,
 From his near scout-hole turn'd, nor ever went 420
 To any Lemnos, but the sure event

Vulcan's Left Phœbus to discover, who told all.

sleight Then home hopt Vulcan, full of grief and gall,
 Stood in the portal, and cried out so high,
 That all the Gods heard: 'Father of the sky,
 And every other deathless God,' said he,
 'Come all, and a ridiculous object see,
 And yet not sufferable neither. Come,
 And witness how, when still I step from home,
 Lame that I am, Jove's daughter doth profess 430
 To do me all the shameful offices,
 Indignities, despites, that can be thought;
 And loves this all-things-making-come-to-nought,
 Since he is fair forsooth, foot-sound, and I
 Took in my brain a little, legg'd awry;
 And no fault mine, but all my parents' fault,
 Who should not get, if mock me, with my halt.
 But see how fast they sleep, while I, in moan,
 Am only made an idle looker on.
 One bed their turn serves, and it must be mine; 440
 I think yet, I have made their self-loves shine.
 They shall no more wrong me, and none perceive;
 Nor will they sleep together, I believe,
 With too hot haste again. Thus both shall lie
 In craft, and force, till the extremity
 Of all the dower I gave her sire (to gain
 A doggéd set-fac'd girl, that will not stain
 Her face with blushing, though she shame her
 head)

He pays me back. She's fair, but was no maid.'

While this long speech was making, all were
 come

450

To Vulcan's wholly-brazen-founded home,
 Earth-shaking Neptune, useful Mercury,
 And far-shot Phœbus. No She-Deity,

For shame, would show there. All the give- The
good Gods Gods'
Stood in the portal, and past periods laughter

Stood in the portal, and past periods
Gave length to laughters, all rejoic'd to see
That which they said, that no impiety
Finds good success at th' end. 'And now,'
said one.

'The slow outgoes the swift. Lame Vulcan,
known

To be the slowest of the Gods, outgoes 460
Mars the most swift. And this is that which grows
To greatest justice : that adultery's sport,
Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other sort
(And lame craft too) is plagued, which grieves
the more,

That sound limbs turning lame the lame restore.
This speech amongst themselves they entertain'd.

When Phœbus thus askt Hermes: 'Thus
enchain'd

Wouldst thou be, Hermes, to be thus disclos'd?
Though with thee golden Venus were repos'd?'

He soon gave that an answer : 'O,' said he, 470
'Thou king of archers, would 'twere thus with me!
Though thrice so much shame; nay, though
infinite

Were pour'd about me, and that every light,
In great heaven shining, witnest all my harms,
So golden Venus slumber'd in mine arms.'

The Gods again laugh; even the Watry
State

Wrung out a laughter, but propitiate
Was still for Mars, and pray'd the God of Fire
He would dissolve him, offering the desire

A new He made to Jove to pay himself, and said, 480
 and All due debts should be by the Gods repaid.
 pleasing 'Pay me no words,' said he, 'where deeds
 measure lend pain,

Wretched the words are given for wretched men.
 How shall I bind you in th' Immortals' sight,
 If Mars be once loos'd, nor will pay his right ?'
 'Vulcan,' said he, 'if Mars should fly, nor see
 Thy right repaid, it should be paid by me.'

'Your word, so given, I must accept,' said he.
 Which said, he loos'd them. Mars then rush'd
 from sky,

And stoop'd cold Thrace. The laughing Deity 490
 For Cyprus was, and took her Paphian state,
 Where she a grove, ne'er cut, hath consecrate,
 All with Arabian odours fum'd, and hath
 An altar there, at which the Graces bathe,
 And with immortal balms besmooth, her skin,
 Fit for the bliss Immortals solace in ;
 Deckt her in to-be-studiéd attire,
 And apt to set beholders' hearts on fire.

This sung the sacred muse, whose notes and
 words

The dancers' feet kept as his hands his chords. 500
 Ulysses much was pleas'd, and all the crew.

This would the king have varied with a new
 And pleasing measure, and perform'd by
 Two, with whom none would strive in dancery ;
 And those his sons were, that must therefore dance
 Alone, and only to the harp advance,
 Without the words. And this sweet couple was
 Young Halius, and divine Laodamas ;
 Who danc'd a ball-dance. Then the rich-
 wrought ball,

That Polybus had made, of purple all, 510 The
 They took to hand. One threw it to the sky, gifts of
 And then danc'd back; the other, capring Alcinous
 high,

Would surely catch it ere his foot toucht ground,
 And up again advanc'd it, and so found
 The other cause of dance; and then did he
 Dance lofty tricks, till next it came to be
 His turn to catch, and serve the other still.
 When they had kept it up to either's will,
 They then danc'd ground tricks, oft mixt hand
 in hand,

And did so gracefully their change command, 520
 That all the other youth that stood at pause,
 With deafning shouts, gave them the great
 applause.

'Then said Ulysses: 'O, past all men here
 Clear, not in power, but in desert as clear,
 You said your dancers did the world surpass,
 And they perform it clear, and to amaze.'

This won Alcinous' heart, and equal prize
 He gave Ulysses, saying: 'Matchless wise,
 Princes and rulers, I perceive our guest;
 And therefore let our hospitable best 530
 In fitting gifts be given him: Twelve chief kings
 There are that order all the glorious things
 Of this our kingdom; and, the thirteenth, I
 Exist, as crown to all. Let instantly
 Be thirteen garments given him, and of gold
 Precious, and fine, a talent. While we hold
 This our assembly, be all fetcht, and given,
 That to our feast prepared, as to his heaven,
 Our guest may enter. And, that nothing be
 Left unperform'd that fits his dignity, 540

Euryalus Euryalus shall here conciliate
makes Himself with words and gifts, since past our rate
his He gave bad language.' This did all commend
peace And give in charge ; and every king did send
 His herald for his gift. Euryalus,
 Answering for his part, said : ' Alcinous !
 Our chief of all, since you command, I will
 To this our guest by all means reconcile,
 And give him this entirely-metall'd sword,
 The handle massy silver, and the board, 550
 That gives it cover, all of ivory,
 New, and in all kinds worth his quality.'

This put he straight into his hand, and said :
 ' Frolick, O guest and father ; if words fled
 Have been offensive, let swift whirlwinds take
 And ravish them from thought. May all
 Gods make

Thy wife's sight good to thee, in quick retreat
 To all thy friends, and best-lov'd breeding seat,
 Their long miss quitting with the greater joy ;
 In whose sweet, vanish all thy worst annoy.' 560

' And frolick thou to all height, friend,' said he,
 ' Which heaven confirm with wisht felicity ;
 Nor ever give again desire to thee
 Of this sword's use, which with affects so free,
 In my reclaim, thou hast bestow'd on me.'

This said, athwart his shoulders he put on
 The right fair sword ; and then did set the sun.
 When all the gifts were brought, which back again
 (With king Alcinous in all the train)
 Were by the honour'd heralds borne to court ; 570
 Which his fair sons took, and from the resort
 Laid by their reverend mother. Each his throne
 Of all the peers (which yet were overshone

In king Alcinous' command) ascended ;
 Whom he to pass as much in gifts contended, **More**
 And to his queen said : 'Wife! see brought **gifts**
 me here

The fairest cabinet I have, and there
 Impose a well-cleans'd in and utter weed.
 A caldron heat with water, that with speed
 Our guest well-bath'd, and all his gifts made
 sure, 580

It may a joyful appetite procure
 To his succeeding feast, and make him hear
 The poet's hymn with the securer ear.
 To all which I will add my bowl of gold,
 In all frame curious, to make him hold
 My memory always dear, and sacrifice
 With it at home to all the Deities.'

'Then Arete her maids charg'd to set on
 A well-siz'd caldron quickly. Which was done,
 Clear water pour'd in, flame made so entire, 590
 It gilt the brass, and made the water fire.
 In mean space, from her chamber brought the
 queen

A wealthy cabinet, where, pure and clean,
 She put the garments, and the gold bestow'd
 By that free State, and then the other vow'd
 By her Alcinous, and said : 'Now, guest,
 Make close and fast your gifts, lest, when you rest
 Aship-board sweetly, in your way you meet
 Some loss, that less may make your next sleep
 sweet.'

This when Ulysses heard, all'sure he made, 600
 Enclos'd and bound safe ; for the saving trade
 The reverend-for-her-wisdom, Circe, had
 In foreyears taught him. Then the handmaid bad

Nausicaa His worth to bathing ; which rejoic'd his heart,
and For, since he did with his Calypso part,
Ulysses He had no hot baths ; none had favour'd him,
 Nor been so tender of his kingly limb.
 But all the time he spent in her abode,
 He liv'd respected as he were a God.

Cleans'd then and balm'd, fair shirt and robe
 put on, 610

Fresh come from bath, and to the feasters gone,
 Nausicaa, that from the Gods' hands took
 The sovereign beauty of her blessed look,
 Stood by a well-carv'd column of the room,
 And through her eye her heart was overcome
 With admiration of the port imprest
 In his aspect, and said : ' God save you, guest !
 Be cheerful, as in all the future state
 Your home will show you in your better fate.
 But yet, even then, let this remember'd be, 620
 Your life's price I lent, and you owe it me.'

The varied-in-all-counsels gave reply :
 ' Nausicaa ! Flower of all this empery !
 So Juno's husband, that the strife for noise
 Makes in the clouds, bless me with strife of joys,
 In the desir'd day that my house shall show,
 As I, as to a Goddess there shall vow,
 To thy fair hand that did my being give,
 Which I'll acknowledge every hour I live.'

This said, Alcinous plac'd him by his side. 630
 Then took they feast, and did in parts divide
 The several dishes, fill'd out wine, and then
 The strived-for, for his worth, of worthy men,
 And reverenc'd-of-the-state, Demodocus
 Was brought in by the good Pontonous.
 In midst of all the guests they gave him place,

Against a lofty pillar, when this grace
'The grac'd-with-wisdom did him: From the
chine,
Ulysses
and
Demo-
docus

That stood before him, of a white-tooth'd swine,
Being far the daintiest joint, mixt through
with fat, 640

He carv'd to him, and sent it where he sat
By his old friend the herald, willing thus :
'Herald ! reach this to grave Demodocus,
Say, I salute him, and his worth embrace.
Poets deserve, past all the human race,
Reverend respect and honour, since the queen
Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men,
'The Muse, informs them, and loves all their race.'

This reacht the herald to him, who the grace
Receiv'd encourag'd ; which, when feast was
spent, 650

Ulysses amplified to this ascent :

'Demodocus ! I must prefer you far,
Past all your sort, if, or the Muse of war,
Jove's daughter, prompts you, that the Greeks
respects,

Or if the Sun, that those of Troy affects.
For I have heard you, since my coming, sing
The fate of Greece to an admir'd string.
How much our sufferance was, how much we
wrought,

How much the actions rose to, when we fought.
So lively forming, as you had been there, 660
Or to some free relater lent your ear.
Forth then, and sing the wooden horse's frame,
Built by Epeus, by the martial Dame
Taught the whole fabric ; which, by force of
sleight,

The Ulysses brought into the city's height,
tale of When he had stuff'd it with as many men
Troy As levell'd lofty Ilion with the plain.
With all which if you can as well enchant,
As with expression quick and elegant
You sung the rest, I will pronounce you clear 670
Inspir'd by God, past all that ever were.'

This said, even stirr'd by God up, he began,
And to his song fell, past the forms of man,
Beginning where the Greeks aship-board went,
And every chief had set on fire his tent,
When th' other kings, in great Ulysses' guide,
In Troy's vast market place the horse did hide,
From whence the Trojans up to Ilion drew
The dreadful engine. Where sat all arew
Their kings about it ; many counsels given 680
How to dispose it. In three ways were driven
Their whole distractions. First, if they should
feel

The hollow wood's heart, searcht with piercing
steel ;

Or from the battlements drawn higher yet
Deject it headlong ; or that counterfet
So vast and novel set on sacred fire,
Vow'd to appease each anger'd Godhead's ire.
On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,
They then should have resolv'd ; th' unalter'd law
Of fate presaging, that Troy then should end 690
When th' hostile horse she should receive to friend,
For therein should the Grecian kings lie hid,
To bring the fate and death they after did.

He sung, besides, the Greeks' eruption
From those their hollow crafts, and horse fore-
gone ;

And how they made Depopulation tread sung by
 Beneath her feet so high a city's head. Demo-
 In which affair, he sung in other place, docus
 That of that ambush some man else did race
 The Ilion towers than Laertiades ; 700
 But here he sung, that he alone did seize,
 With Menelaus, the ascended roof
 Of prince Deiphobus, and Mars-like proof
 Made of his valour, a most dreadful fight
 Daring against him ; and there vanquisht quite,
 In little time, by great Minerva's aid,
 All Ilion's remnant, and Troy level laid.
 This the divine expressor did so give
 Both act and passion, that he made it live,
 And to Ulysses' facts did breath a fire 710
 So deadly quickning, that it did inspire
 Old death with life, and render'd life so sweet,
 And passionate, that all there felt it fleet ;
 Which made him pity his own cruelty,
 And put into that ruth so pure an eye
 Of human frailty, that to see a man
 Could so revive from death, yet no way can
 Defend from death, his own quick powers it
 made
 Feel there death's horrors, and he felt life fade,
 In tears his feeling brain swet ; for, in things 720
 That move past utterance, tears ope all their
 springs.
 Nor are there in the powers that all life bears
 More true interpreters of all than tears.
 And as a lady mourns her sole-lov'd lord,
 That fallen before his city by the sword,
 Fighting to rescue from a cruel fate
 His town and children, and in dead estate

Ulysses Yet panting, seeing him, wraps him in her arms,
weeps Weeps, shrieks, and pours her health into his arms,
thereat Lies on him, striving to become his shield 730

From foes that still assail him, spears impell'd
 Through back and shoulders, by whose points
 embrued,

They raise and lead him into servitude,
 Labour, and languor ; for all which the dame
 Eats down her cheeks with tears, and feeds
 life's flame

With miserable sufferance ; so this king
 Of tear-sweet anguish op'd a boundless spring ;
 Nor yet was seen to any one man there
 But king Alcinous, who sat so near
 He could not scape him, sighs, so chok'd, so
 brake 740

From all his tempers ; which the king did take
 Both note and grave respect of, and thus spake :
 ' Hear me, Phæacian counsellors and peers,
 And cease, Demodocus ; perhaps all ears
 Are not delighted with his song, for, ever
 Since the divine Muse sung, our guest hath never
 Contain'd from secret mournings. It may fall,
 That something sung he hath been grieved withall,
 As touching his particular. Forbear,
 That feast may jointly comfort all hearts here, 750
 And we may cheer our guest up ; tis our best
 In all due honour. For our reverend guest
 Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,
 His love hath added to our festival.

A guest, and suppliant too, we should esteem
 Dear as our brother, one that doth but dream
 He hath a soul, or touch but at a mind
 Deathless and manly, should stand so inclined.

Nor cloke you longer with your curious wit,
I lov'd guest, what ever we shall ask of it. 760
It now stands on your honest state to tell,
And therefore give your name, nor more conceal
What of your parents, and the town that bears
Name of your native, or of foreigners
That near us border, you are call'd in fame.
There's no man living walks without a name,
Noble nor base, but had one from his birth
Impos'd as fit as to be borne. What earth,
People, and city, own you, give to know.
Tell but our ships all, that your way must show. 770
For our ships know th' express'd minds of men,
And will so most intently retain
Their scopes appointed, that they never err,
And yet use never any man to steer,
Nor any rudders have, as others need.
They know men's thoughts, and whither tends
their speed,
And there will set them; for you cannot name
A city to them, nor fat soil, that Fame
Hath any notice given, but well they know,
And will fly to them, though they ebb and flow 780
In blackest clouds and nights; and never bear
Of any wrack or rock the slendrest fear.
But this I heard my sire Nausithous say
Long since, that Neptune, seeing us convey
So safely passengers of all degrees,
Was angry with us; and upon our seas
A well-built ship we had, near harbour come
From safe deduction of some stranger home,
Made in his flitting billows stick stone still;
And dimm'd our city, like a mighty hill 790
With shade cast round about it. This report,

The
king
stays the
singer

and asks The old king made ; in which miraculous sort,
 what If God had done such things, or left undone,
 cause for At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,
 tears And truth relate us ; both whence you err'd,
 And to what clime of men would be transferr'd,
 With all their fair towns, be they as they are,
 If rude, unjust, and all irregular,
 Or hospitable, bearing minds that please
 The mighty Deity. Which one of these 800
 You would be set at, say, and you are there.
 And therefore what afflicts you ? Why, to hear
 The fate of Greece and Ilion, mourn you so ?
 The Gods have done it ; as to all they do
 Destine destruction, that from thence may rise
 A poem to instruct posterities.
 Fell any kinsman before Ilion ?
 Some worthy sire-in-law, or like-near son,
 Whom next our own blood and self-race we love ?
 Or any friend perhaps, in whom did move 810
 A knowing soul, and no displeasing thing ?
 Since such a good one is no underling
 To any brother ; for, what fits true friends,
 True wisdom is, that blood and birth transcends.'

THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

ULYSSES here is first made known ;
Who tells the stern contention
His powers did gainst the Cicons try ;
And thence to the Lotophagi
Extends his conquest ; and from them
Assays the Cyclop Polypheme,
And, by the crafts his wits apply,
He puts him out his only eye.

ANOTHER

'Iōra. The strangely fed
Lotophagi.
The Cicons fled.
The Cyclop's eye.

ULYSSES thus resolv'd the king's demands :
'Alcinous, in whom this empire stands,
You should not of so natural right disherit
Your princely feast, as take from it the spirit.
To hear a poet, that in accent brings
The Gods' breasts down, and breathes them as
he sings,

Is sweet, and sacred ; nor can I conceive,
In any common-weal, what more doth give
Note of the just and blessed empery,
Than to see comfort universally 20
Cheer up the people, when in every roof
She gives observers a most human proof
Of men's contents. To see a neighbour's feast
Adorn it through ; and thereat hear the breast

Ulysses Of the divine Muse ; men in order set ;
tells his A wine-page waiting ; tables crown'd with meat,
name Set close to guests that are to use it skill'd ;
The cup-boards furnisht, and the cups still
fill'd ;

This shows, to my mind, most humanely fair.
Nor should you, for me, still the heavenly air, 20
That stirr'd my soul so ; for I love such tears
As fall from fit notes, beaten through mine ears
With repetitions of what heaven hath done,
And break from hearty apprehension
Of God and goodness, though they shew my ill.
And therefore doth my mind excite me still,
To tell my bleeding moan ; but much more now,
To serve your pleasure, that to over-flow
My tears with such cause may by sighs be driven,
Though ne'er so much plagued I may seem
by heaven. 30

And now my name ; which way shall lead to all
My miseries after, that their sounds may fall
Through your ears also, and shew (having fled
So much affliction) first, who rests his head
In your embraces, when, so far from home,
I knew not where t' obtain it resting room.

I am Ulysses Laertiades,
The fear of all the world for policies ;
For which my facts as high as heaven resound
I dwell in Ithaca, earth's most renown'd, 40
All over-shadow'd with the shake-leaf hill,
Tree-fam'd Neritus ; whose near confines fill
Islands a number, well-inhabited,
That under my observance taste their bread ;
Dulichius, Samos, and the full-of-food
Zacynthus, likewise grac'd with store of wood.

But Ithaca, though in the seas it lie, and
 Yet lies she so aloft, she casts her eye history
 Quite over all the neighbour continent ;
 Far northward situate, and, being lent 50
 But little favour of the morn and sun,
 With barren rocks and cliffs is over-run ;
 And yet of hardy youths a nurse of name ;
 Nor could I see a soil, where'er I came,
 More sweet and wishful. Yet, from hence was I
 Withheld with horror by the Deity,
 Divine Calypso, in her cavy house,
 Enflam'd to make me her sole lord and spouse.
 Circe *Ææa* too, that knowing dame,
 Whose veins the like affections did enflame, 60
 Detain'd me likewise. But to neither's love
 Could I be tempted ; which doth well approve,
 Nothing so sweet is as our country's earth,
 And joy of those from whom we claim our birth.
 Though roofs far richer we far off possess,
 Yet, from our native, all our more is less.
 To which as I contended, I will tell
 The much-distress-conferring facts that fell
 By Jove's divine prevention, since I set
 From ruin'd Troy my first foot in retreat. 70
 From Ilion, ill winds cast me on the coast
 The Cicons hold, where I employ'd mine host
 For Ismarus, a city built just by
 My place of landing ; of which Victory
 Made me expugner. I depeopled it,
 Slew all the men, and did their wives remit,
 With much spoil taken ; which we did divide,
 That none might need his part. I then applied
 All speed for flight ; but my command therein,
 Fools that they were, could no observance win 80

The Of many soldiers, who, with spoil fed high,
 fight Would yet fill higher, and excessively
 with the Fell to their wine, gave slaughter on the shore
 Cicons Cloven-footed beeves and sheep in mighty store.
 In mean space, Cicons did to Cicons cry,
 When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly
 Many and better soldiers made strong head,
 That held the continent, and managéd
 Their horse with high skill; on which they
 would fight,

When fittest cause serv'd, and again alight, 90
 With soon seen vantage, and on foot contend.
 Their concourse swift was, and had never end;
 As thick and sodain twas, as flowers and leaves
 Dark spring discovers, when she light receives.
 And then began the bitter Fate of Jove
 To alter us unhappy, which even strove
 To give us suffrance. At our fleet we made
 Enforcéd stand; and there did they invade
 Our thrust-up forces; darts encounter'd darts,
 With blows on both sides; either making parts 100
 Good upon either, while the morning shone,
 And sacred day her bright increase held on,
 Though much out-matcht in number; but as soon
 As Phœbus westward fell, the Cicons won
 Much hand of us; six provéd soldiers fell,
 Of every ship, the rest they did compell
 To seek of Flight escape from Death and Fate.

Thence sad in heart we sail'd; and yet our
 state
 Was something cheer'd, that (being over-matcht
 so much

In violent number) our retreat was such 110
 As sav'd so many. Our dear loss the less,

That they surviv'd, so like for like success.
 Yet left we not the coast, before we call'd
 Home to our country-earth the souls exhal'd
 Of all the friends the Cicons overcame.
 Thrice call'd we on them by their several name,
 And then took leave. Then from the angry
 North

**How they
 were tost
 on the
 waves**

Cloud-gathering Jove a dreadful storm call'd forth
 Against our navy, cover'd shore and all
 With gloomy vapours. Night did headlong fall
 From frowning heaven. And then hurl'd here
 and there

121

Was all our navy; the rude winds did tear
 In three, in four parts, all their sails; and down
 Driven under hatches were we, prest to drown.
 Up rusht we yet again, and with tough hand
 (Two days, two nights, entoil'd) we gat near land,
 Labours and sorrows eating up our minds.
 The third clear day yet, to more friendly winds
 We masts advanc'd, we white sails spread,
 and sate.

Forewinds and guides again did iterate
 Our ease and home-hopes; which we clear had
 reacht,

130

Had not, by chance, a sodain north-wind fetcht,
 With an extreme sea, quite about again
 Our whole endeavours, and our course constrain
 To giddy round, and with our bow'd sails greet
 Dreadful Maleia, calling back our fleet
 As far forth as Cythera. Nine days more
 Adverse winds tost me; and the tenth, the
 shore,

Where dwelt the blossom-fed Lotophagi,
 I fetcht, fresh water took in, instantly

140

With the Fell to our food aship-board, and then sent
Lotus- Two of my choice men to the continent
eaters (Adding a third, a herald) to discover
 What sort of people were the rulers over
 The land next to us. Where, the first they met,
 Were the Lotophagi, that made them eat
 Their country-diet, and no ill intent
 Hid in their hearts to them; and yet th' event
 To ill converted it, for, having eat
 Their dainty viands, they did quite forget 150
 (As all men else that did but taste their feast)
 Both country-men and country, nor address
 Any return t' inform what sort of men
 Made fixt abode there, but would needs maintain
 Abode themselves there, and eat that food ever.
 I made out after, and was fain to sever
 Th' enchanted knot by forcing their retreat,
 That striv'd, and wept, and would not leave
 their meat

For heaven itself. But, dragging them to fleet,
 I wrapt in sure bands both their hands and feet,
 And cast them under hatches, and away 161
 Commanded all the rest without least stay,
 Lest they should taste the lote too, and forget
 With such strange raptures their despis'd retreat.

All then aboard, we beat the sea with oars,
 And still with sad hearts sail'd by out-way shores,
 Till th' out-law'd Cyclops' land we fetcht; a race
 Of proud-liv'd loiterers, that never sow,
 Nor put a plant in earth, nor use a plow,
 But trust in God for all things; and their earth,
 Unsown, unplow'd, gives every offspring birth 171
 That other lands have; wheat, and barley, vines
 That bear in goodly grapes delicious wines;

And Jove sends showers for all. No counsels ^{The}
 there, ^{Cyclops'}
 Nor counsellors, nor laws ; but all men bear ^{isle}
 Their heads aloft on mountains, and those steep,
 And on their tops too ; and there houses keep
 In vaulty caves, their households govern'd all
 By each man's law, impos'd in several,
 Nor wife, nor child awed, but as he thinks good,
 None for another caring. But there stood 181
 Another little isle, well stor'd with wood,
 Betwixt this and the entry ; neither nigh
 The Cyclops' isle, nor yet far off doth lie.
 Men's want it suffered, but the men's supplies
 The goats made with their inarticulate cries.
 Goats beyond number this small island breeds,
 So tame, that no access disturbs their feeds,
 No hunters, that the tops of mountains scale,
 And rub through woods with toil, seek them
 at all. 190
 Nor is the soil with flocks fed down, nor plow'd,
 Nor ever in it any seed was sow'd.
 Nor place the neighbour Cyclops their delights
 In brave vermilion-prow-deckt ships ; nor
 wrights
 Useful, and skilful in such works as need
 Perfection to those trafficks that exceed
 Their natural confines, to fly out and see
 Cities of men, and take in mutually
 The praise of others ; to themselves they live,
 And to their island that enough would give 200
 A good inhabitant ; and time of year
 Observe to all things art could order there.
 There, close upon the sea, sweet meadows spring,
 That yet of fresh streams want no watering

How To their soft burthens, but of special yield.
 fertile Your vines would be there; and your common field
 was that But gentle work make for your plow, yet bear
 isle A lofty harvest when you came to shear;
 For passing fat the soil is. In it lies
 A harbour so oppórtune, that no ties, 210
 Halsers, or gables need, nor anchors cast.
 Whom storms put in there are with stay embrac'd,
 Or to their full wills safe, or winds aspire
 To pilots' uses their more quick desire.
 At entry of the haven, a silver ford
 Is from a rock-impressing fountain pour'd,
 All set with sable poplars. And this port
 Were we arriv'd at, by the sweet resort
 Of some God guiding us, for 'twas a night
 So ghastly dark all port was past our sight, 220
 Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the moon
 Afford a beam to us, the whole isle won
 By not an eye of ours. None thought the blore,
 That then was up, shov'd waves against the shore,
 That then to an unmeasur'd height put on;
 We still at sea esteem'd us, till alone
 Our fleet put in it self. And then were strook
 Our gather'd sails; our rest ashore we took,
 And day expected. When the morn gave fire,
 We rose, and walkt, and did the isle admire; 230
 The Nymphs, Jove's daughters, putting up a herd
 Of mountain goats to us, to render cheer'd
 My fellow soldiers. To our fleet we flew,
 Our crookéd bows took, long-pil'd darts, and drew
 Ourselves in three parts out; when, by the grace
 That God vouchsaft, we made a gainful chace.
 Twelve ships we had, and every ship had nine
 Fat goats allotted, ten only mine.

Thus all that day, even till the sun was set,
We sat and feasted, pleasant wine and meat 240
Plenteously taking; for we had not spent
Our ruddy wine aship-board, supplement
Of large sort each man to his vessel drew,
When we the sacred city overthrew
That held the Cicons. Now then saw we near
The Cyclops' late-prais'd island, and might hear
The murmur of their sheep and goats, and see
Their smokes ascend. The sun then set, and
we,
When night succeeded, took our rest ashore.
And when the world the morning's favour wore,
I call'd my friends to counsel, charging them 250
To make stay there, while I took ship and stream,
With some associates, and explor'd what men
The neighbour isle held; if of rude disdain,
Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewray'd
Pious and hospitable. Thus much said,
I boarded, and commanded to ascend
My friends and soldiers, to put off, and lend
Way to our ship. They boarded, sate, and beat
The old sea forth, till we might see the seat 260
The greatest Cyclop held for his abode,
Which was a deep cave, near the common road
Of ships that toucht there, thick with laurels
spread,
Where many sheep and goats lay shadow'd;
And, near to this, a hall of torn-up stone,
High built with pines, that heaven and earth attone,
And lofty-fronted oaks; in which kept house
A man in shape immane, and monstrous,
Fed all his flocks alone, nor would afford
Commerce with men, but had a wit abhorr'd, 270

The
Cyclops'
cave

Maro's His mind his body answering. Nor was he
choice Like any man that food could possibly
wine Enhance so hugely, but, beheld alone,
 Show'd like a steep hill's top, all overgrown
 With trees and brambles ; little thought had I
 Of such vast objects. When, arriv'd so nigh,
 Some of my lov'd friends I made stay aboard,
 To guard my ship, and twelve with me I shor'd,
 The choice of all. I took besides along
 A goat-skin flagon of wine, black and strong, 280
 That Maro did present, Evantheus' son,
 And priest to Phœbus, who had mansion
 In Thracian Ismarus (the town I took).
 He gave it me, since I (with reverence strook
 Of his grave place, his wife and children's good)
 Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood,
 Sacred to Phœbus, stood his house ; from whence
 He fetcht me gifts of varied excellence ;
 Seven talents of fine gold ; a bowl all fram'd
 Of massy silver ; but his gift most fam'd 290
 Was twelve great vessels, fill'd with such rich wine
 As was incorruptible and divine.
 He kept it as his jewel, which none knew
 But he himself, his wife, and he that drew.
 It was so strong, that never any fill'd
 A cup, where that was but by drops instill'd,
 And drunk it off, but twas before allay'd
 With twenty parts in water ; yet so sway'd
 The spirit of that little, that the whole
 A sacred odour breath'd about the bowl. 300
 Had you the odour smelt and scent it cast,
 It would have vext you to forbear the taste.
 But then, the taste gain'd too, the spirit it wrought
 To dare things high set up-an-end my thought.

Of this a huge great flagon full I bore,
 And, in a good large knapsack, victles store ;
 And long'd to see this heap of fortitude,
 That so illiterate was and upland rude
 That laws divine nor human he had learn'd.
 With speed we reacht the cavern ; nor discern'd
 His presence there, his flocks he fed at field. 311

Within
 the
 Cyclops'
 cave

Entring his den, each thing beheld did yield
 Our admiration ; shelves with cheeses heapt ;
 Sheds stuff with lambs and goats, distinctly kept,
 Distinct the biggest, the more mean distinct,
 Distinct the youngest. And in their precinct,
 Proper and placeful, stood the troughs and pails,
 In which he milk'd ; and what was given at meals,
 Set up a creaming ; in the evening still
 All scouring bright as dew upon the hill. 320

Then were my fellows instant to convey
 Kids, cheeses, lambs, aship-board, and away
 Sail the salt billow. I thought best not so,
 But better otherwise ; and first would know,
 What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew
 My friends on whom they would have prey'd.

His view

Prov'd after, that his inwards were too rough
 For such bold usage. We were bold enough
 In what I suffer'd ; which was there to stay,
 Make fire and feed there, though bear none away.
 There sate we, till we saw him feeding come, 331
 And on his neck a burthen lugging home,
 Most highly huge, of sere-wood, which the pile
 That fed his fire supplied all supper-while.
 Down by his den he threw it, and up rose
 A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we close
 Withdrew our selves, while he into a cave

The Of huge receipt his high-fed cattle drave,
 Cyclops' All that he milkt; the males he left without
 greeting His lofty roofs, that all bestrow'd about 340
 With rams and buck-goats were. And then a rock
 He lift aloft, that damm'd up to his flock
 The door they enter'd; twas so hard to wield,
 That two-and-twenty waggons, all four-wheel'd,
 (Could they be loaded, and have teams that were
 Proportion'd to them) could not stir it there.
 Thus making sure, he kneel'd and milkt his ewes,
 And braying goats, with all a milker's dues;
 Then let in all their young. Then quick did dress
 His half milk up for cheese, and in a press 350
 Of wicker press'd it; put in bowls the rest,
 To drink and eat, and serve his supping feast.

All works dispatcht thus, he began his fire;
 Which blown, he saw us, and did thus enquire:
 "Ho! guests! What are ye? Whence sail
 ye these seas?

Traffick, or rove ye, and like thieves oppress
 Poor strange adventurers, exposing so
 Your souls to danger, and your lives to woe?"

This utter'd he, when fear from our hearts took
 The very life, to be so thunder-strook 360
 With such a voice, and such a monster see;
 But thus I answer'd: "Erring Grecians, we
 From Troy were turning homewards, but by force
 Of adverse winds, in far diverted course,
 Such unknown ways took, and on rude seas tost,
 As Jove decreed, are cast upon this coast.
 Of Agamemnon, famous Atreus' son,
 We boast our selves the soldiers; who hath won
 Renown that reacheth heaven, to overthrow
 So great a city, and to ruin so 370

So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie
 Our prostrate bosoms, forc'd with prayers to try
 If any hospitable right, or boon
 Of other nature, such as have been won
 By laws of other houses, thou wilt give.
 Reverence the Gods, thou greatst of all that live.
 We suppliants are ; and hospitable Jove
 Pours wreak on all whom prayers want power
 to move,

He
 devours
 two of
 the men

And with their plagues together will provide
 That humble guests shall have their wants
 supplied."

380

He cruelly answer'd : " O thou fool," said he,
 " To come so far, and to importune me
 With any God's fear, or observ'd love !
 We Cyclops care not for your goat-fed Jove,
 Nor other Blest ones ; we are better far.
 To Jove himself dare I bid open war ;
 To thee, and all thy fellows, if I please.
 But tell me, where 's the ship, that by the seas
 Hath brought thee hither ? If far off, or near,
 Inform me quickly." These his temptings were ;
 But I too much knew not to know his mind, 391
 And craft with craft paid, telling him " the wind
 (Thrust up from sea by Him that shakes the shore)
 Had dasht our ships against his rocks, and tore
 Her ribs in pieces close upon his coast,
 And we from high wrack sav'd, the rest were lost."

He answer'd nothing, but rusht in, and took
 Two of my fellows up from earth, and strook
 Their brains against it. Like two whelps they flew
 About his shoulders, and did all embrue 400
 The blushing earth. No mountain lion tore
 Two lambs so sternly, lapt up all their gore

Their Guasht from their torn-up bodies, limb by limb
 evil case (Trembling with life yet) ravisht into him.
 in the Both flesh and marrow-stufféd bones he eat,
 cave And even th' uncleanséd entrails made his meat.
 We, weeping, cast our hands to heaven, to view
 A sight so horrid. Desperation flew,
 With all our after lives, to instant death,
 In our believ'd destruction. But when breath 410
 The fury of his appetite had got,
 Because the gulf his belly reacht his throat,
 Man's flesh, and goat's milk, laying layer on layer,
 Till near chokt up was all the pass for air,
 Along his den, amongst his cattle, down
 He rusht, and streakt him. When my mind
 was grown

Desperate to step in, draw my sword, and part
 His bosom where the strings about the heart
 Circle the liver, and add strength of hand.
 But that rash thought, more stay'd, did counter-
 mand, 420

For there we all had perisht, since it past
 Our powers to lift aside a log so vast,
 As barr'd all outscapè; and so sigh'd away
 The thought all night, expecting active day.
 Which come, he first of all his fire enflames,
 Then milks his goats and ewes, then to their dams
 Lets in their young, and, wondrous orderly,
 With manly haste dispatcht his housewifery.
 Then to his breakfast, to which other two
 Of my poor friends went; which eat, out then go
 His herds and fat flocks, lightly putting by 431
 The churlish bar, and clos'd it instantly;
 For both those works with ease as much he did,
 As you would ope and shut your quiver lid.

With storms of whistlings then his flock he drave **The**
 Up to the mountains ; and occasion gave **club of**
 For me to use my wits, which to their height **olive**
 I striv'd to screw up, that a vengeance might **wood**
 By some means fall from thence, and Pallas now
 Afford a full ear to my neediest vow. 440
 This then my thoughts preferr'd: A huge club
 lay

Close by his milk-house, which was now in way
 To dry and season, being an olive-tree
 Which late he fell'd, and, being green, must be
 Made lighter for his manage. 'Twas so vast,
 That we resembled it to some fit mast,
 To serve a ship of burthen that was driven
 With twenty oars, and had a bigness given
 To bear a huge sea. Full so thick, so tall,
 We judg'd this club; which I, in part, hew'd
 small, 450

And cut a fathom off. The piece I gave
 Amongst my soldiers, to take down, and shave ;
 Which done, I sharpen'd it at top, and then,
 Harden'd in fire, I hid it in the den
 Within a nasty dunghill reeking there,
 Thick, and so moist it issued everywhere.
 Then made I lots cast by my friends to try
 Whose fortune serv'd to dare the bor'd-out eye
 Of that man-eater ; and the lot did fall
 On four I wisht to make my aid of all, 460
 And I the fift made, chosen like the rest.

Then came the even, and he came from the feast
 Of his fat cattle, drave in all, nor kept
 One male abroad ; if, or his memory slept
 By Gods' direct will, or of purpose was
 His driving in of all then, doth surpass

Cyclops My comprehension. But he clos'd again
enjoys The mighty bar, milkt, and did still maintain
the wine All other observation as before.

His work all done, two of my soldiers more 470
At once he snatcht up, and to supper went.
Then dar'd I words to him, and did present
A bowl of wine, with these words: "Cyclop! take
A bowl of wine, from my hand, that may make
Way for the man's flesh thou hast eat, and show
What drink our ship held; which in sacred vow
I offer to thee to take ruth on me

In my dismission home. Thy rages be
Now no more sufferable. How shall men,
Mad and inhuman that thou art, again 480
Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,
If thus thou ragest, and eatst up their race."

He took, and drunk, and vehemently joy'd
To taste the sweet cup; and again employ'd
My flagon's powers, entreating more, and said:
"Good guest, again afford my taste thy aid,
And let me know thy name, and quickly now,
That in thy recompense I may bestow
A hospitable gift on thy desert,
And such a one as shall rejoice thy heart. 490
For to the Cyclops too the gentle earth
Bears generous wine, and Jove augments her birth,
In store of such, with showers; but this rich wine
Fell from the river, that is mere divine,
Of nectar and ambrosia." This again
I gave him, and again; nor could the fool abstain,
But drunk as often. When the noble juice
Had wrought upon his spirit, I then gave use
To fairer language, saying: "Cyclop! now,
As thou demandst, I'll tell my name, do thou 500

The
blinding
of the
Cyclops

Make good thy hospitable gift to me.
My name is No-man ; No-man each degree
Of friends, as well as parents, call my name."
He answer'd, as his cruel soul became :
"No-man ! I'll eat thee last of all thy friends ;
And this is that in which so much amends
I vow'd to thy deservings, thus shall be
My hospitable gift made good to thee."
This said, he upwards fell, but then bent round
His fleshy neck ; and Sleep, with all crowns
crown'd, 510

Subdued the savage. From his throat brake out
My wine, with man's-flesh gobbets, like a spout,
When, loaded with his cups, he lay and snor'd ;
And then took I the club's end up, and gor'd
The burning coal-heap, that the point might heat ;
Confirm'd my fellow's minds, lest Fear should let
Their vow'd assay, and make them fly my aid.
Straight was the olive-lever, I had laid
Amidst the huge fire to get hardning, hot,
And glow'd extremely, though 'twas green ;
which got 520

From forth the cinders, close about me stood
My hardy friends ; but that which did the good
Was God's good inspiration, that gave
A spirit beyond the spirit they us'd to have ;
Who took the olive spar, made keen before,
And plung'd it in his eye, and up I bore,
Bent to the top close, and helpt pour it in,
With all my forces. And as you have seen
A ship-wright bore a naval beam, he oft
Thrusts at the auger's froofe, works still aloft, 530
And at the shank help others, with a cord
Wound round about to make it sooner bor'd,

Ulysses' All plying the round still ; so into his eye
 trick The fiery stake we labour'd to imply.
 Out gusht the blood that scalded, his eye-ball
 Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorcht all
 His brows and eye-lids, his eye-strings did crack,
 As in the sharp and burning rafter brake.
 And as a smith, to harden any tool,
 Broad axe, or mattock, in his trough doth cool 540
 The red-hot substance, that so fervent is
 It makes the cold wave straight to seethe and hiss ;
 So sod and hiss'd his eye about the stake.
 He roar'd withal, and all his cavern brake
 In claps like thunder. We did frighted fly,
 Disperst in corners. He from forth his eye
 The fixéd stake pluckt ; after which the blood
 Flow'd freshly forth ; and, mad, he hurl'd the
 wood

About his hovel. Out he then did cry
 For other Cyclops, that in caverns by 550
 Upon a windy promontory dwell'd ;
 Who, hearing how impetuously he yell'd,
 Rusht every way about him, and enquir'd,
 What ill afflicted him, that he exspir'd
 Such horrid clamours, and in sacred Night
 To break their sleeps so ? Askt him, if his fright
 Came from some mortal that his flocks had driven ?
 Or if by craft, or might, his death were given ?
 He answer'd from his den : " By craft, nor might,
 No-man hath given me death." They then
 said right, 560

' If no man hurt thee, and thy self alone,
 That which is done to thee by Jove is done ;
 And what great Jove inflicts no man can fly.
 Pray to thy Father yet, a Deity,

And prove, from him if thou canst help acquire.' **How**
 Thus spake they, leaving him; when all **they**
 on fire **were**
saved

My heart with joy was, that so well my wit
 And name deceiv'd him; whom now pain did split,
 And groaning up and down he groping tried
 To find the stone, which found, he put aside; 570
 But in the door sate, feeling if he could
 (As his sheep issued) on some man lay hold;
 Esteeming me a fool, that could devise
 No stratagem to scape his gross surprise.
 But I, contending what I could invent
 My friends and me from death so eminent
 To get deliver'd, all my wiles I wove
 (Life being the subject) and did this approve:
 Fat fleecy rams, most fair, and great, lay there,
 That did a burthen like a violet bear. 580
 These, while this learn'd-in-villainy did sleep,
 I yokt with osiers cut there, sheep to sheep,
 Three in a rank, and still the mid sheep bore
 A man about his belly, the two more
 Marcht on his each side for defence. I then,
 Chusing myself the fairest of the den,
 His fleecy belly under-crept, embrac'd
 His back, and in his rich wool wrapt me fast
 With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.
 And thus each man hung, till the morning
 shin'd; 590
 Which come, he knew the hour, and let abroad
 His male-flocks first, the females unmilkt stood
 Bleating and braying, their full bags so sore
 With being unemptied, but their shepherd more
 With being unsighted; which was cause his mind
 Went not a milking. He, to wreak enclin'd,

Cyclops The backs felt, as they past, of those male
and the dams,
ram

Gross fool! believing, we would ride his rams!
Nor ever knew that any of them bore
Upon his belly any man before. 600

The last ram came to pass him, with his wool
And me together loaded to the full,
For there did I hang; and that ram he stay'd,
And me withal had in his hands, my head
Troubled the while, not causelessly, nor least.
This ram he grop't, and talkt to: "Lazy beast!
Why last art thou now? Thou hast never us'd
To lag thus hindmost, but still first hast bruis'd
The tender blossom of a flower, and held
State in thy steps, both to the flood and field, 610
First still at fold at even, now last remain?
Dost thou not wish I had mine eye again,
Which that abhorr'd man No-man did put out,
Assisted by his execrable rout,
When he had wrought me down with wine?

But he

Must not escape my wreak so cunningly.
I would to heav'n thou knewst, and could but
speak,

To tell me where he lurks now! I would break
His brain about my cave, strew'd here and there,
To ease my heart of those foul ill, that were 620
Th' inflictions of a man I priz'd at nought."

Thus let he him abroad; when I, once brought
A little from his hold, myself first loos'd,
And next my friends. Then drave we, and
dispos'd,

His straight-legg'd fat fleece-bearers over land,
Even till they all were in my ship's command;

And to our lov'd friends show'd our pray'd-for sight, **Ulysses**
Escapt from death. But, for our loss, outright **taunts**
They brake in tears ; which with a look I stay'd, **him**

And bade them take our boot in. They obey'd,
And up we all went, sate, and us'd our oars. 631
But having left as far the savage shores

As one might hear a voice, we then might see
The Cyclop at the haven ; when instantly
I stay'd our oars, and this insultance us'd :
" Cyclop ! thou shouldst not have so much abus'd
Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least
Against a man immortal, and a guest,
And eat his fellows. Thou mightst know there
were

Some ills behind, rude swain, for thee to bear, 640
That fear'd not to devour thy guests, and break
All laws of humans. Jove sends therefore wreak,
And all the Gods, by me." This blew the more
His burning fury ; when the top he tore
From off a huge rock, and so right a throw
Made at our ship, that just before the prow
It overflow and fell, mist mast and all
Exceeding little ; but about the fall
So fierce a wave it rais'd, that back it bore
Our ship so far, it almost toucht the shore. 650

A bead-hook then, a far-extended one,
I snatcht up, thrust hard, and so set us gone
Some little way ; and straight commanded all
To help me with their oars, on pain to fall
Again on our confusion. But a sign
I with my head made, and their oars were mine
In all performance. When we off were set,
(Then first, twice further) my heart was so great,

and tells It would again provoke him, but my men
 his name On all sides rusht about me, to contain, 660
 And said: "Unhappy! why will you provoke
 A man so rude, that with so dead a stroke,
 Given with his rock-dart, made the sea thrust back
 Our ship so far, and near hand forc'd our wrack?
 Should he again but hear your voice resound,
 And any word reach, thereby would be found
 His dart's direction, which would, in his fall,
 Crush piece-meal us, quite split our ship and all;
 So much dart wields the monster." Thus
 urg'd they

Impossible things, in fear; but I gave way 670
 To that wrath which so long I held deprest,
 By great Necessity conquer'd, in my breast:
 "Cyclop! if any ask thee, who impos'd
 Th' unsightly blemish that thine eye enclos'd,
 Say that Ulysses, old Laertes' son,
 Whose seat is Ithaca, and who hath won
 Surname of City-razer, bor'd it out."

At this, he bray'd so loud, that round about
 He drave affrighted echos through the air,
 And said: "O beast! I was premonisht fair, 680
 By aged prophecy, in one that was
 A great and good man, this should come to pass;
 And how tis prov'd now! Augur Telemus,
 Surnam'd Eurymides (that spent with us
 His age in augury, and did exceed
 In all presage of truth) said all this deed
 Should this event take, author'd by the hand
 Of one Ulysses, who I thought was mann'd
 With great and goodly personage, and bore
 A virtue answerable; and this shore 690
 Should shake with weight of such a conqueror;

When now a weakling came, a dwarfy thing,
 A thing of nothing ; who yet wit did bring,
 That brought supply to all, and with his wine
 Put out the flame where all my light did shine.
 Come, land again, Ulysses ! that my hand
 May guest-rites give thee, and the great command,
 That Neptune hath at sea, I may convert
 To the deduction where abides thy heart,
 With my solicitings, whose son I am, 700
 And whose fame boasts to bear my father's
 name.

He
 curses
 Ulysses

Nor think my hurt offends me, for my sire
 Can soon re-pose in it the visual fire,
 At his free pleasure ; which no power beside
 Can boast, of men, or of the Deified."

I answer'd : "Would to God I could compell
 Both life and soul from thee, and send to hell
 Those spoils of nature ! Hardly Neptune then
 Could cure thy hurt, and give thee all again."

Then flew fierce vows to Neptune, both his
 hands 710
 To star-borne heaven cast : "O thou that all lands
 Girdst in thy ambient circle, and in air
 Shak'st the curl'd tresses of thy sapphire hair,
 If I be thine, or thou mayst justly vaunt
 Thou art my father, hear me now, and grant
 That this Ulysses, old Laertes' son,
 That dwells in Ithaca, and name hath won
 Of City-ruiner, may never reach
 His natural region. Or if to fetch
 That, and the sight of his fair roofs and friends,
 Be fatal to him, let him that amends 721
 For all his miseries, long time and ill,
 Smart for, and fail of ; nor that fate fulfill,

They Till all his soldiers quite are cast away
make the In others' ships. And when, at last, the day
other Of his sole-landing shall his dwelling show,
island Let Detriment prepare him wrongs enow."
Thus pray'd he Neptune; who, his sire,
appear'd,
And all his prayer to every syllable heard.
But then a rock, in size more amplified 730
Than first, he ravisht to him, and implied
A dismal strength in it, when, wheel'd about,
He sent it after us; nor flew it out
From any blind aim, for a little pass
Beyond our fore-deck from the fall there was,
With which the sea our ship gave back upon,
And shrunk up into billows from the stone,
Our ship again repelling, near as near
The shore as first. But then our rowers were,
Being warn'd, more arm'd, and stronglier
stemm'd the flood 740
That bore back on us, till our ship made good
The other island, where our whole fleet lay,
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay,
And every minute lookt when we should land.
Where, now arriv'd, we drew up to the sand,
The Cyclop's sheep dividing, that none there
Of all our privates might be wrung, and bear
Too much on power. The ram yet was alone
By all my friends made all my portion
Above all others; and I made him then 750
A sacrifice for me and all my men
To cloud-compelling Jove that all commands,
To whom I burn'd the thighs; but my sad hands
Receiv'd no grace from him, who studied how
To offer men and fleet to overthrow.

All day, till sun-set, yet, we sate and eat, **They**
And liberal store took in of wine and meat. **sail away**
The sun then down, and place resign'd to shade,
We slept. Morn came, my men I rais'd, and
 made
All go aboard, weigh anchor, and away. 760
They boarded, sate, and beat the aged sea ;
And forth we made sail, sad for loss before,
And yet had comfort since we lost no more.'

THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

ULYSSES now relates to us
The grace he had with Æolus,
Great Guardian of the hollow Winds ;
Which in a leather bag he binds,
And gives Ulysses ; all but one,
Which Zephyr was, who fill'd alone
Ulysses' sails. The bag once seen,
While he slept, by Ulysses' men,
They thinking it did gold inclose,
To find it, all the winds did loose,
Who back flew to their guard again.
Forth sail'd he ; and did next attain
To where the Læstrygonians dwell.
Where he eleven ships lost, and fell
On the Ææan coast, whose shore
He sends Eurylochus t' explore,
Dividing with him half his men.
Who go, and turn no more again,
All, save Eurylochus, to swine
By Circe turn'd. Their stays incline
Ulysses to their search ; who got
Of Mercury an antidote,
Which moly was, gainst Circe's charms,
And so avoids his soldiers' harms.
A year with Circe all remain,
And then their native forms regain.
On utter shores a time they dwell,
While Ithacus descends to hell.

ANOTHER

Kárra. Great Æolus,
And Circe, friends
Finds Ithacus ;
And hell descends.

'To the Æolian island we attain'd,
That swum about still on the sea, where reign'd The bag
of winds
The God-lov'd Æolus Hippotades.
A wall of steel it had; and in the seas
A wave-beat-smooth rock mov'd about the wall.
Twelve children in his house imperial
Were born to him; of which six daughters were,
And six were sons, that youth's sweet flower
did bear.

His daughters to his sons he gave as wives;
Who spent in feastfull comforts all their lives, 10
Close seated by their sire and his grave spouse.
Past number were the dishes that the house
Made ever savour; and still full the hall
As long as day shin'd; in the night-time, all
Slept with their chaste wives, each his fair
carv'd bed

Most richly furnisht; and this life they led.

We reacht the city and fair roofs of these,
Where, a whole moneth's time, all things that
might please

The king vouchsaft us; of great Troy inquir'd,
The Grecian fleet, and how the Greeks retir'd.
To all which I gave answer as behov'd. 21

The fit time come when I dismission mov'd,
He nothing would deny me, but address
My pass with such a bounty, as might best
Teach me contentment; for he did enfold
Within an ox-hide, flay'd at nine years old,
All th' airy blasts that were of stormy kinds.
Saturnius made him Steward of his Winds,
And gave him power to raise and to assuage.
And these he gave me, curb'd thus of their rage,
Which in a glittering silver band I bound, 31

The And hung-up in my ship, enclos'd so round
 crew That no egression any breath could find ;
 open the Only he left abroad the Western Wind,
 wind-bag To speed our ships and us with blasts secure.
 But our securities made all unsure ;
 Nor could he consummate our course alone,
 When all the rest had got egression.
 Which thus succeeded ; Nine whole days and
 nights
 We sail'd in safety ; and the tenth, the lights 40
 Borne on our country-earth we might descry,
 So near we drew ; and yet even then fell I,
 Being overwatcht, into a fatal sleep,
 For I would suffer no man else to keep
 The foot that rul'd my vessel's course, to lead
 The faster home. My friends then Envy fed
 About the bag I hung up, and suppos'd
 That gold and silver I had there enclos'd,
 As gift from Æolus, and said : " O heaven !
 What grace and grave price is by all men given
 To our commander ! Whatsoever coast 51
 Or town he comes to, how much he engrost
 Of fair and precious prey, and brought from Troy !
 We the same voyage went, and yet enjoy
 In our return these empty hands for all.
 This bag, now, Æolus was so liberal
 To make a guest-gift to him ; let us try
 Of what consists the fair-bound treasury,
 And how much gold and silver it contains." 60
Ill counsel present approbation gains.
 They op'd the bag, and out the vapours brake,
 When instant tempest did our vessel take,
 That bore us back to sea, to mourn anew
 Our absent country. Up amaz'd I flew,

And desperate things discourst; if I should cast **Ulysses**
Myself to ruin in the seas, or taste **returns to**
Amongst the living more moan, and sustain? **Æolus**
Silent, I did so, and lay hid again
Beneath the hatches, while an ill wind took
My ships back to Æolia, my men strook 70
With woe enough. We pumpt and landed
then,
Took food, for all this; and of all my men
I took a herald to me, and away
Went to the court of Æolus, where they
Were feasting still; he, wife, and children, set
Together close. We would not at their meat
Thrust in; but humbly on the threshold sat.
He then, amaz'd, my presence wonder'd at,
And call'd to me: "Ulysses! How thus back
Art thou arriv'd here? What foul spirit brake
Into thy bosom, to retire thee thus? 81
We thought we had deduction curious
Giv'n thee before, to reach thy shore and home;
Did it not like thee?" I, even overcome
With worthy sorrow, answer'd: "My ill men
Have done me mischief, and to them hath been
My sleep th' unhappy motive; but do you,
Dearest of friends, deign succour to my vow.
Your powers command it." Thus endeavour'd I
With soft speech to repair my misery. 90
The rest with ruth sat dumb. But thus spake he:
"Avaunt, and quickly quit my land of thee,
Thou worst of all that breathe. It fits not me
To convoy, and take in, whom heavens expose.
Away, and with thee go the worst of woes,
That seek'st my friendship, and the Gods thy
foes."

Thus he dismiss me sighing. Forth we
 sail'd,
 The land
 of the
 midnight
 sun
 At heart afflicted. And now wholly fail'd
 The minds my men sustain'd, so spent they were
 With toiling at their oars, and worse did bear too
 Their growing labours; and they caused their
 grought
 By self-will'd follies; nor now ever thought
 To see their country more. Six nights and days
 We sail'd; the seventh we saw fair Lamos raise
 Her lofty towers, the Læstrygonian state
 That bears her ports so far disternate;
 Where shepherd shepherd calls out, he at home
 Is call'd out by the other that doth come
 From charge abroad, and then goes he to sleep,
 The other issuing; he whose turn doth keep 110
 The night observance hath his double hire,
 Since day and night in equal length expire
 About that region, and the night's watch weigh'd
 At twice the day's ward, since the charge that's
 laid
 Upon the nights-man (besides breach of sleep)
 Exceeds the days-man's; for one oxen keep,
 The other sheep. But when the haven we found,
 (Exceeding famous, and environ'd round
 With one continue rock, which so much bent
 That both ends almost met, so prominent 120
 They were, and made the haven's mouth passing
 strait)
 Our whole fleet in we got; in whose receipt
 Our ships lay anchor'd close. Nor needed we
 Fear harm on any stays, Tranquillity
 So purely sat there, that waves great nor small
 Did ever rise to any height at all.

And yet would I no entry make, but stay'd
Alone without the haven, and thence survey'd,
From out a lofty watch-tower rais'd there,
The country round about; nor anywhere 130
The work of man or beast appear'd to me,
Only a smoke from earth break I might see.
I then made choice of two, and added more,
A herald for associate, to explore
What sort of men liv'd there. They went,
and saw
A beaten way, through which carts us'd to draw
Wood from the high hills to the town, and met
A maid without the port, about to get
Some near spring-water. She the daughter was
Of mighty Læstrygonian Antiphas, 140
And to the clear spring call'd Artacia went,
To which the whole town for their water sent.
To her they came, and askt who govern'd there,
And what the people whom he order'd were?
She answer'd not, but led them through the port,
As making haste to show her father's court.
Where enter'd, they beheld, to their affright,
A woman like a mountain-top in height,
Who rusht abroad, and from the council-place
Call'd home her horrid husband Antiphas. 150
Who, deadly-minded, straight he snatcht up one,
And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone;
And to the fleet came. Antiphas a cry
Drove through the city; which heard, instantly
This way and that innumerable sorts,
Not men, but giants, issued through the ports,
And mighty flints from rocks tore, which they
threw
Amongst our ships; through which an ill noise flew

The
giant
cannibals

One ship Of shiver'd ships, and life-expiring men,
 escapes That were, like fishes, by the monsters slain, 160
 And borne to sad feast. While they slaughter'd
 these,

That were engag'd in all th' advantages
 The close-mouth'd and most dead-calm haven
 could give,

I, that without lay, made some means to live,
 My sword drew, cut my gables, and to oars
 Set all my men; and, from the plagues those shores
 Let fly amongst us, we made haste to fly,
 My men close working as men loth to die.
 My ship flew freely off; but theirs that lay
 On heaps in harbours could enforce no way 170
 Through these stern fates that had engag'd them
 there.

Forth our sad remnant sail'd, yet still retain'd
 The joys of men, that our poor few remain'd.

Then to the isle *Ææa* we attain'd,
 Where fair-hair'd, dreadful, eloquent *Circe*
 reign'd,

Ææta's sister both by dame and sire,
 Both daughters to Heaven's man-enlightning
 Fire,

And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begat.

The ship-fit port here soon we landed at,
 Some God directing us. Two days, two nights
 We lay here pining in the fatal spights 181
 Of toil and sorrow; but the next third day
 When fair *Aurora* had inform'd, quick way
 I made out of my ship, my sword and lance
 Took for my surer guide, and made advance
 Up to a prospect; I assay to see
 The works of men, or hear mortality

Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height, **Ulysses**
 Rough and right hardly accessible, I might **slays a**
 Behold from Circe's house, that in a grove **hart** 190
 Set thick with trees stood, a bright vapour move.
 I then grew curious in my thought to try
 Some fit inquiry, when so spritely fly
 I saw the yellow smoke; but my discourse
 A first retiring to my ship gave force,
 To give my men their dinner, and to send
 (Before th' adventure of myself) some friend.
 Being near my ship, of one so desolate
 Some God had pity, and would recreate
 My woes a little, putting up to me 200
 A great and high-palm'd hart, that (fatally,
 Just in my way it self to taste a flood)
 Was then descending; the sun heat had sure
 Importun'd him, besides the temperature
 His natural heat gave. Howsoever, I
 Made up to him, and let my javelin fly,
 That struck him through the mid-part of his chine,
 And made him, braying, in the dust confine
 His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew;
 When I stept in, and from the death's wound drew
 My shrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie 211
 Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply
 A withe a fathom long, with which his feet
 I made together in a sure league meet,
 Stoopt under him, and to my neck I heav'd
 The mighty burden, of which I receiv'd
 A good part on my lance, for else I could
 By no means with one hand alone uphold
 (Join'd with one shoulder) such a deathfull load.
 And so, to both my shoulders, both hands stood
 Needful assistants; for it was a deer 221

They Goodly-well-grown. When (coming something
make near
merry Where rode my ships) I cast it down, and rear'd
for the My friends with kind words ; whom by name I
nonce cheer'd,

In note particular, and said : " See, friends,
 We will not yet to Pluto's house ; our ends
 Shall not be hasten'd, though we be declin'd
 In cause of comfort, till the day design'd
 By Fate's fixt finger. Come, as long as food
 Or wine lasts in our ship, let's spirit our blood,
 And quit our care and hunger both in one." 231

This said, they frolickt, came, and lookt upon
 With admiration the huge-bodied beast ;
 And when their first-serv'd eyes had done their
 feast,

They washt, and made a to-be-striv'd-for meal
 In point of honour. On which all did dwell
 The whole day long. And, to our venison's store,
 We added wine till we could wish no more.

Sun set, and darkness up, we slept, till light
 Put darkness down ; and then did I excite 240
 My friends to counsel, uttering this : " Now, friends,
 Afford unpassionate ear ; though ill Fate lends
 So good cause to your passion, no man knows
 The reason whence and how the darkness grows ;
 The reason how the morn is thus begun ;
 The reason how the man-enlightning sun
 Dives under earth ; the reason how again
 He rears his golden head. Those counsels, then,
 That pass our comprehension, we must leave
 To him that knows their causes ; and receive 250
 Direction from him in our acts, as far
 As he shall please to make them regular,

And stoop them to our reason. In our state Ulysses
 What then behoves us? Can we estimate, proposes
 With all our counsels, where we are? Or know to ex-
 (Without instruction, past our own skills) how, plore
 Put off from hence, to steer our course the more?
 I think we can not. We must then explore
 These parts for information; in which way
 We thus far are: Last morn I might display 260
 (From off a high-rais'd cliff) an island lie
 Girt with th' unmeasur'd sea, and is so nigh
 That in the midst I saw the smoke arise
 Through tufts of trees. 'This rests then to advise,
 Who shall explore this?' This struck dead
 their hearts,
 Remembering the most execrable parts
 That Læstrygonian Antiphas had play'd,
 And that foul Cyclop that their fellows bray'd
 Betwixt his jaws; which mov'd them so, they
 cried.
 But idle tears had never wants supplied. 270
 I in two parts divided all, and gave
 To either part his captain. I must have
 'The charge of one; and one of God-like look,
 Eurylochus, the other. Lots we shook,
 Put in a casque together, which of us
 Should lead th' attempt; and twas Eurylochus.
 He freely went, with two-and-twenty more;
 All which took leave with tears; and our eyes wore
 The same wet badge of weak humanity.
 These in a dale did Circe's house descry, 280
 Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way.
 Before her gates hill-wolves, and lions, lay;
 Which with her virtuous drugs so tame she made,
 That wolf nor lion would one man invade

The tame wild beasts With any violence, but all arose,
 Their huge long tails wagg'd, and in fawns would
 close,
 As loving dogs, when masters bring them home
 Relicks of feast, in all observance come,
 And soothe their entries with their fawns and
 bounds,
 All guests still bringing some scraps for their
 hounds ; 290
 So, on these men, the wolves and lions ramp't,
 Their horrid paws set up. Their spirits were
 damp't
 To see such monstrous kindness, stay'd at gate,
 And heard within the Goddess elevate
 A voice divine, as at her web she wrought,
 Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought,
 As all the housewiferies of Deities are.
 To hear a voice so ravishingly rare,
 Polités (one exceeding dear to me,
 A prince of men, and of no mean degree 300
 In knowing vertue, in all acts whose mind
 Discreet cares all ways us'd to turn, and wind)
 Was yet surpris'd with it, and said : " O friends,
 Some one abides within here, that commends
 The place to us, and breathes a voice divine,
 As she some web wrought, or her spindle's twine
 She cherisht with her song ; the pavement rings
 With imitation of the tunes she sings.
 Some woman, or some Goddess, tis. Assay
 To see with knocking." Thus said he, and
 they 310
 Both knockt, and call'd ; and straight her
 shining gates
 She open'd, issuing, bade them in to cates.

Led, and unwise, they follow'd ; all but one, **Circe**
 Which was Eurylochus, who stood alone **trans-**
 Without the gates, suspicious of a sleight. **forms the**
 They enter'd, she made sit ; and her deceit **sailors**
 She cloakt with thrones, and goodly chairs **into**
 of state ; **swine**

Set herby honey, and the delicate
 Wine brought from Smyrna, to them ; meal
 and cheese ;

But harmful venoms she commixt with these, 320
 That made their country vanish from their thought.
 Which eat, she toucht them with a rod that
 wrought

Their transformation far past human wonts ;
 Swine's snouts, swine's bodies took they, bristles,
 grunts,

But still retain'd the souls they had before,
 Which made them mourn their bodies' change
 the more.

She shut them straight in styes, and gave them meat,
 Oak-mast, and beech, and cornel-fruit, they eat,
 Groveling like swine on earth, in foulest sort.

Eurylochus straight hasted the report 330
 Of this his fellows' most remorseful fate,
 Came to the ships, but so excruciate

Was with his woe, he could not speak a word,
 His eyes stood full of tears, which show'd how
 stor'd

His mind with moan remain'd. We all admir'd,
 Ask'd what had chanc'd him, earnestly desir'd
 He would resolve us. At the last, our eyes
 Enflam'd in him his fellows' memories,
 And out his grief burst thus : "You will'd ;
 we went

Eury- Through those thick woods you saw ; when a
 lochus descent 340
 tells the Show'd us a fair house, in a lightsome ground,
 tale Where, at some work, we heard a heavenly sound
 Breath'd from a Goddess', or a woman's, breast.
 They knock'd, she op'd her bright gates ; each
 her guest

Her fair invitement made ; nor would they stay,
 Fools that they were, when she once led the way.
 I enter'd not, suspecting some deceit.
 When all together vanish'd, nor the sight
 Of any one (though long I lookt) mine eye
 Could any way discover." Instantly, 350
 My sword and bow reach'd, I bad show the place,
 When down he fell, did both my knees embrace,
 And pray'd with tears thus : " O thou kept of God,
 Do not thyself lose, nor to that abode
 Lead others rashly ; both thyself, and all
 Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall
 In one sure ruin. With these few then fly ;
 We yet may shun the others' destiny."

I answered him : " Eurylochus ! stay thou,
 And keep the ship then, eat and drink ; I now 360
 Will undertake th' adventure ; there is cause
 In great Necessity's unalter'd laws."
 This said, I left both ship and seas, and on
 Along the sacred valleys all alone
 Went in discovery, till at last I came
 Where of the main-medicine-making Dame
 I saw the great house ; where encounter'd me
 The golden-rod-sustaining Mercury,
 Even entering Circe's doors. He met me in
 A young man's likeness, of the first-flower'd
 chin, 370

Whose form hath all the grace of one so young. **The herb**
 He first call'd to me, then my hand he wrung, **Moly**
 And said: "Thou no-place-finding-for-repose,
 Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes
 Thy erring foot? 'Th' art entering Circe's house,
 Where, by her medicines, black, and sorcerous,
 Thy soldiers all are shut in well-arm'd styes,
 And turn'd to swine. Art thou arriv'd with prize
 Fit for their ransoms? 'Thou com'st out no more,
 If once thou enterst, like thy men before 380
 Made to remain here. But I'll guard thee free,
 And save thee in her spite. Receive of me
 This fair and good receipt; with which once arm'd,
 Enter her roofs, for th' art to all proof charm'd
 Against the ill day. I will tell thee all
 Her baneful counsel: With a festival
 She'll first receive thee, but will spice thy bread
 With flowery poisons; yet unaltered
 Shall thy firm form be, for this remedy
 Stands most approv'd gainst all her sorcery, 390
 Which thus particularly shun: When she
 Shall with her long rod strike thee, instantly
 Draw from thy thigh thy sword, and fly on her
 As to her slaughter. She, surpris'd with fear
 And love, at first, will bid thee to her bed.
 Nor say the Goddess nay, that welcoméd
 Thou mayst with all respect be, and procure
 Thy fellows' freedoms. But before, make sure
 Her favours to thee; and the great oath take
 With which the blesséd Gods assurance make 400
 Of all they promise; that no prejudice
 (By stripping thee of form, and faculties)
 She may so much as once attempt on thee."
 This said, he gave his antidote to me,

How he Which from the earth he pluckt, and told me all
 was re- The vertue of it, with what Deities call
 ceived of The name it bears ; and Moly they impose
 Circe For name to it. The root is hard to loose
 From hold of earth by mortals ; but God's power
 Can all things do. 'Tis black, but bears a
 flower

410

As white as milk. And thus flew Mercury
 Up to immense Olympus, gliding by
 The sylvan island. I made back my way
 To Circe's house, my mind of my assay
 Much thought revolving. At her gates I stay'd
 And call'd ; she heard, and her bright doors
 display'd,

Invited, led ; I follow'd in, but trac'd
 With some distraction. In a throne she plac'd
 My welcome person ; of a curious frame
 Twas, and so bright I sat as in a flame ; 420
 A foot-stool added. In a golden bowl
 She then suborn'd a potion, in her soul
 Deform'd things thinking ; for amidst the wine
 She mixt her man-transforming medicine ;
 Which when she saw I had devour'd, she then
 No more observ'd me with her soothing vein,
 But struck me with her rod, and to her styce
 Bad, out, away, and with thy fellows lie.

I drew my sword, and charg'd her, as I meant
 To take her life. When out she cried, and bent
 Beneath my sword her knees, embracing mine, 431
 And, full of tears, said : " Who ? Of what
 high line

Art thou the issue ? Whence ? What shores
 sustain

Thy native city ? I amaz'd remain

That, drinking these my venoms, th' art not turn'd. She
 Never drunk any this cup but he mourn'd swears
 In other likeness, if it once had past to do
 The ivory bounders of his tongue and taste. no ill
 All but thyself are brutishly declined :

Thy breast holds firm yet, and unchang'd thy mind.
 Thou canst be therefore none else but the man 441
 Of many virtues, Ithacensian,
 Deep-soul'd, Ulysses, who, I oft was told,
 By that sly God that bears the rod of gold,
 Was to arrive here in retreat from Troy.
 Sheathe then thy sword, and let my bed enjoy
 So much a man, that when the bed we prove,
 We may believe in one another's love."

I then : "O Circe, why entreat'st thou me
 To mix in any human league with thee, 450
 When thou my friends hast beasts turned ; and
 thy bed

Tenderst to me, that I might likewise lead
 A beast's life with thee, soften'd, naked stript,
 That in my blood thy banes may more be steep't ?
 I never will ascend thy bed, before,
 I may affirm, that in heaven's sight you swore
 The great oath of the Gods, that all attempt
 To do me ill is from your thoughts exempt."

I said, she swore, when, all the oath-rites said,
 I then ascended her adorned bed, 460
 But thus prepar'd : Four handmaids serv'd her
 there,

That daughters to her silver fountains were,
 To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods,
 And to her uncut consecrated woods.
 One deckt the throne-tops with rich cloths of
 state,

He And did with silks the foot-pace consecrate.
 bathes Another silver tables set before
 him The pompous throne, and golden dishes' store
 Serv'd in with several feast. A third fill'd wine.
 The fourth brought water, and made fuel shine 470
 In ruddy fires beneath a womb of brass.
 Which heat, I bath'd ; and odorous water was
 Disperpled lightly on my head and neck,
 That might my late heart-hurting sorrows check
 With the refreshing sweetness ; and, for that,
 Men sometimes may be something delicate.
 Bath'd, and adorn'd, she led me to a throne
 Of massy silver, and of fashion
 Exceeding curious. A fair foot-stool set,
 Water apposed, and ev'ry sort of meat 480
 Set on th' elaborately-polisht board,
 She wisht my taste employ'd ; but not a word
 Would my ears taste of taste ; my mind had food
 That must digest ; eye-meat would do me good.
 Circe (observing that I put no hand
 To any banquet, having countermand
 From weightier cares the light cates could excuse)
 Bowing her near me, these wing'd words did
 use :

"Why sits Ulysses like one dumb, his mind
 Lessening with languors? Nor to food enclin'd, 490
 Nor wine? Whence comes it? Out of any fear
 Of more illusion? You must needs forbear
 That wrongful doubt, since you have heard me
 swear."

"O Circe!" I replied, "what man is he,
 Aw'd with the rights of true humanity,
 That dares taste food or wine, before he sees
 His friends redeem'd from their deformities?

If you be gentle, and indeed incline
 To let me taste the comfort of your wine,
 Dissolve the charms that their forc'd forms ^{His}
 enchain, ^{mates}
 And show me here my honour'd friends like men." ^{restored}
 This said, she left her throne, and took her rod,
 Went to her sty, and let my men abroad,
 Like swine of nine years old. They opposite stood,
 Observ'd their brutish form, and lookt for food ;
 When, with another medicine, every one
 All over smear'd, their bristles all were gone,
 Produc'd by malice of the other bane,
 And every one, afresh, lookt up a man,
 Both younger than they were, of stature more, 510
 And all their forms much goodlier than before.
 All knew me, cling'd about me, and a cry
 Of pleasing mourning flew about so high
 The horrid roof resounded ; and the queen
 Herself was mov'd to see our kind so keen :
 Who bad me now bring ship and men ashore,
 Our arms, and goods in caves hid, and restore
 Myself to her, with all my other men.
 I granted, went, and op'd the weeping vein
 In all my men ; whose violent joy to see 520
 My safe return was passing kindly free
 Of friendly tears, and miserably wept.
 You have not seen young heifers (highly kept,
 Fill'd full of daisies at the field, and driven
 Home to their hovels, all so spritely given
 That no room can contain them, but about
 Bace by the dams, and let their spirits out
 In ceaseless bleating) of more jocund plight
 Than my kind friends, even crying out with sight
 Of my return so doubted ; circled me 530

The With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully
 other Dispos'd their rapt minds, as if there they saw
 men are Their natural country, clifly Ithaca,
 fetcht And even the roofs where they were bred and
 born,

And vow'd as much, with tears: "O your return
 As much delights us, as in you had come
 Our country to us, and our natural home.
 But what unhappy fate hath reft our friends?"
 I gave unlookt-for answer, that amends
 Made for their mourning, bad them first of all 540
 Our ship ashore draw, then in caverns stall
 Our foody cattle, hide our mutual prize,
 "And then," said I, "attend me, that your eyes,
 In Circe's sacred house, may see each friend
 Eating and drinking banquets out of end."

They soon obey'd; all but Eurylochus,
 Who needs would stay them all, and counsell'd
 thus:

"O wretches! whither will ye? Why are you
 Fond of your mischiefs, and such gladness show
 For Circe's house, that will transform ye all 550
 To swine, or wolves, or lions? Never shall
 Our heads get out, if once within we be,
 But stay compell'd by strong necessity.
 So wrought the Cyclop, when t' his cave our friends
 This bold one led on, and brought all their ends
 By his one indiscretion." I for this
 Thought with my sword (that desperate head
 of his

Hewn from his neck) to gash upon the ground
 His mangled body, though my blood was bound
 In near alliance to him. But the rest 560
 With humble suit contain'd me, and request,

That I would leave him with my ship alone, *Circe's*
And to the sacred palace lead them on. *feasting*

I led them; nor Eurylochos would stay
From their attendance on me, our late fray
Strook to his heart so. But mean time, my men,
In Circe's house, were all, in several bairn,
Studiously sweeten'd, smug'd with oil, and deckt
With in and out weeds, and a feast select
Serv'd in before them; at which close we found 570
They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing
round.

When (mutual sight had, and all thought on) then
Feast was forgotten, and the moan again
About the house flew, driven with wings of joy.
But then spake Circe: "Now, no more annoy.
I know my self what woes by sea, and shore,
And men unjust have plagued enough before
Your injured vertues. Here then feast as long,
And be as cheerful, till ye grow as strong
As when ye first forsook your country-earth. 580
Ye now fare all like exiles; not a mirth,
Flasht in amongst ye, but is quencht again
With still-renew'd tears, though the beaten vein
Of your distresses should, methink, be now
Benumb with sufferance." We did well allow
Her kind persuasions, and the whole year stay'd
In varied feast with her. When, now array'd
The world was with the spring, and orby hours
Had gone the round again through herbs and
flowers,

The moneths absolv'd in order, till the days 590
Had run their full race in Apollo's rays,
My friends remember'd me of home, and said,
If ever fate would sign my pass, delay'd

Ulysses It should be now no more. I heard them well,
would Yet that day spent in feast, till darkness fell,
away And sleep his virtues through our vapours shed.
 When I ascended sacred Circe's bed,
 Implor'd my pass, and her performéd vow
 Which now my soul urg'd, and my soldiers now
 Afflicted me with tears to get them gone. 600
 All these I told her, and she answer'd these :
 " Much-skill'd Ulysses Laertiades !
 Remain no more against your wills with me,
 But take your free way ; only this must be
 Perform'd before you steer your course for home :
 You must the way to Pluto overcome,
 And stern Persephoné, to form your pass,
 By th' aged Theban soul Tiresias,
 The dark-brow'd prophet, whose soul yet can see
 Clearly, and firmly ; grave Persephoné, 610
 Even dead, gave him a mind, that he alone
 Might sing truth's solid wisdom, and not one
 Prove more than shade in his comparison."
 This broke my heart ; I sunk into my bed,
 Mourn'd, and would never more be comforted
 With light, nor life. But having now exprest
 My pains enough to her in my unrest,
 That so I might prepare her ruth, and get
 All I held fit for an affair so great,
 I said : " O Circe, who shall steer my course 620
 To Pluto's kingdom ? Never ship had force
 To make that voyage.' The divine-in-voice
 Said : " Seek no guide, raise you your mast, and
 hoise
 Your ship's white sails, and then sit you at peace,
 The fresh North Spirit shall waft ye through
 the seas.

But, having past th' Ocean, you shall see
A little shore, that to Persephoné
Puts up a consecrated wood, where grows
Tall firs, and sallows that their fruits soon lose.
Cast anchor in the gulpha, and go alone 630
To Pluto's dark house, where, to Acheron
Cocytus runs, and Pyriphlegethon,
Cocytus born of Styx, and where a rock
Of both the met floods bears the roaring shock.
The dark heroë, great Tiresias,
Now coming near, to gain propitious pass,
Dig (of a cubit every way) a pit,
And pour (to all that are deceast) in it
A solemn sacrifice. For which, first take
Honey and wine, and their commixtion make; 640
Then sweet wine neat; and thirdly water pour;
And lastly add to these the whitest flour.
Then vow to all the weak necks of the dead
Offerings a number; and, when thou shalt tread
The Ithacensian shore, to sacrifice
A heifer never-tam'd, and most of prize,
A pile of all thy most esteem'd goods
Enflaming to the dear streams of their bloods;
And, in secret rites, to Tiresias vow
A ram coal-black at all parts, that doth flow 650
With fat and fleece, and all thy flocks doth lead.
When the all-calling nation of the dead
Thou thus hast pray'd to, offer on the place
A ram and ewe all black; being turn'd in face
To dreadful Erebus, thy self aside
The flood's shore walking. And then, gratified
With flocks of souls of men and dames deceast
Shall all thy pious rites be. Straight address
See then the offering that thy fellows slew,

Circe
tells him
how to
call the
ghosts

Elpenor's Play'd, and impos'd in fire ; and all thy crew 660
 death Pray to the state of either Deity,

Grave Pluto, and severe Persephoné.

Then draw thy sword, stand firm, nor suffer one

Of all the faint shades of the dead and gone

T' approach the blood, till thou hast heard their
 king,

The wise Tiresias ; who thy offering

Will instantly do honour, thy home-ways,

And all the measure of them by the seas,

Amply unfolding." This the Goddess told ;

And then the Morning in her throne of gold 670

Survey'd the vast world ; by whose orient light

The Nymph adorn'd me with attires as bright,

Her own hands putting on both shirt and weed,

Robes fine, and curious, and upon my head

An ornament that glitter'd like a flame,

Girt me in gold ; and forth betimes I came

Amongst my soldiers, rous'd them all from sleep,

And bad them now no more observance keep

Of ease, and feast, but straight a-shipboard fall,

For now the Goddess had inform'd me all. 680

Their noble spirits agreed ; nor yet so clear

Could I bring all off, but Elpenor there

His heedless life left. He was youngest man

Of all my company, and one that wan

Least fame for arms, as little for his brain ;

Who (too much steep't in wine, and so made fain

To get refreshing by the cool of sleep,

Apart his fellows, plung'd in vapours deep,

And they as high in tumult of their way)

Suddenly wak'd, and (quite out of the stay 690

A sober mind had given him) would descend

A huge long ladder, forward, and an end

Fell from the very roof, full pitching on
The dearest joint his head was plac'd upon,
Which, quite dissolv'd, let loose his soul to hell.
I, to the rest ; and Circe's means did tell
Of our return, as crossing clean the hope
I gave them first, and said : " You think the scope
Of our endeavours now is straight for home ;
No ; Circe otherwise design'd, whose doom 700
Enjoin'd us first to greet the dreadfull house
Of austere Pluto and his glorious spouse,
To take the counsel of Tiresias,
The reverend Theban, to direct our pass."
This brake their hearts, and grief made tear
their hair.

They go
to the
shore

But grief was never good at great affair ;
It would have way yet. We went wofull on
To ship and shore, where was arriv'd as soon
Circe unseen, a black ewe and a ram
Binding for sacrifice, and, as she came, 710
Vanisht again unwitnest by our eyes ;
Which griev'd not us, nor checkt our sacrifice,
For who would see God, loth to let us see,
This way or that bent ? still his ways are free.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

ULYSSES' way to Hell appears ;
Where he the grave Tiresias hears ;
Enquires his own and others' fates ;
His mother sees, and th' after states
In which were held by sad decease
Heroës, and heroesses,
A number, that at Troy wag'd war ;
As Ajax that was still at jar
With Ithacus, for th' arms he lost ;
And with the great Achilles' ghost.

ANOTHER

Λάμδα. Ulysses here
Invokes the dead.
The lives appear
Hereafter led.

They ARRIV'D now at our ship, we launcht, and set
embark Our mast up, put forth sail, and in did get
Our late-got cattle. Up our sails, we went,
My wayward fellows mourning now th' event.
A good companion yet, a foreright wind,
Circe (the excellent utterer of her mind)
Supplied our murmuring consorts with, that was
Both speed and guide to our adventurous pass.
All day our sails stood to the winds, and made
Our voyage prosperous. Sun then set, and shade
All ways obscuring, on the bounds we fell 11
Of deep Oceanus, where people dwell
Whom a perpetual cloud obscures outright,
To whom the cheerfull sun lends never light,

Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heaven, **The**
Nor when he stoops earth, and sets up the even, **sacrifice**
But night holds fixt wings, feather'd all with
banes,

Above those most unblest Cimmerians.

Here drew we up our ship, our sheep withdrew,
And walkt the shore till we attain'd the view 20
Of that sad region Circe had foreshow'd ;
And then the sacred offerings to be vow'd
Eurylochus and Persimedes bore.

When I my sword drew, and earth's womb
did gore

Till I a pit digg'd of a cubit round,
Which with the liquid sacrifice we crown'd,
First honey mixt with wine, then sweet wine neat,
Then water pour'd in, last the flour of wheat.
Much I importun'd then the weak-neckt dead,
And vow'd, when I the barren soil should tread
Of cliffy Ithaca, amidst my hall 31

To kill a heifer, my clear best of all,
And give in offering, on a pile compos'd
Of all the choice goods my whole house enclos'd.
And to Tiresias himself, alone,

A sheep coal-black, and the selectest one
Of all my flocks. When to the Powers beneath,
The sacred nation that survive with death,
My prayers and vows had done devotions fit,
I took the offrings, and upon the pit 40
Bereft their lives. Out gusht the sable blood,
And round about me fled out of the flood
The souls of the deceast. There cluster'd then
Youths, and their wives, much-suffering aged men,
Soft tender virgins that but new came there
By timeless death, and green their sorrows were.

The shadows and the blood There men-at-arms, with armours all embrew'd,
 Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd,
 In numbers, up and down the ditch, did stalk,
 And threw unmeasur'd cries about their walk, 50
 So horrid that a bloodless fear surpris'd
 My daunted spirits. Straight then I advis'd
 My friends to slay the slaughter'd sacrifice,
 Put them in fire, and to the Deities,
 Stern Pluto and Persephoné, apply
 Excitefull prayers. Then drew I from my thigh
 My well-edg'd sword, stept in, and firmly stood
 Betwixt the prease of shadows and the blood,
 And would not suffer any one to dip
 Within our offering his unsolid lip, 60
 Before Tiresias that did all controul.
 The first that preast in was Elpenor's soul,
 His body in the broad-way'd earth as yet
 Unmourn'd, unburied by us, since we swet
 With other urgent labours. Yet his smart
 I wept to see, and rued it from my heart,
 Enquiring how he could before me be
 That came by ship? He, mourning, answer'd me:
 "In Circe's house, the spite some spirit did bear,
 And the unspeakable good liquor there, 70
 Hath been my bane; for, being to descend
 A ladder much in height, I did not tend
 My way well down, but forwards made a proof
 To tread the rounds, and from the very roof
 Fell on my neck, and brake it; and this made
 My soul thus visit this infernal shade.
 And here, by them that next thyself are dear,
 Thy wife, and father, that a little one
 Gave food to thee, and by thy only son
 At home behind thee left, Telemachus, 80

Do not depart by stealth, and leave me thus, **Elpenor**
 Unmourn'd, unburied, lest neglected I **craves**
 Bring on thyself th' incenséd Deity. **burial**

I know that, sail'd from hence, thy ship must touch
 On th' isle Ægæa; where vouchsafe thus much,
 Good king, that, landed, thou wilt instantly
 Bestow on me thy royal memory
 To this grace, that my body, arms and all,
 May rest consum'd in fiery funeral;
 And on the foamy shore a sepulchre **90**
 Erect to me, that after-times may hear
 Of one so hapless. Let me these implore,
 And fix upon my sepulchre the oar
 With which alive I shook the aged seas,
 And had of friends the dear societies."

I told the wretched soul I would fulfill
 And execute to the utmost point his will;
 And, all the time we sadly talkt, I still
 My sword above the blood held, when aside
 The idol of my friend still amplified **100**
 His plaint, as up and down the shades he err'd.
 Then my deceased mother's soul appear'd,
 Fair daughter of Autolycus the great,
 Grave Anticlea, whom, when forth I set
 For sacred Ilion, I had left alive.
 Her sight much mov'd me, and to tears did drive
 My note of her decease; and yet not she
 (Though in my ruth she held the highest degree)
 Would I admit to touch the sacred blood,
 Till from Tiresias I had understood **110**
 What Circe told me. At the length did land
 Theban Tiresias' soul, and in his hand
 Sustain'd a golden sceptre, knew me well,
 And said: "O man unhappy, why to hell

Theban Admitst thou dark arrival, and the light
Tiresias' The sun gives leav'st, to have the horrid sight
soul Of this black region, and the shadows here?
 Now sheathe thy sharp sword, and the pit forbear,
 That I the blood may taste, and then relate
 The truth of those acts that affect thy fate." 120
 I sheath'd my sword, and left the pit, till he,
 The black blood tasting, thus instructed me :
 "Renown'd Ulysses! All unaskt I know
 That all the cause of thy arrival now
 Is to enquire thy wisht retreat for home ;
 Which hardly God will let thee overcome,
 Since Neptune still will his opposure try,
 With all his laid-up anger, for the eye
 His lov'd son lost to thee. And yet through all
 Thy suffering course (which must be capital) 130
 If both thine own affections, and thy friends',
 Thou wilt contain, when thy access ascends
 The three-forck't island, having scap'd the seas,
 Where ye shall find fed on the flow'ry leas
 Fat flocks, and oxen, which the Sun doth own,
 To whom are all things as well heard as shown,
 And never dare one head of those to slay,
 But hold unharmfull on your wishéd way,
 Though through enough affliction, yet secure
 Your Fates shall land ye ; but presage says sure,
 If once ye spoil them, spoil to all thy friends, 141
 Spoil to thy fleet, and if the justice ends
 Short of thyself, it shall be long before,
 And that length forc'd out with inflictions store,
 When, losing all thy fellows, in a sail
 Of foreign built (when most thy Fates prevail
 In thy deliverance) thus th' event shall sort :
 Thou shalt find shipwrack raging in thy port,

Proud men thy goods consuming, and thy wife **Tiresias**
 Urging with gifts, give charge upon thy life. 150 **pro-**
 But all these wrongs revenge shall end to thee, **phesias**
 And force, or cunning, set with slaughter free
 Thy house of all thy spoilers. Yet again
 Thou shalt a voyage make, and come to men
 That know no sea, nor ships, nor oars that are
 Wings to a ship, nor mix with any fare
 Salt's savoury vapour. Where thou first shalt land,
 This clear-given sign shall let thee understand,
 That there those men remain: Assume ashore
 Up to thy royal shoulder a ship oar, 160
 With which, when thou shalt meet one on the way
 'That will in country admiration say
 What dost thou with that wan upon thy neck?
 There fix that wan thy oar, and that shore deck
 With sacred rites to Neptune; slaughter there
 A ram, a bull, and (who for strength doth bear
 The name of husband to a herd) a boar.
 And, coming home, upon thy natural shore,
 Give pious hecatombs to all the Gods,
 Degrees observ'd. And then the periods 170
 Of all thy labours in the peace shall end
 Of easy death; which shall the less extend
 His passion to thee, that thy foe, the Sea,
 Shall not enforce it, but Death's victory
 Shall chance in only-earnest-pray-vow'd age,
 Obtain'd at home, quite emptied of his rage,
 Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest.
 And here hath Truth summ'd up thy vital rest."
 I answer'd him: "We will suppose all these
 Decreed in Deity; let it likewise please 180
 Tiresias to resolve me, why so near
 The blood and me my mother's soul doth bear,

Ulysses' And yet nor word, nor look, vouchsafe her son?
mother Doth she not know me?" "No," said he,
comes "nor none

Of all these spirits, but myself alone,
 Knows anything till he shall taste the blood.
 But whomsoever you shall do that good,
 He will the truth of all you wish unfold;
 Who you envy it to will all withhold."

Thus said the kingly soul, and made retreat
 Amidst the inner parts of Pluto's seat, 191
 When he had spoke thus by divine instinct.
 Still I stood firm, till to the blood's precinct
 My mother came, and drunk; and then she knew
 I was her son, had passion to renew
 Her natural plaints, which thus she did pursue:
 "How is it, O my son, that you alive
 This deadly-darksome region underdive?
 'Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,
 And horrid currents, interpose their prease, 200
 Oceanus in chief? Which none (unless
 More helpt than you) on foot now can transgress.
 A well-built ship he needs that ventures there.
 Com'st thou from Troy but now, enforc'd to err
 All this time with thy soldiers? Nor hast seen,
 Ere this long day, thy country, and thy queen?"

I answer'd: "That a necessary end
 To this infernal state made me contend;
 That from the wise Tiresias' Theban soul
 I might an oracle involv'd unroll; 210
 For I came nothing near Achaia yet,
 Nor on our lov'd earth happy foot had set,
 But, mishaps suffering, err'd from coast to coast,
 Ever since first the mighty Grecian host
 Divine Atrides led to Iliou,

And I his follower, to set war upon
 The rapeful Trojans; and so pray'd she would
 The fate of that ungentle death unfold,
 That forc'd her thither; if some long disease,
 Or that the spleen of Her that arrows please, 220
 Diana, envious of most eminent dames,
 Had made her th' object of her deadly aims?
 My father's state and sons I sought, if they
 Kept still my goods? Or they became the prey
 Of any other, holding me no more
 In power of safe return? Or if my store
 My wife had kept together with her son?
 If she her first mind held, or had been won
 By some chief Grecian from my love and bed?"
 All this she answer'd: "That Affliction fed 230
 On her blood still at home, and that to grief
 She all the days and darkness of her life
 In tears had consecrate. That none possess
 My famous kingdom's throne, but th' interest
 My son had in it still he held in peace,
 A court kept like a prince, and his increase
 Spent in his subjects' good, administring laws
 With justice, and the general applause
 A king should merit, and all call'd him king.
 My father kept the upland, labouring, 240
 And shunn'd the city, us'd no sumptuous beds,
 Wonder'd-at furnitures, nor wealthy weeds,
 But in the winter strew'd about the fire
 Lay with his slaves in ashes, his attire
 Like to a beggar's; when the sommer came,
 And autumn all fruits ripen'd with his flame,
 Where grape-charg'd vines made shadows most
 abound,
 His couch with fallen leaves made upon the ground,

and
 tells him
 of his
 family

The And here lay he, his sorrow's fruitfull state
empty Increasing as he faded for my fate ; 250
shade And now the part of age that irksome is
mocks Lay sadly on him. And that life of his
his arms She led, and perisht in ; not slaughter'd by
 The Dame that darts lov'd, and her archery ;
 Nor by disease invaded, vast and foul,
 That wastes the body, and sends out the soul
 With shame and horror ; only in her moan,
 For me and my life, she consum'd her own."

She thus ; when I had great desire to prove
 My arms the circle where her soul did move. 260
 Thrice prov'd I, thrice she vanish'd like a sleep,
 Or fleeting shadow, which struck much more deep
 The wounds my woes made, and made ask her why
 She would my love to her embraces fly,
 And not vouchsafe that even in hell we might
 Pay pious Nature her unalter'd right,
 And give Vexation here her cruel fill ?
 Should not the Queen here, to augment the ill
 Of every sufferance, which her office is,
 Enforce thy idol to afford me this ? 270

" O son," she answer'd, " of the race of men
 The most unhappy, our most equal Queen
 Will mock no solid arms with empty shade,
 Nor suffer empty shades again t' invade
 Flesh, bones, and nerves ; nor will defraud the fire
 Of his last dues, that, soon as spirits expire
 And leave the white bone, are his native right,
 When, like a dream, the soul assumes her flight.
 The light then of the living with most haste,
 O son, contend to. This thy little taste 280
 Of this state is enough ; and all this life
 Will make a tale fit to be told thy wife."

This speech we had ; when now repair'd to me
 More female spirits, by Persephoné
 Driven on before her. All the heroës' wives,
 And daughters, that led there their second lives,
 About the black blood throng'd. Of whom
 yet more

One by
 one they
 taste the
 pit

My mind impell'd me to inquire, before
 I let them altogether taste the gore,
 For then would all have been disperst, and gone
 Thick as they came. I, therefore, one by one
 Let taste the pit, my sword drawn from my thigh,
 And stand betwixt them made, when, severally,
 All told their stocks. The first, that quencht
 her fire,

Was Tyro, issued of a noble sire.
 She said she sprong from pure Salmoneus' bed,
 And Cretheus, son of Æolus, did wed ;
 Yet the divine flood Enipæus lov'd,
 Who much the most fair stream of all floods mov'd.
 Near whose streams Tyro walking, Neptune came,
 Like Enipæus, and enjoy'd the dame. 301
 Like to a hill, the blue and snaky flood
 Above th' immortal and the mortal stood,
 And hid them both, as both together lay,
 Just where his current falls into the sea.
 Her virgin waist dissolv'd, she slumber'd then ;
 But when the God had done the work of men,
 Her fair hand gently wringing, thus he said :
 " Woman ! rejoice in our combinéd bed,
 For when the year hath run his circle round 310
 (Because the Gods' loves must in fruit abound)
 My love shall make, to cheer thy teeming moans,
 Thy one dear burden bear two famous sons ;
 Love well, and bring them up. Go home, and see

Ghosts That, though of more joy yet I shall be free,
 of fair Thou dost not tell, to glorify thy birth ;
 women Thy love is Neptune, shaker of the earth.”
 This said, he plung'd into the sea ; and she,
 Begot with child by him, the light let see
 Great Pelias, and Neleus, that became 320
 In Jove's great ministry of mighty fame.
 Pelias in broad Iolcus held his throne,
 Wealthy in cattle ; th' other royal son
 Rul'd sandy Pylos. To these issue more
 This queen of women to her husband bore,
 Æson, and Pheres, and Amythaon
 That for his fight on horseback stoopt to none.
 Next her, I saw admir'd Antiope,
 Asopus' daughter, who (as much as she
 Boasted attraction of great Neptune's love) 330
 Boasted to slumber in the arms of Jove,
 And two sons likewise at one burden bore
 To that her all-controlling paramour,
 Amphion, and fair Zethus ; that first laid
 Great Thebes' foundations, and strong walls
 convey'd
 About her turrets, that seven ports enclos'd.
 For though the Thebans much in strength repos'd,
 Yet had not they the strength to hold their own,
 Without the added aids of wood and stone.
 Alcmena next I saw, that famous wife 340
 Was to Amphitryo, and honour'd life
 Gave to the lion-hearted Hercules,
 That was of Jove's embrace the great increase.
 I saw, besides, proud Creon's daughter there,
 Bright Megara, that nuptial yoke did wear
 With Jove's great son, who never field did try
 But bore to him the flower of victory.

The mother then of Œdipus I saw,
 Fair Epicasta, that, beyond all law,
 Her own son married, ignorant of kind; 350
 And he, as darkly taken in his mind,
 His mother wedded, and his father slew.
 Whose blind act Heaven expos'd at length to view,
 And he in all-lov'd Thebes the supreme state
 With much moan manag'd, for the heavy fate
 The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight
 To Pluto's dark house from the loathéd light,
 Beneath a steep beam strangled with a cord,
 And left her son, in life, pains as abhorr'd
 As all the Furies pour'd on her in hell. 360
 Then saw I Chloris, that did so excell
 In answering beauties, that each part had all.
 Great Neleus married her, when gifts not small
 Had won her favour, term'd by name of dower.
 She was of all Amphion's seed the flower;
 Amphion, call'd Iasides, that then
 Rul'd strongly Minyæan Orchomen,
 And now his daughter rul'd the Pylian throne,
 Because her beauty's empire overshone.
 She brought her wife-awed husband, Neleús, 370
 Nestor much honour'd, Periclymenus,
 And Chromius, sons with sovereign virtues graced;
 But after brought a daughter that surpast,
 Rare-beautied Pero, so for form exact
 That Nature to a miracle was rackt
 In her perfections, blaz'd with th' eyes of men;
 That made of all the country's hearts a chain,
 And drew them suitors to her. Which her sire
 Took vantage of, and, since he did aspire
 To nothing more than to the broad-brow'd herd 380
 Of oxen, which the common fame so rear'd,

Fair
 Epicasta

Leda's Own'd by Iphiclus, not a man should be
 soul His Pero's husband, that from Phylace
 Those never-yet-driven oxen could not drive.
 Yet these a strong hope held him to achieve,
 Because a prophet, that had never err'd,
 Had said, that only he should be preferr'd
 To their possession. But the equal fate
 Of God withstood his stealth; inextricate
 Imprisoning bands, and sturdy churlish swains 390
 That were the herdsmen, who withheld with
 chains

The stealth-attempter; which was only he
 That durst abet the act with prophecy;
 None else would undertake it, and he must;
 The king would needs a prophet should be just.
 But when some days and months expired were,
 And all the hours had brought about the year,
 The prophet did so satisfy the king
 (Iphiclus all his cunning questioning)
 That he enfranchis'd him; and, all worst done,
 Jove's counsel made th' all-safe conclusion. 401

Then saw I Leda, linkt in nuptial chain
 With Tyndarus, to whom she did sustain
 Sons much renown'd for wisdom; Castor one,
 That past for use of horse comparison;
 And Pollux, that excell'd in whirlbat fight;
 Both these the fruitful earth bore, while the light
 Of life inspir'd them; after which, they found
 Such grace with Jove, that both liv'd under
 ground,

By change of days; life still did one sustain, 410
 While th' other died; the dead then liv'd again,
 The living dying; both of one self date
 Their lives and deaths made by the Gods and Fate.

Iphimedia after Leda came,
 That did derive from Neptune too the name
 Of father to two admirable sons.
 Life yet made short their admirations,
 Who God-opposed Otus had to name,
 And Ephialtes far in sound of fame.
 The prodigal earth so fed them, that they grew 420
 To most huge stature, and had fairest hue
 Of all men, but Orion, under heaven.
 At nine years old nine cubits they were driven
 Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathoms high.
 They threaten'd to give battell to the sky,
 And all th' Immortals. They were setting on
 Ossa upon Olympus, and upon
 Steep Ossa leavy Pelius, that even
 They might a highway make with lofty heaven ;
 And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liv'd 430
 Till they were striplings ; but Jove's son depriv'd
 Their limbs of life, before th' age that begins
 The flower of youth, and should adorn their chins.

Phædra and Procris, with wise Minos' flame,
 Bright Ariadne, to the offering came.
 Whom whilom Theseus made his prise from
 Crete,

That Athens' sacred soil might kiss her feet,
 But never could obtain her virgin flower,
 Till, in the sea-girt Dia, Dian's power
 Detain'd his homeward haste, where (in her
 fane,

By Bacchus witnest) was the fatal wane 440
 Of her prime glory. Mæra, Clymene,
 I witnest there ; and loath'd Eriphyle,
 That honour'd gold more than she lov'd her
 spouse.

The
 heaven-
 aspiring
 brothers

The Phæ- But, all th' heroesses in Pluto's house
 acians That then encounter'd me, exceeds my might
 beg him to To name or number, and ambrosian night
 continue Would quite be spent, when now the formal hours
 Present to sleep our all-dispos'd powers,
 If at my ship, or here. My home-made vow 450
 I leave for fit grace to the God's and you.'

This said ; the silence his discourse had made
 With pleasure held still through the house's shade,
 When white-arm'd Areté this speech began :
 'Phæacians ! How appears to you this man,
 So goodly-person'd, and so matcht with mind ?
 My guest he is, but all you stand combin'd
 In the renown he doth us. Do not then
 With careless haste dismiss him, nor the main
 Of his dispatch to one so needy maim, 460
 The Gods' free bounty gives us all just claim
 To goods enow.' This speech, the oldest man
 Of any other Phæacensian,
 The grave heroë, Echinëus, gave
 All approbation, saying : ' Friends ! ye have
 The motion of the wise queen in such words
 As have not miss'd the mark, with which accords
 My clear opinion. But Alcinous,
 In word and work, must be our rule.' He thus ;
 And then Alcinous said : ' This then must stand,
 If while I live I rule in the command 471
 Of this well-skill'd-in-navigation state :
 Endure then, guest, though most importunate
 Be your affects for home. A little stay
 If your expectance bear, perhaps it may
 Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all
 Your due deduction asks ; but principall
 I am therein the ruler.' He replied :

'Alcinous! the most duly glorified
 With rule of all, of all men; if you lay 480
 Commandment on me of a whole year's stay,
 So all the while your preparations rise,
 As well in gifts as time, ye can devise
 No better wish for me; for I shall come
 Much fuller-handed, and more honour'd, home,
 And dearer to my people, in whose loves
 The richer evermore the better proves.'

He
 proceeds
 with his
 tale

He answered: 'There is argued in your sight
 A worth that works not men for benefit,
 Like prollers or imposters; of which crew, 490
 The gentle black earth feeds not up a few,
 Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,
 Of neither praise, nor use. You move our eyes
 With form, our minds with matter, and our ears
 With elegant oration, such as bears
 A musick in the order'd history
 It lays before us. Not Demodocus
 With sweeter strains hath us'd to sing to us
 All the Greek sorrows, wept out in your own.
 But say: Of all your worthy friends, were none
 Objected to your eyes that consorts were 501
 To Ilion with you, and serv'd destiny there?
 This night is passing long, unmeasur'd, none
 Of all my household would to bed yet; on,
 Relate these wondrous things. Were I with you,
 If you would tell me but your woes, as now,
 Till the divine Aurora show'd her head,
 I should in no night relish thought of bed.'

'Most eminent king,' said he, 'times all must
 keep,
 There's time to speak much, time as much to
 sleep. 510

The But would you hear still, I will tell you still,
 soul of And utter more, more miserable ill
 Aga- Of friends than yet, that scap'd the dismal wars,
 memnon And perisht homewards, and in household jars
 Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chaste Queen
 No sooner made these lady-ghosts unseen,
 Here and there sitting, but mine eye-sight won
 The soul of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
 Sad, and about him all his train of friends,
 That in Ægisthus' house endur'd their ends 530
 With his stern fortune. Having drunk the blood,
 He knew me instantly, and forth a flood
 Of springing tears gusht; out he thrust his hands,
 With will t' embrace me, but their old commands
 Flow'd not about him, nor their weakest part.
 I wept to see, and moan'd him from my heart,
 And askt: "O Agamemnon! King of men!
 What sort of cruel death hath render'd slain
 Thy royall person? Neptune in thy fleet
 Heaven and his hellish billows making meet, 530
 Rousing the winds? Or have thy men by land
 Done thee this ill, for using thy command,
 Past their consents, in diminution
 Of those full shares their worths by lot had won
 Of sheep or oxen? Or of any town,
 In covetous strife, to make their rights thine own
 In men or women prisoners?" He replied:
 "By none of these in any right I died,
 But by Ægisthus and my murtherous wife
 (Bid to a banquet at his house) my life 54c
 Hath thus been reft me, to my slaughter led
 Like to an ox pretended to be fed.
 So miserably fell I, and with me
 My friends lay massacred, as when you see

At any rich man's nuptials, shot, or feast,
 About his kitchen white-tooth'd swine lie drest.
 The slaughters of a world of men thine eyes,
 Both private, and in prease of enemies,
 Have personally witnest; but this one
 Would all thy parts have broken into moan, 550
 To see how strew'd about our cups and cates,
 As tables set with feast, so we with fates,
 All gasht and slain lay, all the floor embrued
 With blood and brain. But that which most
 I rued,
 Flew from the heavy voice that Priam's seed,
 Cassandra, breath'd, whom, she that wit doth feed
 With baneful crafts, false Clytemnestra, slew,
 Close sitting by me; up my hands I threw
 From earth to heaven, and tumbling on my sword
 Gave wretched life up; when the most abhorr'd,
 By all her sex's shame, forsook the room, 561
 Nor deign'd, though then so near this heavy home,
 To shut my lips, or close my broken eyes.
 Nothing so heapt is with impieties,
 As such a woman that would kill her spouse
 That married her a maid. When to my house
 I brought her, hoping of her love in heart,
 To children, maids, and slaves. But she (in th' art
 Of only mischief hearty) not alone
 Cast on herself this foul aspersion, 570
 But loving dames, hereafter, to their lords
 Will bear, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and
 words."

"Alas," said I, "that Jove should hate the lives
 Of Atreus' seed so highly for their wives!
 For Menelaus' wife a number fell,
 For dangerous absence thine sent thee to hell."

tells of
 his foul
 murder

Aga- "For this," he answer'd, "be not thou more
memnon kind

Than wise to thy wife. Never all thy mind
bids him Let words express to her. Of all she knows,
trust no Curbs for the worst still, in thy self repose. 580
woman But thou by thy wife's wiles shalt lose no blood,
Exceeding wise she is, and wise in good.
Icarius' daughter, chaste Penelope,
We left a young bride, when for battle we
Forsook the nuptiall peace: and at her breast
Her first child sucking; who, by this hour, blest,
Sits in the number of surviving men.
And his bliss she hath, that she can contain,
And her bliss thou hast, that she is so wise.
For, by her wisdom, thy return'd eyes 590
Shall see thy son, and he shall greet his sire
With fitting welcomes; when in my retire,
My wife denies mine eyes my son's dear sight,
And, as from me, will take from him the light,
Before she adds one just delight to life,
Or her false wit one truth that fits a wife.
For her sake therefore let my harms advise,
That though thy wife be ne'er so chaste and wise,
Yet come not home to her in open view,
With any ship or any personall show, 600
But take close shore disguis'd, nor let her know,
For tis no world to trust a woman now.
But what says Fame? Doth my son yet survive,
In Orchomen, or Pylos? Or doth live
In Sparta with his uncle? Yet I see
Divine Orestes is not here with me."

I answer'd, asking: "Why doth Atreus' son
Enquire of me, who yet arriv'd where none
Could give to these news any certain wings?"

And tis absurd to tell uncertain things." 610 Ulysses

Such sad speech past us ; and as thus we stood, tells how
With kind tears rendring unkind fortunes good, he came
Achilles' and Patroclus' soul appear'd, thither !

And his soul, of whom never ill was heard,
The good Antilochus, and the soul of him

That all the Greeks past both for force and limb,
Excepting the unmatched Æacides,

Illustrious Ajax. But the first of these
That saw, acknowledg'd, and saluted me,

Was Thetis' conquering son, who (heavily 620
His state here taking) said : " Unworthy breath !

What act yet mightier imagineth
Thy venturous spirit ? How dost thou descend

These under-regions, where the dead man's end
Is to be lookt on, and his foolish shade ? "

I answer'd him : " I was induc'd t' invade
These under-parts, most excellent of Greece,

To visit wise Tiresias, for advice
Of virtue to direct my voyage home

To rugged Ithaca ; since I could come 630
To note in no place, where Achaia stood,

And so liv'd ever, tortur'd with the blood
In man's vain veins. Thou therefore, Thetis' son,

Hast equall'd all, that ever yet have won
The bliss the earth yields, or hereafter shall.

In life thy eminence was ador'd of all,
Even with the Gods ; and now, even dead, I see

Thy vertues propagate thy empery
To a renew'd life of command beneath ;

So great Achilles triumphs over death." 640
This comfort of him this encounter found :

" Urge not my death to me, nor rub that wound,
I rather wish to live in earth a swain,

Aga- Or serve a swain for hire, that scarce can gain
 memnon Bread to sustain him, than, that life once gone,
 longs to Of all the dead away the imperiall throne.
 be alive But say, and of my son some comfort yield,
 again If he goes on in first fights of the field,
 Or lurks for safety in the obscure rear?
 Or of my father if thy royal ear 650
 Hath been advertis'd, that the Phthian throne
 He still commands, as greatest Myrmidon?
 Or that the Phthian and Thessalian rage
 (Now feet and hands are in the hold of age)
 Despise his empire? Under those bright rays,
 In which heaven's fervour hurls about the days,
 Must I no more shine his revenger now,
 Such as of old the Iliion overthrow
 Witnest my anger, th' universal host
 Sending before me to this shady coast, 660
 In fight for Grecia. Could I now resort,
 (But for some small time) to my father's court,
 In spirit and power as then, those men should find
 My hands inaccessible, and of fire my mind,
 That durst with all the numbers they are strong
 Unseat his honour, and suborn his wrong."

This pitch still flew his spirit, though so low,
 And this I answer'd thus: "I do not know
 Of blameless Peleus any least report,
 But of your son, in all the utmost sort, 670
 I can inform your care with truth, and thus:

From Scyros princely Neoptolemus
 By fleet I convey'd to the Greeks, where he
 Was chief, at both parts, when our gravity
 Retir'd to council, and our youth to fight.
 In council still so fiery was Conceit
 In his quick apprehension of a cause,

The
heroes
in the
Horse

That first he ever spake, nor past the laws
Of any grave stay, in his greatest haste.
None would contend with him, that counsell'd last,
Unless illustrious Nestor, he and I 681
Would sometimes put a friendly contrary
On his opinion. In our fights, the prease
Of great or common, he would never cease,
But far before fight ever. No man there,
For force, he forcéd. He was slaughterer
Of many a brave man in most dreadful fight.
But one and other whom he rest of light,
In Grecian succour, I can neither name,
Nor give in number. The particular fame 690
Of one man's slaughter yet I must not pass;
Eurypylus Telephides he was,
That fell beneath him; and with him the falls
Of such huge men went, that they show'd like
whales

Rampir'd about him. Neoptolemus
Set him so sharply, for the sumptuous
Favours of mistresses he saw him wear;
For past all doubt his beauties had no peer
Of all that mine eyes noted, next to one,
And that was Memnon, Tithon's Sun-like son.
Thus far, for fight in public, may a taste 701
Give of his eminence. How far surpast
His spirit in private, where he was not seen,
Nor glory could be said to praise his spleen,
This close note I excerpted. When we sat
Hid in Epëus' horse, no optimate
Of all the Greeks there had the charge to ope
And shut the stratagem but I. My scope
To note then each man's spirit in a strait
Of so much danger, much the better might 710

Of Trip- Be hit by me, than others, as, provokt,
 tolemus I shifted place still, when, in some I smokt
 Both privy tremblings, and close vent of tears,
 In him yet not a soft conceit of theirs
 Could all my search see, either his wet eyes
 Plied still with wipings, or the goodly guise,
 His person all ways put forth, in least part,
 By any tremblings, shew'd his toucht-at heart.
 But ever he was urging me to make
 Way to their sally, by his sign to shake 730
 His sword hid in his scabbard, or his lance
 Loaded with iron, at me. No good chance
 His thoughts to Troy intended. In th' event,
 High Troy depopulate, he made ascent
 To his fair ship, with prise and treasure store,
 Safe, and no touch away with him he bore
 Of far-off hurld lance, or of close-fought sword,
 Whose wounds for favours war doth oft afford,
 Which he (though sought) mist in war's
 closest wage.

In close fights Mars doth never fight, but rage." 730

This made the soul of swift Achilles tread
 A march of glory through the herby mead.
 For joy to hear me so renown his son;
 And vanisht stalking. But with passion
 Stood th' other souls strook, and each told his bane.
 Only the spirit Telamonian
 Kept far off, angry for the victory
 I won from him at fleet; though arbitry
 Of all a court of war pronounc'd it mine,
 And Pallas' self. Our prise were th' arms divine
 Of great Æacides, propos'd t' our fames 741
 By his bright Mother, at his funeral games.
 I wish to heaven I ought not to have won;

Since for those arms so high a head so soon
 The base earth cover'd, Ajax, that of all
 The host of Greece had person capital,
 And acts as eminent, excepting his
 Whose arms those were, in whom was nought
 amiss.

Of Ajax,
 son of
 Telamon

I tried the great soul with soft words, and said :
 " Ajax ! Great son of Telamon, array'd 750
 In all our glories ! What ! not dead resign
 Thy wrath for those curst arms ? ' The Powers
 divine

In them forg'd all our banes, in thine own one ;
 In thy grave fall our tower was overthrown.
 We mourn, for ever maim'd, for thee as much
 As for Achilles ; nor thy wrong doth touch,
 In sentence, any but Saturnius' doom ;
 In whose hate was the host of Greece become
 A very horror ; who exprest it well
 In signing thy fate with this timeless hell. 760
 Approach then, king of all the Grecian merit,
 Repress thy great mind and thy flamy spirit,
 And give the words I give thee worthy ear."

All this no word drew from him, but less near
 The stern soul kept ; to other souls he fled,
 And glid along the river of the dead.
 Though anger mov'd him, yet he might have
 spoke,

Since I to him. But my desires were strook
 With sight of other souls. And then I saw
 Minos, that minister'd to Death a law, 770
 And Jove's bright son was. He was set, and
 sway'd

A golden sceptre ; and to him did plead
 A sort of others, set about his throne,

Of In Pluto's wide-door'd house ; when straight
 Tityus came on
 and Mighty Orion, who was hunting there
 Tantalus The herds of those beasts he had slaughter'd here
 In desert hills on earth. A club he bore,
 Entirely steel, whose vertues never wore.

Tityus I saw, to whom the glorious earth
 Open'd her womb, and gave unhappy birth. 780
 Upwards, and flat upon the pavement, lay
 His ample limbs, that spread in their display
 Nine acres' compass. On his bosom sat
 Two vultures, digging, through his caul of fat,
 Into his liver with their crookéd beaks ;
 And each by turns the concrete entrail breaks
 (As smiths their steel beat) set on either side.
 Nor doth he ever labour to divide
 His liver and their beaks, nor with his hand
 Offer them off, but suffers by command 790
 Of th' angry Thunderer, offering to enforce
 His love Latona, in the close recourse
 She us'd to Pytho through the dancing land,
 Smooth Panopæus. I saw likewise stand,
 Up to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,
 Tormented Tantalus, yet could not slake
 His burning thirst. Oft as his scornful cup
 Th' old man would taste, so oft twas swallow'd up,
 And all the black earth to his feet descried,
 Divine power (plaguing him) the lake still dried.
 About his head, on high trees clustering, hung, 800
 Pears, apples, granates, olives ever-young,
 Delicious figs, and many fruit-trees more
 Of other burthen ; whose alluring store
 When th' old soul striv'd to pluck, the winds
 from sight,

In gloomy vapours, made them vanish quite.

There saw I Sisyphus in infinite moan,
 With both hands heaving up a massy stone,
 And on his tip-toes racking all his height,
 To wrest up to a mountain-top his freight ; 810
 When prest to rest it there, his nerves quite spent,
 Down rusht the deadly quarry, the event
 Of all his torture new to raise again ;
 To which straight set his never-rested pain.
 The sweat came gushing out from ev'ry pore,
 And on his head a standing mist he wore,
 Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of dust
 Were rais'd about it. Down with these was
 thrust

Of
 Sisyphus
 and
 Hercules

The idol of the force of Hercules,
 But his firm self did no such fate oppress, 820
 He feasting lives amongst th' Immortal States,
 White-ankled Hebe and himself made mates
 In heavenly nuptials : Hebe, Jove's dear race,
 And Juno's whom the golden sandals grace.
 About him flew the clamours of the dead
 Like fowls, and still stoopt cuffing at his head.
 He with his bow, like Night, stalkt up and down,
 His shaft still nockt, and hurling round his frown
 At those vex'd hoverers, aiming at them still,
 And still, as shooting out, desire to still. 830
 A horrid bawdrick wore he thwart his breast,
 The thong all-gold, in which were forms imprest,
 Where art and miracle drew equal breaths,
 In bears, boars, lions, battels, combats, deaths.
 Who wrought that work did never such before,
 Nor so divinely will do ever more.
 Soon as he saw, he knew me, and gave speech :
 " Son of Laertes, high in wisdom's reach,

The And yet unhappy wretch, for in this heart,
 labours Of all exploits atchiev'd by thy desert, 840
 of Thy worth but works out some sinister fate,
 Hercules As I in earth did. I was generate
 By Jove himself, and yet past mean oppress
 By one my far inferior, whose proud hest
 Impos'd abhorréd labours on my hand.
 Of all which one was, to descend this strand,
 And hale the dog from thence. He could not
 think

An act that danger could make deeper sink.
 And yet this depth I drew, and fetcht as high,
 As this was low, the dog. The Deity 850
 Of sleight and wisdom, as of downright power,
 Both stoopt, and rais'd, and made me conqueror."

This said, he made descent again as low
 As Pluto's court; when I stood firm, for show
 Of more heroës of the times before,
 And might perhaps have seen my wish of more,
 (As Theseus and Pirithous, deriv'd
 From roots of Deity) but before th' atchiev'd
 Rare sight of these, the rank-soul'd multitude
 In infinite flocks rose, venting sounds so rude, 860
 That pale Fear took me, lest the Gorgon's head
 Rusht in amongst them, thrust up, in my dread,
 By grim Persephoné. I therefore sent
 My men before to ship, and after went.
 Where, boarded, set, and launcht, the ocean wave
 Our oars and forewinds speedy passage gave.'

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

HE shows from Hell his safe retreat
To th' isle *Ææa*, Circe's seat ;
And how he scapt the Sirens' calls,
With th' erring rocks, and waters' falls,
That Scylla and Charybdis break ;
The Sun's stol'n herds ; and his sad wreck
Both of Ulysses' ship and men,
His own head scaping scarce the pain.

ANOTHER

MO. The rocks that err'd.
The Sirens' call.
The Sun's stol'n herd.
The soldiers' fall.

'OUR ship now past the straits of th' ocean flood,
She plow'd the broad sea's billows, and made good
The isle *Ææa*, where the palace stands
Of th' early riser with the rosy hands,
Active Aurora, where she loves to dance,
And where the Sun doth his prime beams advance.

When here arriv'd, we drew her up to land,
And trod ourselves the re-saluted sand,
Found on the shore fit resting for the night,
Slept, and expected the celestial light. 10

Soon as the white-and-red-mixt-finger'd
Dame

Had gilt the mountains with her saffron flame,
I sent my men to Circe's house before,
To fetch deceast Elpenor to the shore.

Circe
 seeks
 them out
 again

Straight swell'd the high banks with fell'd
 heaps of trees,
 And, full of tears, we did due exsequies
 To our dead friend. Whose corse consum'd
 with fire,

And honour'd arms, whose sepulchre entire,
 And over that a column rais'd, his oar,
 Curiously carv'd, to his desire before, 20
 Upon the top of all his tomb we fixt.
 Of all rites fit his funeral pile was mixt.

Nor was our safe ascent from Hell conceal'd
 From Circe's knowledge; nor so soon reveal'd
 But she was with us, with her bread and food,
 And ruddy wine, brought by her sacred brood
 Of woods and fountains. In the midst she stood,
 And thus saluted us: "Unhappy men,
 That have, inform'd with all your senses, been
 In Pluto's dismal mansion! You shall die 30
 Twice now, where others, that Mortality
 In her fair arms holds, shall but once de cease.
 But eat and drink out all conceit of these,
 And this day dedicate to food and wine,
 The following night to sleep. When next
 shall shine

The cheerfull morning, you shall prove the seas.
 Your way, and every act ye must address,
 My knowledge of their order shall design,
 Lest with your own bad counsels ye incline
 Events as bad against ye, and sustain, 40
 By sea and shore, the wofull ends that reign
 In wilfull actions." Thus did she advise
 And, for the time, our fortunes were so wise
 To follow wise directions. All that day
 We sate and feasted. When his lower way

The Sun had enter'd, and the Even the high, Of the
 My friends slept on their gables; she and I Sirens
 (Led by her fair hand to a place apart,
 By her well-sorted) did to sleep convert
 Our timid powers; when all things Fate let fall 50
 In our affair she askt; I told her all.
 To which she answer'd: "These things thus
 took end.

And now to those that I inform attend,
 Which you remembring, God himself shall be
 The blesséd author of your memory.

First to the Sirens ye shall come, that taint
 The minds of all men whom they can acquaint
 With their attractions. Whosoever shall,
 For want of knowledge mov'd, but hear the call
 Of any Siren, he will so despise 60
 Both wife and children, for their sorceries,
 That never home turns his affection's stream,
 Nor they take joy in him, nor he in them.
 The Sirens will so soften with their song
 (Shrill, and in sensual appetite so strong)
 His loose affections, that he gives them head.
 And then observe: They sit amidst a mead,
 And round about it runs a hedge or wall
 Of dead men's bones, their wither'd skins and all
 Hung all along upon it; and these men 70
 Were such as they had fawn'd into their fen,
 And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.
 Sail by them therefore, thy companions
 Beforehand causing to stop every ear
 With sweet soft wax, so close that none may hear
 A note of all their charmings. Yet may you,
 If you affect it, open ear allow
 To try their motion; but presume not so

Of the To trust your judgement, when your senses go
 Rover So loose about you, but give strait command 80
 Rocks To all your men, to bind you foot and hand
 Sure to the mast, that you may safe approve
 How strong in instigation to their love
 Their rapting tunes are. If so much they move,
 That, spite of all your reason, your will stands
 To be enfranchis'd both of feet and hands,
 Charge all your men before to slight your charge,
 And rest so far from fearing to enlarge
 That much more sure they bind you. When
 your friends
 Have outsail'd these, the danger that transcends 90
 Rests not in any counsel to prevent,
 Unless your own mind finds the tract and bent
 Of that way that avoids it. I can say
 That in your course there lies a twofold way,
 The right of which your own, taught, present wit,
 And grace divine, must prompt. In general yet
 Let this inform you : Near these Sirens' shore
 Move two steep rocks, at whose feet lie and roar
 The black sea's cruel billows ; the blest Gods
 Call them the Rovers. Their abhorr'd abodes 100
 No bird can pass ; no not the doves, whose fear
 Sire Jove so loves that they are said to bear
 Ambrosia to him, can their ravine 'scape,
 But one of them falls ever to the rape
 Of those sly rocks ; yet Jove another still
 Adds to the rest, that so may ever fill
 The sacred number. Never ship could shun
 The nimble peril wing'd there, but did run
 With all her bulk, and bodies of her men,
 To utter ruin. For the seas retain 110
 Not only their outrageous æsture there,

The
whuling
Scylla

But fierce assistants of particular fear,
And supernatural mischief, they expire,
And those are whirlwinds of devouring fire
Whisking about still. Th' Argive ship alone,
Which bore the care of all men, got her gone,
Come from Areta. Yet perhaps even she
Had wrackt at those rocks, if the Deity,
That lies by Jove's side, had not lent her hand
To their transmission; since the man, that mann'd
In chief that voyage, she in chief did love. 121
Of these two spitefull rocks, the one doth shove
Against the height of heaven her pointed brow.
A black cloud binds it round, and never show
Lends to the sharp point; not the clear blue sky
Lets ever view it, not the Sommer's eye,
Nor fervent Autumn's. None that death could end
Could ever scale it, or if up, descend,
Though twenty hands and feet he had for hold,
A polisht ice-like glibness doth enfold 130
The rock so round, whose midst a gloomy cell
Shrouds so far westward that it sees to hell.
From this keep you as far, as from his bow
An able young man can his shaft bestow.
For here the whuling Scylla shrouds her face,
That breathes a voice at all parts no more base
Than are a newly-kitten'd kitling's cries,
Herself a monster yet of boundless size,
Whose sight would nothing please a mortal's eyes,
No nor the eyes of any God, if he 140
(Whom nought should fright) fell foul on her,
and she
Her full shape shew'd. Twelve foul feet bear
about
Her ugly bulk. Six huge long necks look out

Divine Of her rank shoulders ; every neck doth let
 Charybdis A ghastly head out ; every head three set,
 Thick thrust together, of abhorred teeth,
 And every tooth stuck with a sable death.

She lurks in midst of all her den, and streaks
 From out a ghastly whirlpool all her necks ;
 Where, gloting round her rock, to fish she falls ; 150
 And up rush dolphins, dogfish ; somewhiles
 whales,

If got within her when her rapine feeds ;
 For ever-groaning Amphitrite breeds
 About her whirlpool an unmeasur'd store
 No sea-man ever boasted touch of shore
 That there toucht with his ship, but still she fed
 Of him and his ; a man for every head
 Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descry
 The other humbler rock, that moves so nigh
 Your dart may mete the distance. It receives 160
 A huge wild fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaves,
 Beneath whose shades divine Charybdis sits,
 Supping the black deeps. Thrice a day her pits
 She drinking all dry, and thrice a day again
 All up she belches, banefull to sustain.
 When she is drinking, dare not near her draught,
 For not the force of Neptune, if once caught,
 Can force your freedom. Therefore, in your strife
 To scape Charybdis, labour all for life
 To row near Scylla, for she will but have 170
 For her six heads six men ; and better save
 The rest, than all make offerings to the wave."

This need she told me of my loss, when I
 Desir'd to know, if that Necessity,
 When I had scap'd Charybdis' outrages,
 My powers might not revenge, though not redress?

She answer'd : " O unhappy ! art thou yet
 Enflam'd with war, and thirst to drink thy sweat ?
 Not to the Gods give up both arms and will ?
 She deathless is, and that immortal ill . . . 180
 Grave, harsh, outrageous, not to be subdued,
 That men must suffer till they be renew'd.
 Nor lives there any virtue that can fly
 The vicious outrage of their cruelty.
 Shouldst thou put arms on, and approach the rock,
 I fear six more must expiate the shock.
 Six heads six men ask still. Hoise sail, and fly,
 And, in thy flight, aloud on Cratis cry
 (Great Scylla's mother, who expos'd to light
 The bane of men) and she will do such right 190
 To thy observance, that she down will tread
 Her daughter's rage, nor let her show a head.
 From thenceforth then, for ever past her care,
 Thou shalt ascend the isle Triangular,
 Where many oxen of the Sun are fed,
 And fatted flocks. Of oxen fifty head
 In every herd feed, and their herds are seven ;
 And of his fat flocks is their number even.
 Increase they yield not, for they never die.
 There every shepherdess a Deity. . . . 200
 Fair Phaëthusa, and Lampetie,
 The lovely Nymphs are that their guardians be,
 Who to the daylight's lofty-going flame
 Had gracious birthright from the heavenly Dame,
 Still young Næra; who (brought forth and bred)
 Far off dismiss them, to see duly fed
 Their father's herds and flocks in Sicily.
 These herds and flocks if to the Deity
 Ye leave, as sacred things, untoucht, and on
 Go with all fit care of your home, alone, . . . 210

The
 oxen
 of the
 Sun

Ulysses (Though through some sufferance) you yet safe
gives his shall land
orders

In wishéd Ithaca. But if impious hand
 You lay on those herds to their hurta, I then
 Presage sure ruin to thy ship and men.
 If thou escap'st thyself, extending home
 Thy long'd-for landing, thou shalt loaded come
 With store of losses, most exceeding late,
 And not consorted with a savéd mate."

This said, the golden-thron'd Aurora rose,
 She her way went, and I did mine dispose 220
 Up to my ship, weigh'd anchor, and away.
 When reverend Circe helpt us to convey
 Our vessel safe, by making well inclin'd
 A seaman's true companion, a forewind;
 With which she fill'd our sails; when, fitting all
 Our arms close by us, I did sadly fall
 To grave relation what concern'd in fate
 My friends to know, and told them that the state
 Of our affairs' success, which Circe had
 Presag'd to me alone, must yet be made 230
 To one nor only two known, but to all;
 That, since their lives and deaths were left to
 fall

In their elections, they might life elect,
 And give what would preserve it fit effect.

I first inform'd them, that we were to fly
 The heavenly-singing Sirens' harmony,
 And flower-adornéd meadow; and that I
 Had charge to hear their song, but fetter'd fast
 In bands, unfavour'd, to th' erected mast,
 From whence, if I should pray, or use command,
 To be enlarg'd, they should with much more
 band

Contain my strugglings. This I simply told
 To each particular, nor would withhold
 What most enjoin'd mine own affection's stay,
 'That theirs the rather might be taught t' obey.

They
 near the
 Sirens

In mean time flew our ships, and straight we
 fetcht

The Sirens' isle; a spleenless wind so stretcht
 Her wings to waft us, and so urg'd our keel.
 But having reacht this isle, we could not feel
 The least gasp of it, it was stricken dead, 250
 And all the sea in prostrate slumber spread,
 The Sirens' devil charm'd all. Up then flew
 My friends to work, strook sail, together drew,
 And under hatches stow'd them, sat, and plied
 The polish'd oars, and did in curls divide
 The white-head waters. My part then came on;
 A mighty waxen cake I set upon,
 Chopt it in fragments with my sword, and
 wrought

With strong hand every piece, till all were soft.
 The great power of the sun, in such a beam 260
 As then flew burning from his diadem,
 To liquefaction helpt us. Orderly
 I stopt their ears; and they as fair did ply
 My feet and hands with cords, and to the mast
 With other halsers made me soundly fast.

Then took they seat, and forth our passage
 strook,

The foamy sea beneath their labour shook,
 Row'd on, in reach of an erected voice,
 The Sirens soon took note, without our noise,
 Tun'd those sweet accents that made charms
 so strong, 270

And these learn'd numbers made the Sirens' song:

The Sirens' song "Come hère, thou worthy of a world of praise,
*That dost so high the Grecian glory raise,
 Ulysses ! stay thy ship, and that song hear
 That none past ever but it bent his ear,
 But left him ravisht, and instructed more
 By us, than any ever heard before.
 For we know all things whatsoever were
 In wide Troy labour'd ; whatsoever there
 The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd 280
 By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.
 And whatsoever all the earth can show
 T' inform a knowledge of desert, we know."*

This they gave accent in the sweetest strain
 That ever open'd an enamour'd vein.
 When my constrain'd heart needs would have
 mine ear

Yet more delighted, force way forth, and hear.
 To which end I commanded with all sign
 Stern looks could make (for not a joint of mine
 Had power to stir) my friends to rise, and give 290
 My limbs free way. They freely striv'd to
 drive

Their ship still on. When, far from will to loose,
 Eurylochus and Perimedes rose
 To wrap me surer, and opprest me more
 With many a halser than had use before.
 When, rowing on without the reach of sound,
 My friends unstopt their ears, and me unbound,
 And that isle quite we quitted. But again
 Fresh fears employ'd us. I beheld a main
 Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend, 300
 A horrid murmur hearing. Every friend
 Astonisht sat ; from every hand his oar
 Fell quite forsaken ; with the dismal roar

Where all things there made echoes, stone-still stood
 Our ship it self, because the ghastly flood
 Took all men's motions from her in their own.
 I through the ship went, labouring up and down
 My friends' recover'd spirits. One by one
 I gave good words, and said: That well were known

They
 approach
 Scylla
 and
 Charybdis

These ills to them before, I told them all, 310
 And that these could not prove more capital
 Than those the Cyclop blockt us up in, yet
 My virtue, wit, and heaven-helpt counsels set
 Their freedoms open. I could not believe
 But they remember'd it, and wisht them give
 My equal care and means now equal trust.
 The strength they had for stirring up they must
 Rouse and extend, to try if Jove had laid
 His powers in theirs up, and would add his aid
 To scape even that death. In particular then, 320
 I told our pilot, that past other men
 He most must bear firm spirits, since he sway'd
 The continent that all our spirits convay'd,
 In his whole guide of her. He saw there boil
 The fiery whirlpools that to all our spoil
 Inclos'd a rock, without which he must steer,
 Or all our ruins stood concluded there.

All heard me and obey'd, and little knew
 That, shunning that rock, six of them should rue
 The wrack another hid. For I conceal'd 330
 The heavy wounds, that never would be heal'd,
 To be by Scylla open'd; for their fear
 Would then have robb'd all of all care to steer,
 Or stir an oar, and made them hide beneath,
 When they and all had died an idle death.

They But then even I forgot to shun the harm
pass Circe forewarn'd ; who will'd I should not arm,
between Nor show myself to Scylla, lest in vain
them I ventur'd life. Yet could not I contain,
 But arm'd at all parts, and two lances took, 340
 Up to the foredeck went, and thence did look
 That rocky Scylla would have first appear'd
 And taken my life with the friends I fear'd.

From thence yet no place could afford her sight,
 Though through the dark rock mine eye threw
 her light,

And ransackt all ways. I then took a strait
 That gave myself, and some few more, receipt
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis ; whence we saw
 How horridly Charybdis' throat did draw
 The brackish sea up, which when all abroad 350
 She spit again out, never caldron sod
 With so much fervour, fed with all the store
 That could enrage it ; all the rock did roar
 With troubled waters ; round about the tops
 Of all the steep crags flew the foamy drops.
 But when her draught the sea and earth
 dissunder'd,

The troubled bottoms turn'd up, and she
 thunder'd,

Far under shore the swart sands naked lay.
 Whose whole stern sight the startled blood
 did fray

From all our faces. And while we on her 360
 Our eyes bestow'd thus to our ruin's fear,
 Six friends had Scylla snatcht out of our keel,
 In whom most loss did force and virtue feel.
 When looking to my ship, and lending eye
 To see my friends' estates, their heels turn'd high,

And hands cast up, I might discern, and hear and
 Their calls to me for help, when now they were escape
 To try me in their last extremities. with loss
 And as an angler medicine for surprise of six
 Of little fish sits pouring from the rocks, 370 men
 From out the crookt horn of a fold-bred ox,
 And then with his long angle hoists them high
 Up to the air, then sleightly hurls them by,
 When helpless sprawling on the land they lie;
 So easely Scylla to her rock had rapt
 My woful friends, and so unhelpd, entrapt
 Struggling they lay beneath her violent rape,
 Who in their tortures, desperate of escape,
 Shriekt as she tore, and up their hands to me
 Still threw for sweet life. I did never see, 380
 In all my sufferance ransacking the seas,
 A spectacle so full of miseries.

Thus having fled these rocks (these cruel dames
 Scylla, Charybdis) where the King of flames
 Hath offerings burn'd to him, our ship put in
 The island that from all the earth doth win
 The epithet *Faultless*, where the broad-of-head
 And famous oxen for the Sun are fed,
 With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.
 Set in my ship, mine ear reacht where we rod
 The bellowing of oxen, and the bleat 391
 Of fleecy sheep, that in my memory's seat
 Put up the forms that late had been imprest
 By dread *Ææan* Circe, and the best
 Of souls and prophets, the blind Theban seer,
 The wise Tiresias, who was grave decreer
 Of my return's whole means; of which this one
 In chief he urg'd—that I should always shun
 The island of the man-delighting Sun.

The men When, sad at heart for our late loss, I pray'd 400
will stay My friends to hear fit counsel (though dismay'd
a while With all ill fortunes) which was given to me

By Circe's and Tiresias' prophecy,—

That I should fly the isle where was ador'd

The Comfort of the world, for ills abhorr'd

Were ambusht for us there; and therefore will'd

They should put off and leave the isle. This kill'd

Their tender spirits; when Eurylochus

A speech that vext me utter'd, answering thus :

“Cruel Ulysses! Since thy nerves abound 420

In strength, the more spent, and no toils confound

Thy able limbs, as all beat out of steel,

Thou ablest us too, as unapt to feel

The teeth of Labour and the spoil of Sleep,

And therefore still wet waste us in the deep,

Nor let us land to eat, but madly now

In night put forth, and leave firm land to strow

The sea with errors. All the rabid flight

Of winds that ruin ships are bred in night.

Who is it that can keep off cruel Death, 430

If suddainly should rush out th' angry breath

Of Notus, or the eager-spirited West,

That cuff ships dead, and do the Gods their best?

Serve black Night still with shore, meat, sleep,

and ease,

And offer to the Morning for the seas.”

This all the rest approv'd, and then knew I

That past all doubt the Devil did apply

His slaughterous works. Nor would they be

withheld;

I was but one, nor yielded but compell'd.

But all that might contain them I assay'd, 430

A sacred oath on all their powers I laid,

That if with herds or any richest flocks
 We chanc'd t' encounter, neither sheep nor ox
 We once should touch, nor (for that constant ill
 That follows folly) scorn advice and kill,
 But quiet sit us down and take such food
 As the immortal Circe had bestow'd.

Wind-
 bound in
 Sicily

They swore all this in all severest sort;
 And then we anchor'd in the winding port
 Near a fresh river, where the long'd-for shore 440
 They all flew out to, took in victles store,
 And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept
 Their loss by Scylla, weeping till they slept.

In night's third part, when stars began to stoop,
 The Cloud-assembler put a tempest up.
 A boistrous spirit he gave it, drave out all
 His flocks of clouds, and let such darkness fall
 That Earth and Seas, for fear, to hide were driven,
 For with his clouds he thrust out Night from
 heaven.

At morn we drew our ships into a cave, 450
 In which the Nymphs that Phoebus' cattle drave
 Fair dancing-rooms had, and their seats of state.
 I urg'd my friends then, that, to shun their
 fate,

They would observe their oath, and take the food
 Our ship afforded, nor attempt the blood
 Of those fair herds and flocks, because they were
 The dreadful God's that all could see and hear.

They stood observant, and in that good mind
 Had we been gone; but so adverse the wind
 Stood to our passage, that we could not go. 460
 For one whole moneth perpetually did blow
 Impetuous Notus, not a breath's repair
 But his and Eurys' rul'd in all the air.

They As long yet as their ruddy wine and bread
 hunger Stood out amongst them, so long not a head
 Of all those oxen fell in any strife
 Amongst those students for the gut and life;
 But when their victles fail'd they fell to prey,
 Necessity compell'd them then to stray
 In rape of fish and fowl; whatever came 470
 In reach of hand or hook, the belly's flame
 Afflicted to it. I then fell to prayer,
 And (making to a close retreat repair,
 Free from both friends and winds) I washt
 my hands,
 And all the Gods besought, that held commands
 In liberal heaven, to yield some mean to stay
 Their desperate hunger, and set up the way
 Of our return restrain'd. The Gods, in stead
 Of giving what I pray'd for—power of deed—
 A deedless sleep did on my lids distill, 480
 For mean to work upon my friends their fill.
 For whiles I slept, there wak'd no mean to curb
 Their headstrong wants; which he that did
 disturb
 My rule in chief at all times, and was chief
 To all the rest in counsel to their grief,
 Knew well, and of my present absence took
 His fit advantage, and their iron strook
 At highest heat. For, feeling their desire
 In his own entrails, to allay the fire
 That Famine blew in them, he thus gave way 490
 To that affection: "Hear what I shall say,
 Though words will staunch no hunger, every death
 To us poor wretches that draw temporal breath
 You know is hateful; but, all know, to die
 The death of Famine is a misery

Past all death loathsome. Let us, therefore, take ^{and}
 The chief of this fair herd, and offerings make ^{slay of}
 To all the Deathless that in broad heaven live, ^{the Sun's}
 And in particular vow, if we arrive . ^{oxen}

In natural Ithaca, to straight erect 500

A temple to the Haughty-in-aspect,
 Rich and magnificent, and all within
 Deck it with relicks many and divine.

If yet he stands incenst, since we have slain
 His high-brow'd herd, and, therefore, will sustain
 Desire to wrack our ship, he is but one,
 And all the other Gods that we attone
 With our divine rites will their suffrage give
 To our design'd return, and let us live.

If not, and all take part, I rather crave 510
 To serve with one sole death the yawning wave,
 Than in a desert island lie and sterve,
 And with one pin'd life many deaths observe."

All cried "He counsels nobly," and all speed
 Made to their resolute driving; for the feed
 Of those coal-black, fair, broad-brow'd, sun-
 lov'd beeves

Had place close by our ships. They took
 the lives

Of sence, most eminent: about their fall
 Stood round, and to the States Celestial
 Made solemn vows; but other rites their ship 520
 Could not afford them, they did, therefore, strip
 The curl'd-head oak of fresh youngleaves, to make
 Supply of service for their barley-cake.

And on the sacredly-enflam'd, for wine,
 Pour'd purest water, all the parts divine
 Spitting and roasting; all the rites beside
 Orderly using. Then did light divide

Helios My low and upper lids ; when, my repair
 is wroth Made near my ship, I met the delicate air
 at it Their roast exhal'd ; out instantly I cried, 530
 And said : " O Jove, and all ye Deified,
 Ye have oppress me with a cruel sleep,
 While ye conferr'd on me a loss as deep
 As Death descends to. To themselves alone
 My rude men left ungovern'd, they have done
 A deed so impious, I stand well assur'd,
 That you will not forgive though ye procur'd."

Then flew Lampetié with the ample robe
 Up to her father with the golden globe,
 Ambadressress t' inform him that my men 540
 Had slain his oxen. Heart-incenséd then,
 He cried : " Revenge me, Father, and the rest
 Both ever-living and for ever blest !
 Ulysses' impious men have drawn the blood
 Of those my oxen that it did me good
 To look on, walking all my starry round,
 And when I trod earth all with meadows crown'd.
 Without your full amends I'll leave heaven quite,
 Dis and the dead adorning with my light."

The Cloud-herd answer'd : " Son ! Thou
 shalt be ours, 550
 And light those mortals in that mine of flowers !
 My red-hot flash shall graze but on their ship,
 And eat it, burning, in the boiling deep."

This by Calypso I was told, and she
 Inform'd it from the verger Mercury.
 Come to our ship, I chid and told by name
 Each man how impiously he was to blame.
 But chiding got no peace, and beeves were slain !
 When straight the Gods forewent their follow-
 ing pain

With dire ostents. The hides the flesh had lost Came
 Crept all before them. As the flesh did roast, 561 Zephyr
 It bellow'd like the ox it self alive. ruffling
 forth:

And yet my soldiers did their dead beeves drive
 Through all these prodigies in daily feasts.

Six days they banqueted and slew fresh beasts ;
 And when the seventh day Jove reduc'd the wind
 That all the moneth rag'd, and so in did bind
 Our ship and us, was turn'd and calm'd, and we
 Launcht, put up masts, sails hois'd, and to sea.

The island left so far that land nowhere 570
 But only sea and sky had power t' appear,
 Jove fixt a cloud above our ship, so black
 That all the sea it darken'd. Yet from wrack
 She ran a good free time, till from the West
 Came Zephyr ruffling forth, and put his breast
 Out in a singing tempest, so most vast
 It burst the gables that made sure our mast.
 Our masts came tumbling down, our cattell down
 Rusht to the pump, and by our pilot's crown
 The main-mast past his fall, pasht all his
 skull, 580

And all this wrack but one flaw made at full.
 Off from the stern the sternsman diving fell,
 And from his sinews flew his soul to hell.
 Together all this time Jove's thunder chid,
 And through and through the ship his light-
 ning glid,

Till it embrac'd her round ; her bulk was fill'd
 With nasty sulphur, and her men were kill'd,
 Tumbled to sea, like sea-mews swum about,
 And there the date of their return was out.

I tost from side to side still, till all-broke : 590
 Her ribs were with the storm, and she did choke

Ulysses With let-in surges ; for the mast torn down
 comes Tore her up piecemeal, and for me to drown
 nigh Left little undissolv'd. But to the mast
 perishing There was a leather thong left, which I cast
 About it and the keel, and so sat tost
 With banefull weather, till the West had lost
 His stormy tyranny. And then arose
 The South, that bred me more abhorréd woes ;
 For back again his blasts expell'd me quite 600
 On ravenous Charybdis. All that night
 I totter'd up and down, till Light and I
 At Scylla's rock encounter'd, and the nigh
 Dreadfull Charybdis. As I drave on these,
 I saw Charybdis supping up the seas,
 And had gone up together, if the tree
 That bore the wild figs had not rescued me ;
 To which I leapt, and left my keel, and high
 Clambering upon it did as close imply
 My breast about it as a reremouse could ; 610
 Yet might my feet on no stub fasten hold
 To ease my hands, the roots were crept so low
 Beneath the earth, and so aloft did grow
 The far-spread arms that, though good height
 I gat,
 I could not reach them. To the main bole flat
 I therefore still must cling ; till up again
 She belcht my mast, and after that amain
 My keel came tumbling. So at length it chanc'd
 To me, as to a judge that long advanc'd
 To judge a sort of hot young fellows' jars, 620
 At length time frees him from their civil wars,
 When glad he riseth and to dinner goes ;
 So time, at length, releast with joys my woes,
 And from Charybdis' mouth appear'd my keel.

To which, my hand now loos'd and now my heel, ^{and}
 I altogether with a huge noise dropt, ^{is nine}
 Just in her midst fell, where the mast was propt, ^{days sea-}
 And there row'd off with oars of my hands. ^{tost}
 God and man's Father would not from her sands
 Let Scylla see me; for I then had died 630
 That bitter death that my poor friends supplied.

Nine days at sea I hover'd; the tenth night
 In th' isle Ogygia, where, about the bright
 And right renown'd Calypso, I was cast
 By power of Deity; where I liv'd embrac'd
 With Love and feasts. But why should I relate
 Those kind occurrents? I should iterate
 What I in part to your chaste queen and you
 So late imparted. And, for me to grow
 A talker-over of my tale again, 640
 Were past my free contentment to sustain.'

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